















THE  
REMAINS  
OF  
NATHANIEL APPLETON HAVEN.

WITH A MEMOIR OF HIS LIFE,

By GEORGE TICKNOR.

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MDCCCXXVII.

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**TO JEREMIAH MASON, ESQ.**

THE EARLY, UNIFORM, AND IMPORTANT FRIEND OF MR. HAVEN,

THIS VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY

DEDICATED.

1125617





## ADVERTISEMENT.

THE friends of Mr. Haven are not willing, that his memory should be suffered to fail from among those, who have done good in their time and furthered the cause of human improvement. They are, however, no less unwilling to come before the public with a volume, which, whatever may be thought of its merits or value by others, its author would not have permitted to go to the press without much care and, perhaps, many changes. They have, therefore, printed only a small number of copies of this collection. They have not published it. But still, they trust, it may serve to keep the recollection of Mr. Haven fresh in the minds of many, and, perhaps, not be without an influence on the advancement of those principles and hopes, to which he devoted his life.

*November 1, 1827.*



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# MEMOIR.

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## MEMOIR.

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NATHANIEL APPLETON HAVEN was born in Portsmouth, New-Hampshire, on the fourteenth of January, seventeen hundred and ninety. His father, who was graduated at Harvard College in 1779, was, for several years, a physician, and afterwards a merchant; but, amidst many cares and labors, always found time to serve his friends and country, and, at an anxious period, represented New-Hampshire in the Congress of the United States, maintaining there, under trying and difficult circumstances, an upright and disinterested character. The paternal grandfather of Mr. Haven was the Rev. Dr. Samuel Haven, who died in 1806, having been fifty-four years a faithful pastor of the South Church in Portsmouth, and having, with very small means, educated, in the best way the country would afford, a singularly large family, which has, in consequence of it, exerted an important influence on society ever since.

The first wife of Mr. Haven's grandfather was Miss Appleton, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Nathaniel Appleton of Cambridge, who died in 1784, having been above sixty-six years pastor of the church with which Harvard College was then connected, and having maintained, during that long period, a consideration never granted to talents alone. Mr. Haven's father was educated by Dr. Appleton, and bore

his name, which he again gave to his only son, the subject of this memoir, transmitting to him, at the same time, not a little of what was most wise and valuable in the patriarchal spirit of his ancestors, one of whom was thus permitted to exert, far into the nineteenth century, the influences of a character formed amidst the stern and self-denying discipline of the seventeenth.

These were the paternal ancestors of Mr. Haven. His mother, whose original name was Mary Tufton Moffat, was descended from John Tufton Mason, the well known grantee of a large portion of the state of New-Hampshire. She was adopted and educated by her uncle General William Whipple, one of the persons, who signed the declaration of Independence of the United States; and, from his family, she was, in 1786, married to the father of Mr. Haven. Mr. Haven, therefore, descended alike from the Puritan clergy and the adventurous settlers of the country, was born under those circumstances, which, in a community like ours, are most favorable to the developement of wise and useful talent.

The early youth of Mr. Haven is not remembered to have been marked by any indications of a strong character. On the contrary, until he was three years old, his general appearance was so unobtrusive, and he took so little interest in the plays and occupations of childhood, that some of his family, and particularly his venerable grandfather, feared he might prove deficient in understanding. But soon after this, a marked change appeared. He learned to read more easily than is common to children; showed great docility and sometimes eagerness in the pursuit of knowledge suited to his years; and very soon gave proofs and instances of self-government, which afterwards became a habit with him, and proved, at last, one of the most remarkable features in his character.

The first ten years of his life were spent at home, under the personal instructions of his father. He grew up, an affectionate and promising child, with a strong tendency to intellectual pursuits, but with feeble health and a delicate constitution. In 1800, when he was ten years old, having already begun his Latin studies, he was sent to Phillips Academy in Exeter. His health, while he was there, continued uncertain, and he was occasionally attacked with an inflammation of his eyes, which sometimes rendered it doubtful, whether he would be able to prosecute his studies with success. But his care and perseverance, at last, prevailed. At the age of a little more than twelve, he was already prepared for admission at college. His father, however, well considered, that the studies which ought to be pursued at such a place for instruction could not be adapted to a mind so young, and held back his son yet one year longer, until the summer of 1803, when he left the academy at Exeter with the testimony of its excellent Principal, that he was one of a few scholars, who had been under his care, in the course of many years, whose education had been to him a pleasure and not a task.

From 1803 to 1807 he was a member of Harvard College. The period passed at college, when the restraints of childhood are with many for the first time thrown off, is sometimes an important, and sometimes even a deciding portion of life. But, with Mr. Haven, it was simply what Sir William Blackstone calls it, "an awkward interval;" for these four years were always regarded by him as the most unprofitable part of his life. During some of them, he was doubtful whether he had not better entirely leave college, where he found himself by no means favorably situated for the intellectual progress he desired. During others, there were disturbances and troubles; much idleness

and much misspent time ; and, during all of them, he felt even then, and constantly lamented afterwards, the want of a wiser discipline and a generous and liberal system of studies, which would permit the pupil to choose what would be most appropriate to his future purposes in life. His instructors, however, found no reason to complain of his conduct or character. They were not unaware, that he avoided, as much as possible, some branches of study ; but they knew, that, in others, he did more than was required of him ; and his relative rank in his class was such, that, if he was compelled afterwards to look back with mortification on this part of his life, the fault must be charged to others rather than to himself. At any rate, having passed through the formal term prescribed, he was, at last, graduated with distinguished honors ; and, if his college life left no other valuable traces behind it, he always remembered with gratitude some of the attachments he there formed, among which none was deeper than that subsisting between himself and his classmate Mr. Gallison, whose kindred talents and character early brought them together, and kept them much united until they were separated by death.

A few days before Mr. Haven was to receive the honors of the college, in August, 1807, he was seized with a violent illness, which for some time threatened to prove fatal. His recovery was slow ; and, as his friends afterwards thought, his constitution received a shock from this illness, which was never entirely overcome. As soon, however, as his strength was sufficiently restored, he went to Exeter, where he had been elected assistant teacher in the Institution, in which he had already passed three happy and useful years as a pupil. Mr. Haven was well fitted for the situation he now occupied and the circumstances in which he was placed ; and the effects of both on his habits and character

were important and lasting. He went over again the classical studies he had pursued at college with great predilection, and began others in some respects higher and more severe. He found himself in the midst of a society, whose standard and tone were more elevated than any, in which he had before borne a part, and whose spirit he felt to be calling upon him for greater exertions than he had yet made. He was, too, gradually coming nearer to the business of life, and naturally felt its stirring influences, as he approached it. On all accounts, therefore, the year Mr. Haven now passed in Exeter was among the most interesting of his life ; on one account, it was among the most fortunate. He had never before mingled freely in society. Its influence, therefore, like its influence on every fresh and ardent mind, was necessarily great ; and it was his happiness, that the young friends to whom he now became attached, were persons of uncommon endowments, who were, like himself, eager in the pursuit of improvement, and gave the same impulse to his spirit, which they gladly received from him in return.

Another circumstance rendered this a peculiarly important year in Mr. Haven's life. He was naturally and almost necessarily called upon, in the course of it, to make his final decision as to the profession he would pursue. It was a subject, indeed, on which his thoughts had long been occupied ; but its consequences were to decide so much of his future usefulness and happiness, that he now deliberated upon it with new care. His inclinations, for some time, had tended strongly towards divinity. His early education in his father's house had been such as a child receives, who is surrounded with religious influences and guarded by christian affection ; but who hears nothing of theological controversy. Very soon, however, he was told by others,



of dogmas and creeds, and listened to public instructions from the pulpit, in the severest forms of Calvinism. These he, for some time, believed to be essential to christianity ; and the consequence was, that, in his Junior year at college, he was agitated by painful doubts respecting its divine authority. But it was not for a mind like his, long to continue in such bondage. He read Paley's "Evidences," the little tract of Priestley's—"An Appeal to the Serious and Candid Professors of Christianity," and the "Letters to Wilberforce, by a Layman." By the careful study of these and other books, he gradually returned to happy and settled views of christian faith, but not to the creed of Geneva. Even before he left college, there are found among his papers proofs of the opening of a devout spirit ; and, during the year he now passed at Exeter, they are not to be mistaken. The interest he took in the religious character of his pupils, the zeal and fidelity of his instructions, and the purity of his example, are still fresh in the memory of those with whom he was associated in the task he had undertaken ; while many prayers, which he composed at this time, and which still remain among his papers, show how solemn he considered the nature of his duties to be, and how entirely he relied upon God for the strength necessary to fulfil them. Indeed, on all accounts, there can be no doubt, that, from this period of his life, religion constituted the foundation of his character, and essentially governed his conduct and life.

It was natural, therefore, that, being called at such a time to make choice of a profession, he should have first thought of theology. But many circumstances opposed what, if his inclination alone had been consulted, might probably have been his final choice. His general health was not strong ; his eyesight was doubtful ; and, besides, he was the only son in his family, who thus seemed to re-



quire him to choose no pursuit, that would necessarily remove him from their immediate neighbourhood. He, therefore, reluctantly gave up the study of divinity, and determining to devote himself to the law, left Exeter in the autumn of 1808, carrying with him the permanent attachment of many, who had been drawn to him by the fine talents and interesting qualities in his character, which had there been so fast unfolded.

In January 1809, he began the study of the law, under the direction of Mr. Mason of Portsmouth, a counsellor of distinguished powers, whose sagacious and penetrating mind always seemed to make itself felt with peculiar effect in personal intercourse with other minds capable of receiving its influences and understanding its character. Mr. Haven was a favorite pupil with him; and the generous excitement, therefore, which had been awakened at Exeter, was not only continued but increased during the three years he now devoted to the preparatory studies in his profession. They were, probably, the three most laborious years of his life; certainly they were the three years in which he read the greatest number of books. Study, indeed, was now his great object, and he devoted himself to it with such earnestness as to give up society, in a degree remarkable for his age, and to avoid all common pleasures and recreations, lest they should unfit his mind for the pursuits in which he was so much interested.

Before he began the profession of the law, he had acquired an intellectual discipline and settled habits of application, very unusual for his years. It seemed already to cost him no labor, to adopt and pursue a regular course of legal studies, and to devote to them a suitable portion of each day. Mr. Mason has said, he never knew a young man, beginning the pursuit of the law, to whom it was apparent-

ly so easy to observe a proper order and method. By thus adhering diligently to a prescribed course of professional study, his proficiency was much greater than ordinary ; while, by a wise economy of time, he had sufficient leisure left for classical reading and critical speculations, which he always loved and never neglected. Even in these pursuits, also, which he considered rather as recreations, he had a fixed course, and, therefore, avoided the waste of time so common to many young students, who read on such subjects only what accident throws into their hands.

But the strict adherence to order and method, which was thus early so prominent in Mr. Haven's character, and which always continued to distinguish it, would not alone have carried him forward so fast and so far in his professional studies, as he advanced during these three years. He was led on mainly, I think, by an elevated idea of the profession itself, and of the responsibilities and duties that would fall upon him, when he should undertake its practice. He had a lofty example before him ; and he placed his mark high. Among some memoranda, set down during this period of his life, I find the following striking remarks. " Where is the *beau idéal* of the profession of law to be found? Not in Coke, nor Saunders, nor Blackstone. Perhaps in the oratorical works of Cicero, or in the writings of the great masters of national jurisprudence. Honorable success can never be attained without an elevated opinion of the profession in which we are engaged. In the practice of the law, this is emphatically true. For who would bear the labors of the preparation, the tedious anxiety of a client, the obstinacy of a witness, the dulness of a jury, for the fee he receives? And yet, this is the only object, with a majority of the profession. But the man of real dignity, who looks to something more than mere wealth for

his reward, carries in his mind an image of excellence, to which he is continually aspiring. ‘Fame is the spur, that the clear spirit doth raise.’ ”

In the midst of his professional studies, however, he did not overlook or neglect elegant literature, or civil history. The last, indeed, he considered a branch of his duty as a lawyer, and pursued it with great earnestness for a series of years ; and to the first, he gave much of his leisure with a fond preference. He read, at this period, with great delight, the poets and prose writers of the time of Queen Elizabeth and James the First ; finished the study of French, which he had begun before, though he never took a strong interest in French literature ; and made some progress in Italian. But, in every plan of studies he arranged, the ancient orators, poets, and historians held a prominent place. “They greatly err,” he once said, “who suppose learning and polite knowledge to be inconsistent with a profound acquaintance with the law. Of the aid, which legal science may derive from polite literature, no greater example can be required than Lord Mansfield. A lawyer, like an orator, should be ‘*omni laude cumulatus*.’ ” On another occasion, speaking of the studies of a lawyer, he said, “The two great masters of ancient eloquence should be continually before him. \* \* \* He should embody all the qualities of ideal excellence, which he can derive from their writings, and place it before him, as a model to which he must continually aspire ; but which he can never hope to equal. It was this pursuit of ideal excellence, which made Demosthenes an orator, and Cicero a consul.” It was, I doubt not, in a great degree, because Mr. Haven thought so highly of his profession as a moral science, and had so well settled his opinions about it, even while studying its elements, that he pursued it with such earnestness, perseverance, and success.

In May 1809, he visited Washington, where he spent some weeks, during an interesting and exciting session of Congress in Mr. Madison's first Presidency, and became acquainted with many of the persons then most distinguished, whether in the administration of affairs or in the opposition. It was altogether a curious exhibition, which he was able the better to understand, because his father was then a member of the House of Representatives, and it seems to have served him as a source of instruction, during the whole of his life afterwards. Except this visit in Washington, however, Mr. Haven was little absent from home, during the time he was pursuing his studies preparatory to his being admitted to the bar. Once, indeed, he made a journey for his health into the northern portions of New-Hampshire, with which he thus became acquainted, and ascended, with a party of friends, to the summit of the White Hills. And, in August 1810, when he received his degree of Master of Arts, he visited Cambridge, and delivered the Latin valedictory of his class. But, excepting these short absences, he remained quietly and earnestly devoted to the study of his profession in Portsmouth, avoiding all common amusements, and, in some measure, even society, for fear his mind should lose the tone best fitted to the high studies on which he was employed, and from which he allowed himself no relaxation, except such as he found in the pursuit of history and elegant literature.

At the end of the accustomed term of study, in December 1811, he was admitted to the bar. But he did not, at once, begin the practice of the law. He had long indulged the hope, which is seldom successfully repressed in the minds of young men, eager in the pursuit of knowledge and with means, that will warrant its gratification;—the hope, I mean, of visiting Europe, and becoming acquainted with a

state of society, where, in many respects, the human mind is further advanced, than it is in our own country. Mr. Haven sometimes amused himself, with tracing this desire to see foreign countries, to an early fondness for accounts of voyages and travels; and used to say, that, out of a great number of books, which he read for his entertainment as a boy, none left a permanent impression on his mind, except "Cooke's Voyages round the World." This, perhaps, had its effect; for "Cooke's Voyages" is among the most interesting books in the reading of every one. But it is, probably, more natural and reasonable to look for some more general cause, and consider Mr. Haven simply as a young man of an ardent mind, who lived in a commercial capital; who was the son of a merchant in extensive business; who every day saw persons fresh from foreign countries and full of the spirit of adventure, and whose own main occupation in life was with books written in those countries, and needing, for their full understanding and enjoyment, much local knowledge, and much knowledge of modes of thinking and acting, which can never be obtained elsewhere.

But whatever may have first excited in his mind the desire to visit Europe, the period most suitable for its gratification, especially if a long absence was implied, was evidently the one immediately following the completion of his studies as a lawyer, and before he should begin the practice of his profession. Foreseeing this, he began his preparation early, and among his papers are found many memoranda, made while he was a student at law, which would have facilitated the fulfilment of his purposes. But, at the moment, when he seemed nearest to the gratification of his wishes, he was suddenly cut off from them. His eyes, which from childhood had been feeble, were attacked with a violent inflammation, which continued from early in the



spring of 1812, until after the declaration of war in the June following, when all intercourse with Europe was suspended. The disappointment was very great ; but the personal suffering and privation were still greater. For three months, he was shut up in a darkened room, and, the greater part of that time, he was confined to his bed, enduring severe pain. Even when he was so far recovered, as to be able to go abroad into the light, the effects of this illness remained in his constitution. During ten years, he was able to read only in the daytime ; sometimes only a small portion of the day ; so that, for a most important period of his life, he was deprived of means of improvement, which seemed to be essential to the kind of success he sought.

But the beneficial effects of this visitation of God's providence, though, perhaps, not so immediate and certainly not so obtrusive, were more important and lasting. Mr. Haven's mind, during this long period of suffering and privation, underwent a striking moral discipline. His thoughts were turned inward, and gained a clearness and exactness, which they never lost afterwards ; his powers of reflection and reasoning were strengthened by solitary and silent exercise ; his faculties became harmoniously balanced ; and his own judgment of himself, of his objects in life, and of the means he possessed to accomplish them, were finally settled. I have no doubt, he was a wiser and better man, for this illness, all his life afterwards.

Perhaps one circumstance contributed, at this particular time, to give a more than commonly serious direction to his thoughts. In March 1812, just before he was confined by this distressing illness, he had publicly professed his belief in the Christian religion and become a member of the church, over which his venerable grandfather had so long been the pastor. His mind had been, for some months, de-



terminated on this point, and, indeed his education and feelings had long tended to it. But the particular time he selected, was certainly appropriate. He had just finished the study of his profession ; the world was more distinctly and immediately before him than it had been at any previous period of his life ; and he was just about to encounter its cares and assume its responsibilities. He paused for a moment, therefore, on the threshold, and first publicly dedicated himself to God. In doing this, he neither expressed nor entertained any superstitious feeling. He attributed no particular efficacy to the rite he sought, except as a means of increasing his reverence for the religion, he was no less bound to obey without it. He approached the altar of Christianity, therefore, simply in a spirit of great humility, making no professions of his own piety, but humbly expressing his belief, and praying that he might be strengthened to show his faith in his life and conduct.

Entering on the world under such circumstances, and, after so much suffering, disappointment, and reflection, Mr. Haven naturally began to take his part in its concerns with seriousness and caution. The state of his eyesight would not permit him to study much ; but such intellectual labor as he could perform, he performed carefully and faithfully. In 1814, he delivered the oration in Portsmouth, on the anniversary of our national independence. The appointment to this duty is proof of public estimation, towards one so young, and the performance itself was creditable to his talents, to the purity of his feelings, and to his steady devotion to public improvement ; but the subjects discussed in it, were many of them suited only to the times, and, therefore, it is not here reprinted. He opened an office and continued the pursuit of his profession, as he had begun it while a student, reading it particularly in its higher branch-

es with much interest and to good effect. His literary studies, too, were neither forgotten nor neglected; and, though he could not permit himself to give much time to them, yet the progress he made was constant and even remarkable. In this way, then, he passed the three melancholy years of the war with Great Britain; not, indeed, in active business as a lawyer, for there was little of such business then to be done, and he could hardly be said to seek even his share of it; but he passed the time in thorough studies, that laid the surest foundations for his future usefulness.

But when, at last, the war with Great Britain was over, his desire to visit Europe was much diminished. He had formed that attachment, on which a great proportion of every man's happiness is left to depend, and to which his own was soon afterwards finally and safely trusted; and it could not, therefore, be expected, that he should now undertake any plan of life, which would involve so long an absence from home, as he had originally intended. One circumstance, however, induced him to make, at least, a short visit to Europe. A sister, younger than himself, to whom he had always been much attached, and to whose improvement he had devoted much time, was in feeble and failing health, and her physicians prescribed a voyage to her as the surest remedy. Under these circumstances, Mr. Haven did not hesitate. He embarked at Boston on the sixteenth of April, 1815, with his sister and a party of friends, whose society made the passage and the absence more than commonly agreeable to him, and was landed at Liverpool on the twelfth of May.

When he sailed from the United States, the last accounts from Europe left the world in a state of such profound peace, that it was generally supposed the ancient order of

things had been finally restored by Buonaparte's exile to Elba. But the first news he heard from the pilot, as he approached England, was, that the Emperor was reëstablished on his throne with the consent of the French people, and that all Europe was in arms again to dispossess him. This state of things, however, which at first seemed to confound all his plans, served, at last, as circumstances were developed, only to render his visit in Europe more interesting, since his residence there embraced nearly the whole of the hundred days of Buonaparte's second government of France, with the struggles and arrangements that followed, to settle down the world yet once more upon its ancient foundations.

Almost immediately after landing in England, Mr. Haven proceeded to London, passing, however, first through some of the most beautiful and romantic portions of the Principality of Wales. He was in London, when those memorable discussions happened in Parliament, that immediately preceded the battle of Waterloo, and often listened to them. He was there, too, when that decisive battle was fought; and, amidst the festivities, illuminations, and rejoicings that followed, witnessed much of its effect upon the British people, then at the height of their power, and conscious of the supremacy they enjoyed. And he shared much of the stirring spirit that was abroad, wherever he went, and felt how fortunate it was for him to be in the heart of the greatest empire of the world, when its elements were so deeply shaken, that he was permitted to see revealed much of the machinery and excitement by which its whole mass is moved.

Early in July, however, as soon as quiet began to be restored on the continent, he went over to Holland, embarking at Harwich and landing at Helvoetsluys. He spent only a short time in that singular country, dividing it chiefly

among Amsterdam, the Hague, Leyden, and Utrecht ; and then passing into the Netherlands, visited Antwerp and Brussels. From Brussels, he went to Waterloo, still fresh with the carnage that had happened only a few days before. It was a spectacle, whose horrors can hardly be imagined by one who has not witnessed them. For those who have seen fields of battle, which time and care have made like other fields, or which, at most, are distinguished only by a few graceful monuments of art, that mark the spot, without revealing the terrors that have passed on it, can hardly apprehend what are the feelings of one, who visits a wide and open field, where all is still trampled down, burnt, and blackened with the desolation of recent strife ; where the very air of summer breathes only of death ; and where, amidst the ghastly fragments and ruins, that are on all sides scattered around, if a spot is seen marked with the hand of kindness or care, it is sure to be a grave. Mr. Haven passed a day at Waterloo. He was led through all its recent horrors, by those who had shared them ; and the impression it made on him, was, as might be expected from a spirit tempered like his, never effaced afterwards.

On leaving the Netherlands, he would gladly have gone to Paris ; but France was still too little settled to make a visit to its capital agreeable for a party, in which were both ladies and invalids. Mr. Haven and his friends, therefore, came round by Ostend, Dunkirk, and Calais ; and then crossing over again to England, proceeded, at once, to London. London, however, in August, offered few inducements to him, while the agricultural portions of England offered many. He set out, then, very soon on a considerable tour, in which, beginning with Hampton-Court and Windsor, he visited Oxford, Blenheim, Stratford upon Avon, several of those seats and castles of the nobility,

which distinguish England from every other country in the world, and several of the manufacturing districts, which distinguish it hardly less ; and then came down to the coast at Liverpool. There he embarked for the United States, and reached Boston on the 28th of November, 1815, having accomplished the main object of his absence in the restoration of his sister's health, and bringing with him a valuable library and much interesting and useful knowledge of the modes of living, thinking, and conduct, in countries so different from our own.

The world was now again before him, with its cares and duties, and he was, in many respects, to begin it anew. About a month after he returned home, on the eighth of January, 1816, he was married to his cousin, Eliza Wentworth Haven. Few persons have enjoyed more of the purest domestic happiness than fell to his lot, during the ten remaining years of his life ;—not that he was without sorrows and disappointments, for he had more than most persons of his age, in the loss of children and friends ;—but his marriage was the result of a deep attachment, and its happiness was secured and sustained by the influence of that religion, which is so peculiarly adapted to the quiet and peace of domestic life. He was, too, remarkably sensible to what he enjoyed, and fully aware of the sources from which it flowed. He was married with religious hopes ; and the last letter he ever wrote, and one, which was written without any apprehension of his approaching illness and death, bears witness, in a very remarkable manner, to their entire fulfilment. Indeed, in all his relations with his own family, Mr. Haven eminently enjoyed the peculiar happiness, which a Christian should seek. For Christianity was not with him a thing of forms and decencies. It was a pervading principle, which entered into all his concerns, all his thoughts, all his hopes.



He had no interests so strong or ambitious, that they were not controlled by it ; no happiness so reserved, that religion was not a part of it. As the head of a family, in particular, he devoted himself earnestly and continually to the religious instruction and improvement of his household and dependents, drawing the tender minds of his children early to God, and interesting their young and unoccupied hearts, in those simple views of religion, which were suited to their simple thoughts and years. Two beautiful and promising children were, at different times, taken from him, when his hopes and happiness in them were as full as a father's ever were. He suffered on both occasions most severely ; but each time, as soon as death had set the final seal on his hopes, he collected his family, and, by religious rites and religious persuasions, tranquillized their minds and prepared them and himself to resume, at once, the ordinary duties of life. But he never afterwards seemed to be separated in thought from the children he had thus lost ; and, when speaking of them, evidently felt, as if they were only removed to an adjacent apartment, where he should soon and certainly rejoin them. Indeed, in all things and on all occasions, in the even tenor of common enjoyments, in sickness, in sorrow, and in death, whatever might occur, his own spirit and the spirits of those nearest to him remained balanced by religious principle, or if they were disturbed, were disturbed but for a moment ; and those who became intimate in the circle, which his affection had gathered round him, and which his gentleness retained under his influence, felt, that it was good for them to be there.

Mr. Haven was, in truth, a religious man in all things. In his opinions, which he had formed with great care, he belonged undoubtedly to the class of those who are called Liberal Christians, in distinction from the Calvinists ; and

yet it is not probable, that his speculations would entirely agree with those of the leaders in any sect ; for he was too deeply and solemnly persuaded of his own personal responsibility, to trust any part of his religious character to human authority. He examined the Scriptures devoutly, in the unyielding spirit of Protestantism, and received with gladness whatever he was persuaded had been taught by Jesus Christ and his Apostles. His opinions, therefore, particularly on the more doubtful points of speculation, were not, at every period of his life, precisely the same, nor, at any period, precisely like the opinions of those with whom he most associated. He, however, who pursues his Christian inquiries with such candor and solemnity, is little likely to be imbued with the spirit of sectarianism and controversy. Mr. Haven was remarkably free from both ; and, in the latter part of his life especially, he seemed to be further and further removed from them. Desiring, as he did, above every thing else, the improvement and elevation of the condition and character of society, he stood on that high ground, where party dissensions never reach, and where the desire of proselyting men to a sect, is lost in the great and prevalent desire to make them wiser, and better, and happier. Although he was much surrounded with controversy, therefore, Mr. Haven did not share its spirit. On the contrary, he always delighted, amidst the conflicts of party, to discover how much of the contention was for words only ; and his constant effort was not, to fortify himself in his own opinions, however carefully and conscientiously formed, but to enlarge that common ground, on which all Christians may meet in confidence and charity.

Immediately after his marriage, he engaged again in the practice of his profession. But he was not urged on by that inevitable pecuniary necessity, which is, perhaps, a stimulus

needful for young lawyers ; and, therefore, did not apply himself very earnestly to common business. To the affairs of the poor and the unprotected, indeed, though ever so humble, he gave unwearied attention ; and, perhaps, no one of his age among us ever had charge of the concerns of so many widows and orphans, for which he received no compensation. Nearly the whole of such business, however, was merely mechanical, and his mind was one, which could not be satisfied without intellectual pursuits of a high order. He turned, therefore, again to his books and to the more difficult parts of his profession, giving them a great proportion of his time, and studying the law as an elevated moral science, worthy of the best efforts of his faculties. In this way, he made himself a well read, sound, and able lawyer ; but his practice, during the nine years he now gave to it, was not extensive, and the literary studies he pursued, and the literary projects he finally formed, prevented him from being desirous much to enlarge it.\*

But, though Mr. Haven's attention was not engrossed by the common business of his profession, he did not become a merely contemplative student, retired from the world and from active usefulness. On the contrary, he devoted much of the time, which was thus left at his command, to public objects ; and especially showed himself always willing to make exertions in favor of any thing which he thought would tend to raise the religious, moral, and intellectual condition of the whole mass of society in which his life was to be passed.

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\* At the time of his death, Mr. Haven was making arrangements to edit and publish an American Annual Register. In his hands, such a work would have been of great value ; and might have done for us what Dodsley's Annual Register, in the hands of Burke, did for Great Britain.



Among these, none interested him more than a Sunday school, established on the most liberal principles and destined to exert a wide influence. He had become persuaded, by personal intercourse with the poor, and by a familiarity with their habits and condition, to which he had long been accustomed, that much of the misery and vice of society is to be traced to a neglect of moral and religious instruction of the young, which he believed to be more gross and extensive than is generally supposed. By his exertions, therefore, a Sunday school was opened in 1818, depending for its support on the society of the South Parish in Portsmouth, but receiving all children, that chose to resort to it. It was filled at once. The instructions were carefully adapted to the capacities and wants of the individual children. They were given kindly and with affectionate interest, by a large number of zealous teachers ; and the children, in their turn, soon became interested both in their instructors and in what they were taught. The effect upon society was visible in less than four years. Children, who, at the beginning of that period, had been received squalid and ignorant, and who would have remained so, had been gradually led to become careful and thoughtful ; while those, who came at first better prepared from their domestic relations, had been carried onward faster and further than they would have been by any merely domestic instructions. It was, indeed, an institution, humble in its pretensions ; but one which diffused much improvement and happiness, acting often on the characters of the parents hardly less than on those of the pupils, and extending a valuable influence even to the teachers themselves. Mr. Haven, in particular, often said it had been useful to himself, and always took a strong interest in it. He gave much time, which he greatly valued, in preparing himself for his lessons, which were sometimes of a character so elevated, that

his faculties and knowledge were tasked to fulfil them ; \* but he had the happiness to live long enough to see several, whom he had received into the school at its first opening, and who had obtained in it their principal religious instruction, become, in their turn, its efficient teachers, and thus prove the entire success of the system, while they, at the same time, ensured its continuance.

Mr. Haven was interested in few things, during his life, more than in this Sunday school. And this might well be anticipated ; for the number of children, who received its instructions, was very great ; and, though he had excellent friends, who coöperated with him earnestly, he was himself its moving and governing spirit. That he felt the responsibility and was much excited by it to exertion, there can be no doubt. His papers are full of it. There are many prayers, that he offered up for it ; great numbers of memoranda, which he used in his instructions ; many hints for its improvement and extension ; and an excellent practical "Address," which he delivered before its teachers, to explain to them their duties, and urge them to zeal and activity. Let me not, however, be misunderstood. Mr. Haven, it is true, sometimes acted on larger masses of the community and in more extensive relations ; but for efficient, practical usefulness, few persons have done more than he did in this humble school ; and the condition and character of a great number of children, to whom, in the course of eight years,

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\* Mr. Haven made a great sacrifice, in giving up his Sundays to this school ; for he held it to be very important to make Sunday a cheerful and happy day to his children and family, by giving himself up to them almost entirely. He rose earlier on this day than on any other ; and read and conversed much with his children, to whom he succeeded in rendering it, what it certainly always ought to be, the happiest day in the week.

he patiently and discreetly communicated this best and most unostentatious of charities, will long bear a witness to the value of his services, which cannot be mistaken.

Another means used by Mr. Haven to produce a beneficial effect on the community of which he was a member, was the publication of a newspaper. Between 1821 and 1825 he edited "The Portsmouth Journal." Those who read that paper, at the time it was under his care, will remember, how sound were its general views of the questions that arose, and how true, moderate, and consistent its editor was in the mode of expressing them. If the same persons should now turn over its files, they would, perhaps, be surprised to find, that it contains so much political discussion applicable to all times ; that its moral tone is so high and even bold, and its literary taste and execution so pure ; and that the whole has a character so much above that of common newspapers. That Mr. Haven did much good by this unpretending labor, no one, probably, will doubt ; but the labor itself was constant and considerable, and, therefore, it is not remarkable, that, having originally undertaken it for only four years, he should, at the end of that time, finding himself much pressed by other duties, have declined continuing it any further.

During a part of the period, in which he edited "The Portsmouth Journal," he represented his native town in the legislature of New-Hampshire, being elected both in 1823 and 1824. The legislatures of the several states, it is true, are too provincial in their character, and the subjects that come before them are too local, to excite much permanent interest or furnish frequent occasions for the developement of talent. Mr. Haven, however, while he was in the legislature of New-Hampshire, became advantageously known, and enjoyed an extensive influence. He had a familiar acquaintance with political economy, and the common subjects of legislation ; a minute knowledge of the different portions of the

state, and their different wants and interests ; but especially he had great clearness and precision in his thoughts upon all subjects, and a great facility in labor, so that he could easily bring his mind to act with effect upon whatever topic was presented to it. As a speaker, he was distinguished, both here and at the bar, by exactness in his conceptions and statements ; an obvious and forcible order in his reasoning ; and great plainness and simplicity of language and manner. But he possessed what gave him more influence than eloquence or knowledge. He possessed a genuine benevolence of disposition, and an entire purity of intention and integrity of conduct, which, above every thing else, win the confidence of a body of men, constituted like the best portions of our state legislatures.

In the mean time, however, Mr. Haven was no less actively employed at home, in whatever would promote general improvement. He took a strong interest in the Portsmouth Athenæum, considering large public libraries as among the most immediate and pressing wants of the country, where the spirit of inquiry on important practical subjects is constantly checked, from the absence of means which are elsewhere provided in abundance and opened freely. He was, also, much occupied about the schools, both public and private, in Portsmouth, and labored with good effect to extend their influence and raise their character ; while, at the same time, his services and assistance were asked by the persons having the control of Exeter Academy, to increase the usefulness and efficiency of that ancient institution. But, at this particular period, perhaps, it should be observed, that he was much interested in the management of an association of young men, formed for the purpose of literary discussion and forensic debate. This association was organized in 1821, and embraced among its members about sixty persons of different occupations in life, thus ex-

tending its benefits to all classes of society capable of sharing in its pursuits. Its form and character were given to it chiefly by Mr. Haven, who was its presiding officer, with the exception of a short interval, from its foundation till his death. The members met once a fortnight, alternately organizing themselves as a legislative body, preserving all the forms of public business, for the discussion of subjects of political and public interest ; and, as a literary body, for the discussion of matters of philosophical speculation, historical inquiry, and subjects presupposing taste and general cultivation. It was an institution, in which Mr. Haven took a strong interest. As its president, it was his duty to sum up the arguments on each side of the discussion that had been held, and give his own views before it was submitted to the final vote. In doing this, he showed a singularly happy power of disincumbering the subject of unimportant or irrelevant details, and presenting with such clearness and precision the real points at issue, that the question was generally decided with little hesitation, at last, however perplexing might have been the doubts excited during its debate.

Most men, placed in his situation, would probably have considered all their duties to the society fulfilled by a faithful discharge of their labors in the chair. But Mr. Haven preferred, besides, to take upon himself the additional duties of common membership. In this way, he sustained a more than equal part in the usual exercises of the association, mingling freely in its debates, and joining with particular preference and success in the discussion of points connected with political economy, public law, history, and literary criticism. That his influence on the society was valuable cannot be doubted, for the same high motives governed him here, that governed him elsewhere ; and so was the society's influence on him. His own social and kind feelings were cultivated by the intercourse it afforded him with



those of his own age ; the intellectual pursuits, in which he so much delighted, were promoted in others, who, but for this institution, might not have shared their benefits ; an elevated moral feeling and a deep respect for religion were impressed on the thoughtlessness of youth, by the turn he often or generally gave the discussions ; and, in more than one instance, he enjoyed the satisfaction of drawing forth talent and cherishing its developement, where its existence was hardly suspected even by its possessor. In this association, indeed, he was doing, in some measure, for the young men, with whom it connected him, what he was doing elsewhere for the children ; and it was undoubtedly a great source of happiness to him, that he had an opportunity, thus to fulfil one of the most important duties, that any man is permitted to perform to society.

While Mr. Haven was busily occupied in these interesting pursuits, the spring of 1823 completed the second century from the first landing of the merchant-adventurers, who founded the little colony on the Piscataqua, which has since become the state of New-Hampshire ; and a general wish was expressed, that the recollections this anniversary was so well calculated to awaken, should be renewed and strengthened in the minds of men, by some public and solemn commemoration. Following a no less general indication of the public feeling, the Historical Society of New-Hampshire desired Mr. Haven to deliver an address in Portsmouth on the twenty-first of May. He did so. The town was thronged with visitors from different parts of the state, who, with many distinguished individuals from Massachusetts and Maine, were drawn thither by so happy an occasion for the interchange of good will and friendly congratulations. Mr. Haven fully satisfied the expectation, which had waited on this fortunate anniversary. He discussed, with a simple and persuasive eloquence, the characters of the founders of

that ancient colony, as Englishmen, as merchant-adventurers, and as Puritans ; and showed what effects the elements of society, they brought with them, had already produced, and what effects they ought still further to produce, as the destinies of the country shall be further unfolded. He was listened to with a proud regard by the community, at whose intimation he spoke, and with flattering interest by the strangers, who had come to join in the general jubilee ; and the impression he left that day on the minds of men, was one which his native state may always be proud to cherish.

The last two years of Mr. Haven's life, were passed, like those that had preceded them, in active and happy usefulness. Perhaps, he retired more than he had before done from the mechanical labors of his profession, still seeking higher studies and pursuits, and looking round for wider means of active exertion. This might, indeed, have been expected from the whole course and tendency of his mind and character, and from an increased consciousness of his own powers, which had every year been more developed by a wise and benevolent use of them. But still, though his horizon was constantly growing wider and wider, as he rose, he neither forgot nor neglected the humbler duties and occupations, which had so long constituted much of his happiness, and by which his character had, in no small degree, been formed for the higher success, to which he now seemed surely destined.

But, in the midst of the confident expectations of his friends and of the community, he was suddenly taken from them. Being in New-York, in May, 1826, on business, he heard of the sickness of his children. He hastened instantly back, and reached Portsmouth on Wednesday the twenty-fourth, having been less than two days on the way. He found four of his children ill with an epidemical complaint in the throat. Perhaps he himself had left home with a tendency to the

same disease, from the same causes that had brought it into his family. At any rate, on the Saturday after his return, he was seized with it. The attack was violent, and never, for a moment, yielded to the most active medicines, which, in the conflict, seemed to lose their accustomed power. From the nature of the disease, his reason was early affected by it. Of this he was conscious, and made the greater effort to collect and compose his thoughts. At first, he succeeded, and spoke of the objects that had most interested him in life, and of the hopes and principles that had governed him, with the unwavering confidence he had felt, when his health seemed the strongest and most sure. Even when his mind wandered, religious feelings, attachment to his friends, and the desire of doing good still maintained their accustomed ascendancy. But it was soon apparent, that the conflict could not be long continued, and, shortly afterwards, his reason failed altogether. His friends saw, that his separation from them was near; and those, who were connected with him through his public services, learned, that they were to lose a supporter, who had long been foremost in whatever concerned the common improvement. The expression of anxiety and sympathy, throughout the community, was remarkable. The very children, as they passed his house, stepped lightly, and were hushed from their sports; and men, in the resorts of business, spoke anxiously to each other, when they talked of their coming loss. He died, on the third of June, after an illness of eight days; and when he was buried, on the following Tuesday, the principal stores and shops in the town were shut;—a testimony of public sorrow, which has hardly been given to any one among us, who died so young, or to any one, who had borne so small a part in those affairs of the times, which most agitate men's personal interests and passions.



And what was it, that made Mr. Haven's death such a loss not to his friends only, but to an extensive community? For his personal appearance and address were neither uncommonly striking, nor uncommonly prepossessing. His talents could hardly be called brilliant, and certainly were not showy. He had less than almost any man, of that love of popularity and distinction, which so often obtains, because it solicits, general favor and regard. And he died young, at the early age of thirty-six, when most men have but just begun to render those services to society, which secure public confidence and gratitude. How was it, then, under these circumstances, that Mr. Haven had gathered around him so many friends, made himself the centre of so many differing interests, and come to fill so large a space in whatever concerns the general welfare, that his death brought with it a sense of bereavement, which was felt through all classes of society? It was, because he possessed originally fine powers of mind, which, under a strong and prevalent sense of religious responsibility and by constant and faithful exercise, had been so unfolded and enlarged, that, as he was more widely known, the hopes and confidence of men resorted to him more and more, until they had come to feel, that he was already important to the best interests of the society, with which he was connected; while, at the same time, they looked forward to his growing influence and resources, as to a possession, which would certainly be used for their own benefit and that of their children. For it was deeply felt, that Mr. Haven had devoted his life to the best and highest interests of society, and had shown, even in youth, that he could contribute much to their advancement. To this end, it was obvious, all his relations in life had gradually tended, and all his efforts had become directed. At home, in the quiet and confiding circle of his domestic happiness, the principle of duty and the desire of improvement, though neither

ostentatious nor burthensome, had still been perceptible above all others. In his intercourse with numerous family connexions, and still more numerous personal friends, the same influence had always surrounded him, and his religious character especially had wrought with the silent force of example, most effectually when least obtrusive; while, in the management of professional business, in the discussion of public interests, and in the use of means for promoting the progress of society, his motives had always been open and respected, and the power of the community had been freely lent to him; because all with whom he had been associated, felt, that he would use it only for the general welfare. Every year, therefore, as it passed by, had been adding to his influence and consideration, until, at last, his talents, not one of which had been suffered to rust in him unused, had, by their wise and benevolent employment, become so balanced, and the different powers of his character had become so harmoniously adjusted to each other, that men felt a sober and settled confidence in him, which they do not often feel even for the genius they most admire, or the enthusiasm by which they are most willingly persuaded. His death, therefore, was, indeed, a great loss, and was deeply and widely felt. He was mourned for, by the community, as men mourn over their personal losses and sorrows; and the crowd of those whose best interests he had so devotedly served, felt, as they turned back from his grave, that they should long look anxiously round, before they could find one to fill the place he had left vacant; and still longer, before they could find one, who would accomplish the yet greater hopes they had trusted to him for the future, with a fond and undoubting confidence.

# ORATIONS.



## ORATION

DELIVERED AT PORTSMOUTH, MAY 21, 1823, TWO HUNDRED YEARS FROM THE LANDING OF THE FIRST SETTLERS.

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Two hundred years ago, the place on which we stand was an uncultivated forest. The rough and vigorous soil was still covered with the stately trees, which had been, for ages, intermingling their branches and deepening the shade. The river, which now bears on its bright and pure waters the treasures of distant climates, and whose rapid current is stemmed and vexed by the arts and enterprise of man, then only rippled against the rocks, and reflected back the wild and grotesque thickets which overhung its banks. The mountain, which now swells on our left and raises its verdant side "shade above shade," was then almost concealed by the lofty growth which covered the intervening plains. Behind us, a deep morass, extending across to the northern creek, almost enclosed the little "Bank," which is now the seat of so much life and industry. It was then a wild and tangled thicket, interspersed with venerable trees and moss-grown rocks, and presenting, here and there, a sunny space covered with the blossoms and early fruit of the little plant,

that gave it its name. This "Bank" so wild and rude, two hundred years ago, was first impressed with the step of civilized man.

The influence of local association is strong and universal. There is no one who has not felt it; and if it were possible, it would be useless, to withdraw the mind from its effects. We owe many of our deepest emotions, our highest and most ennobling feelings, to the suggestions of external nature. The place, which has been distinguished by the residence of one whom we love and admire, kindles in our minds a thousand conceptions which we can scarcely analyse or describe. The moral beauty of character and sentiment is insensibly blended with the beauty of natural scenery; memory and fancy, alike excited, pass from one object to another, and form combinations of beauty and grandeur, softened and shaded by time and distance, but having enough of life and freshness to awaken our feelings and hold undisputed dominion of our hearts. Here, then, let us indulge our emotions. On this spot our Forefathers trod. Here their energy and perseverance, their calm self-possession and practical vigor, were first called into action. Here they met and overcame difficulties, which would have overpowered the imagination, or subdued the fortitude of ordinary men. All that we see around us are memorials of their worth. It was their enterprise that opened a path for us over the waters. It was their energy that subdued the forest. They founded our institutions. They communicated to us our love of freedom. They gave us the impulse that made us what we are. It cannot then be

useless to live along the generations that have passed, and endeavour to identify ourselves with those who have gone before us. *Who* and *what* were they, who thus fill our imaginations, and as they rise before us, bring to our minds so many recollections of high sentiment, and steady fortitude, and sober enthusiasm? In what school were they formed? and what favorable circumstances impressed upon them that character of enduring energy, which even their present descendants may claim as their best inheritance? The answer to these questions is the subject to which your attention will be directed.

The character of individuals is always influenced, in a greater or less degree, by that of the nation in which they live. Sometimes, indeed, a great genius appears, who seems not to belong either to his age, or country; as a sunny day in winter will sometimes swell the buds and call forth the early flowers, as if it belonged to a milder season, or happier climate. But in general, to form an accurate opinion of the character of an individual, it becomes necessary to estimate that of his nation, at the time in which he lived. Our ancestors were *Englishmen*; were *Merchant-adventurers*; were *Puritans*. The elements of their character are therefore to be found in the national character of England, modified in the individuals by the pursuits of commerce, and the profession of an austere but ennobling form of religion.

At the time of the first settlement of this country, the government of England was very nearly an absolute monarchy. Though the form of a Parliament existed, it possess-



ed but little power or influence ; and its effect upon the public administration was scarcely perceptible. The great mass of the people, indeed, considered monarchy, simple and unmixed, as their established government. But notwithstanding this theoretical despotism, and even frequent instances of practical tyranny, there were, at that time, circumstances in the situation of England that distinguished her favorably from other countries. The long and pacific reign of James the First had increased the wealth of the nation. The numerous gentry, finding no employment in war, and little allurements at court, which was neither splendid nor gay, were scattered through the country, where they at once improved their fortunes and nourished a sense of personal independence. The mere want of excitement was beginning at this time to turn their attention towards Parliament ; where they soon proved themselves to be formidable opposers of the crown. It was only two years before the foundation of this colony, that the English House of Commons first asserted their right to freedom of speech. But though England presented externally the same appearance of regal supremacy with the neighbouring states, there were causes even then at work, which were destined to limit and even subdue the royal power.

Among nations, in any degree civilized, resistance to established authority rarely takes place, without being provoked by some unusual acts of oppression. There is a natural love among mankind for the institutions of their fathers ; and men become attached even to a despotic government under which they were born, as they learn for the same



reason to love even a barren soil, and an inclement sky. Happily for us, in the reigns of Elizabeth and James, the oppressive acts of the government were both numerous and unusual. They were sufficient to arouse the attention, without subduing the courage of the people.

The warlike spirit, which had been nurtured by so many ages of civil dissension, still lingered in the hearts of Englishmen. They were still active, brave, and enterprising. The religious persecutions in France and the Low Countries had filled England with little colonies of industrious and intelligent men, who had abandoned every thing for liberty of conscience ; and who brought with them and diffused around them their arts and enterprise, their love of liberty and religious zeal. These men were the precursors of the Pym, Hampden, and Vanes of the succeeding generation. Their example and influence added much to the spirit of independence that was beginning to pervade the middle orders of the people. The grand struggle against arbitrary power, which was made in the reign of Charles the First, and which brought that ill-fated monarch to the block, can be distinctly traced back through the reigns of James and Elizabeth to the dawns of the reformation under Henry the Eighth. Like our own revolution, that struggle was not an insulated event, not a sudden explosion of passion or caprice, but a necessary consequence of the progress of human improvement. In 1623, the English character had already received the impulse which has carried it forward against so many opposing obstacles. The human mind “was putting forth its energies, exalted by a pure religion,

and enlarged by new views of truth." It was an age of excitement and adventure. There was in the character of the people a mixture of romantic fancy and practical heroism, that, when excited by the religious controversies of the times, rendered them capable of every thing that was great and daring in action or suffering. Notwithstanding the vices of the government, it was, in 1623, a proud distinction to be an Englishman. It was from this people, that our ancestors came. The scion was cut from the tree, not indeed at its full maturity covered with leaves and fruit, but at a far more favorable season, when the bark was green, and the buds swelling, and the energies of nature working at the root.

The first settlement at Piscataquack differs from that of the neighbouring colonies of Plymouth and the Massachusetts, in the commercial spirit in which it was undertaken. Winslow, Carver, and Bradford, and those other worthies of the Old Colony, whose names should stand higher on the rolls of fame than the founders of the Grecian Republics, came to this wilderness merely to enjoy liberty of conscience. They were, many of them, men of fortune and letters, who sought in this new world only an asylum for their persecuted church. Our ancestors were of humbler rank; and yet perhaps no less worthy of commemoration. They were generally of the class, denominated in the reign of Elizabeth, *Merchant-adventurers*; that is, men who traded in foreign countries upon capital furnished them by merchants at home. They were, of course, the most active and intelligent and enterprising of the commercial class. They united in their habits the hardihood and daring spirit of the

mariner, with the keen sagacity and practised skill of the merchant. It is not necessary for me to describe the character formed by commercial pursuits. It is generally a liberal one. It is scarcely possible to be engaged in foreign trade, without learning something of the manners, and habits, and laws of other nations, and thus wearing off some of the petty prejudices and illiberal opinions that cling to all, whose horizon is bounded by the little spot they inhabit. It is apparent that the first settlers of New-Hampshire partook largely of the spirit of the class to which they belonged. *Gibbins* was a man of large views, and strong practical sense; while *Hilton*, *Wiggin*, and *Chadbourne* displayed that unceasing industry, dexterity, and quickness of resource, which are among the most prominent traits of the commercial character.

And here permit me to dwell for a moment on the character and conduct of one, whose name for many years was peculiarly obnoxious to the inhabitants of this state. I mean *John Mason*, the original proprietor. He was, at first, a merchant; but he afterward engaged in the naval service of his country, in which he acquired distinction; for on the peace with Spain in 1604, he was rewarded with the government of Newfoundland, and on his return to England was made governor of Portsmouth, in New-Hampshire. Possessing a vigorous mind, and imbued deeply with the spirit of romantic adventure, so common in that age, he was scarcely admitted a member of "the Council of Plymouth for the planting, ruling and governing of New England," before he embarked his whole fortune in the cause. In the various

grants, from the council, of lands about the Piscataqua, which he and his associates received, it was plainly the understanding of all parties that the *soil* was conveyed. When therefore he had expended upon this settlement at least ten thousand pounds, in vessels and provisions, in articles of merchandise and instruments of husbandry, it was not unreasonable that he should look for some return; nor unnatural that he should regard all the occupants of the soil as his tenants. He resided in England, where the feudal notions of the permanent nature of property in land, still existed in all their vigor. And as wages had been paid to the first colonists, he naturally regarded them as agents employed in the improvement of his estate. But the colonists soon began to persuade themselves that their labors and sufferings in the settlement of the country, gave them a right to the soil they occupied; and this opinion was fortified and confirmed by the state of property in the neighbouring colonies of Massachusetts and Plymouth. When, therefore, *rent* was demanded of them, for lands which they had reclaimed from a state of nature, and measures were taken to eject them from their dwellings to enforce its payment, all their passions were awakened,—they resisted to a man,—they combined together,—and by continual struggles, at length succeeded in confirming their own title. No occurrence in the whole history of the colony, from its first establishment to the commencement of the Revolution, so deeply affected and agitated the minds of the people. It was, in their apprehension, a struggle not only for property, but for liberty. And whatever opinion may now be entertained of the means employ-

ed to ensure success, we cannot but rejoice that the colonists gained the victory,—that they made themselves and their posterity lords of the soil, instead of remaining the tenants of a distant proprietor. Yet, now that the contest is over, now that passion and feeling have subsided, if we examine the question impartially, we shall find that, like most other controversies, there is an appearance of equity on both sides. Mason was, undoubtedly, a benefactor to the colony. It owes to him its first establishment; and it is indebted to him for the first materials of that commerce, which has ever since been among the principal causes of its prosperity. In fine, in reviewing his whole conduct towards the colony, and judging of his pretensions by the law of England as then established, he was a man “more sinned against than sinning.”

But though the views of the first settlers of this colony were merely commercial, they were most of them *Puritans*. The first churches they organized, with the exception possibly of the little chapel for *Gibson* on Strawberry Bank, were on the Puritan model; and even before the union with Massachusetts in 1641, the settlements upon this river were assuming the form of religious colonies. This is particularly true of Dover; some of the first settlers of which are described as “men of some account in religion;” and whose first minister, William Leverich, was distinguished among the Puritan churches before his removal to this country. Of these Puritans, as they existed in England, from their first separation in 1566, I find it difficult to speak in adequate language. That they were men of profound learning, of



unblemished morals, of heart-felt piety ;—that they possessed a knowledge of the Scriptures that has never been surpassed, and that they understood in a wonderful degree its practical application to all the workings of the human heart and the varied incidents of human life, will scarcely be denied. I readily admit, that with this knowledge of religion, there were mingled many strange and enthusiastic opinions ; that their ardor for religious truth was often inflamed into a fierce and intolerant zeal ; that their love of freedom, in its wild and impetuous course, often swept away all form, and precedent, and law. Yet, with all their faults and errors, and they were full of them, the whole history of the world cannot present a body of men to be compared with the English Puritans. Religion, always a principle of energy, was with them the spring of every action. Hence there was no coldness, no feebleness in their characters. Accustomed to “thoughts that wander through eternity,” they had a lofty contempt of the common pursuits and motives of human life, which though it sometimes became a morbid exaltation of character and feeling, yet led them to make continually, without effort, and almost without consciousness, the most heroic sacrifices. Where any principle of religion was concerned, or any practice was in question that raised the slightest scruple of conscience, they disdained alike life and death, and trampled in their scorn upon every thing of power, or wealth, or glory, that the world could offer. It has been said with truth, that “none can aspire to act greatly, but those who are of force greatly to suffer.” The English Puritans did suffer much ; and they suffered *greatly*. In all their trials,

there was a calm self-possession, a moral grandeur, a sustained energy. In their stern contempt of danger and suffering, there was no relenting weakness. They endured pain, because they despised it.

It has been usual to treat with ridicule the immediate cause of their separation from the church of England. It has been said, that they were weak men to ascribe so much importance to trifles; that they were obstinate men to contend so earnestly about things indifferent in themselves. But it was the *principle*, for which they struggled. They have the same merit with Hampden, who resisted the petty imposition of ship-money;—the same with the patriots of our revolution, who refused to submit to a paltry tax upon tea. Had not Hooper, Humphreys, and Sampson persevered in refusing the papal garments, even when urged upon them by the whole power of the civil government;—had they not resisted, at the outset, the first encroachments of ecclesiastical tyranny, it is probable the Reformation would never have been established in England. Neither Henry the Eighth, nor Elizabeth, intended any reformation from the corruptions of Popery. They felt the inconvenience of a foreign ecclesiastical tribunal, and they coveted the wealth and patronage of the church. But the only reformation they intended, was to make the sovereign of England the supreme pontiff, instead of the bishop of Rome. The Puritans therefore were the real reformers of England; and it is to their salutary influence that the church of England is indebted for her present Protestant character. She has gradually reformed in her liturgy and discipline almost every thing that was objected to by the early Puritans.

But it is to their political character, that I wish chiefly to call your attention. It is charged upon the Puritans by a modern English writer, "that they were essentially, and at heart, republicans;" and this charge we glory in confessing. They *were* republicans, and this spirit may be traced back to the reformation itself. I do not use language too strong, when I affirm, that all of civil liberty that is now to be found in the world, is to be ascribed to the impulse given to the human mind by the reformation of Luther. The grand principle of the reformation was the right of private judgment in matters of religion. This right the first reformers always claimed for themselves, how much soever they might, in the imperfection of their views, deny it to others. Religion is naturally and necessarily the most interesting subject of human thought. It embraces in its wide extent the whole circle of moral duties. It regards us in all our social relations, and is connected with all the cares and business of common life. But it stops not here. It carries us forward to that dark and shadowy futurity, which the mind of man has, in every age, been anxious to explore, but which it has always shuddered to enter. It bears us upward through the suns and systems of this material world to the throne of that Being, in whose presence all the distinctions of human life are destroyed, at whose glance the world itself "fleeth away as a shadow." There, the mind feels itself alone. It is overwhelmed by a sense of its personal accountableness. It gains no support, it acquires no confidence, from the opinions, or usages, or authority of its fellow-mortals. It must act for itself. It feels that its destiny through the intermina-



ble ages of its duration, and in the unseen worlds through which it may be carried in the progress of its existence, is far too important to be intrusted to others. When the mind descends from these sublime contemplations, and returns to the ordinary duties of life, it bears with it still the impression of its recent employment. It retains something of its purity, and elevation, and self-respect. Having just disclaimed human authority in its most important concerns, it is not prepared to yield implicit obedience to the caprices of human power in the common affairs of life. He who, in contemplating the Supreme Being, has just felt that crowns and sceptres are vain and transitory honors, that personal merit makes the only real distinction, is not prepared for slavish submission to a human monarch, or to cower and tremble at a human frown. The spirit of Protestant Christianity is therefore essentially a free spirit.

Do you ask for a further illustration of this principle? Go then to the bigoted and enslaved Spaniard. Teach him that the Bible is the only standard of Christian faith. Show him the chains, which the artifices of a corrupt and ambitious priesthood have prepared for his understanding. Remove the rubbish of creeds, and confessions, and established forms. Convince him that he is answerable only to God for his religious faith, and that his opinions on this important subject must be formed under a sense of personal accountability; and when you have thus enlightened him, when he has rescued himself from the iron grasp of an unrelenting superstition, when he has turned his back upon the altar of his past idolatry, think you he is advancing to crouch before

a throne? Oh no! The spirit of religious freedom which led him to examine the foundations of his faith, has taught him also to inquire into his civil rights. When once he has shaken off the influence of authority in matters of religion, he holds in little esteem the antiquated usages and venerable errors of civil government.

I would not be understood to mean, that in the case of individuals, religious freedom must necessarily precede the acquisition, or the love of civil liberty. But in fact it has generally preceded it in the progress of nations. The chains of superstition are the strongest that tyranny can forge; and when they are shaken off, the mind regains its vigor,—it stands erect and independent. Even Hume, who in the cause of the Puritans was no partial friend, is constrained to admit “that whatever spark of liberty we have remaining to us, is owing to the Puritans alone.” In the cruel and capricious reign of Henry the Eighth, it was Tyndal, and Coverdale, and Rogers, some of whose descendants are even now present, and whose hearts should leap with exultation at the worth of their ancestors,—it was they, who were the champions of freedom, as well as the martyrs of religion. In the reign of Elizabeth, so undeservedly praised by the majority of English historians, it was Penry, Barrow, and Greenwood, who, in asserting the right of dissent from the established church, contended for those principles of civil liberty, which we now claim as our birth-right.

Such then were the men from whom we derive our origin; and such were the circumstances which impressed upon them that peculiar character, which, it is hoped the lapse

of two centuries has not yet obliterated. We may justly be proud of such a descent ; for no ancestry in the world is half so illustrious, as the Puritan founders of New England. It is not merely that they were good men, and religious men, exhibiting in their lives an example of purity and temperance, and active virtue, such as no other community in the world could present ; but they possessed the dazzling qualities of human greatness. Do we love to dwell upon scenes of romantic adventure ? Does our imagination kindle at the thought of distant enterprise, among a strange people, exposed to constant and unusual peril ? Do we turn with delight to those bold and heroic achievements which call forth the energy of our nature, and by that deep excitement which belongs to the hopes and hazards of war, awaken us to a new consciousness of existence ? All this is found in the history of our ancestors. They were heroes, as well as Pilgrims, and nothing is wanting but the pen of genius to make their prowess and adventures the theme of a world's admiration.

But here was the scene of their earthly toils. This spot was consecrated by their labors and sufferings. Perhaps their spirits still linger among us. Perhaps they are here, conscious beings, ministering to our progress, and rejoicing in our gladness. Could they now be made visible to mortal eye, and stand among us ; engaged with us in reviewing the past, and tracing along the progress of time and events to the present hour, how would they describe our present condition and character ? With what wonder would they speak of the progress of improvement ! Even those Merchant-

adventurers, who two hundred years ago came from London, just then beginning to assume its rank as the commercial capital of the world, would speak with surprise and delight of those glorious monuments of human art—those lofty ships, which almost every breeze wafts to our river; but to what admiration would their feelings be exalted in viewing those stupendous vessels, which are designed to carry our nation's strength to the remotest seas, and which impress England herself, in the pride of her naval glory, with respect for our power and skill. If they passed up the river to the fertile spot which Hilton and Waldron selected for their settlement, and inquired if the descendants of those West-Country adventurers retained the knowledge of arts and manufactures which their ancestors must have learned in England, could their astonishment be expressed in witnessing the triumph of human ingenuity and the wonders of mechanical skill, which would there be shown them? When they cast their eyes over the country which, even at their deaths, they left rough and unsubdued, scarcely yielding to them a scanty subsistence, and beheld the picture of human comfort and human happiness which it every where presents, would they confess that their brightest anticipations of the fortune of their descendants exceeded the reality? But they would inquire of our character, of our moral and intellectual improvement. They would ask if our progress had been equal to our advantages? And here, though we might dwell with just pride upon many circumstances in our character as a people, there are others which we should wish, if possible, to conceal from their view. We could speak with con-

fidence of the liberality of our institutions, of our freedom from the superstitions and prejudices of former ages. We could in enterprise, and hardihood, and manliness of spirit, claim to be the equals of our fathers. We could point to our public schools, as a noble monument of public spirit and liberality. We could present our college and our numerous academies to their scrutiny, and fearlessly challenge their approbation. We could produce examples of literary and professional exertion, which would prove that we had not faltered in intellectual improvement, behind the progress of the age. But if they questioned us of our Puritan habits, of our temperance, of our zeal to avail ourselves of the advantages of education, we should be obliged reluctantly to confess that our virtues had not equalled the virtues of our fathers.

Yet with all her faults,—and I would neither extenuate nor deny them,—we may rejoice, that we are natives of New-Hampshire. I would not yield precedence for my native State, in all that constitutes the worth of political associations, to the proudest realm that ever advanced its pretensions in the great community of nations. Nay more, I would not yield precedence for New-Hampshire, in enterprise and manly virtue, in love of liberty, in talents, in the wisdom and liberality of her institutions, in every thing that constitutes the peculiar excellence of the American character, to the most exalted of her sister states. Let me not be thought arrogant in assuming firmly this ground. While we *yield* precedence to none, we *claim* it from none. The very character of our soil and climate must make our people hardy, athletic,



and brave. It is a country of labor ; of constant, unceasing exertion. The bounties of nature are indeed scattered around us with a liberal hand ; but they are offered only to *labor*. Hence the very necessities of our situation impress us with a character of mental energy. From the first occupation of the country to the present time, we have had an unbroken succession of resolute and undaunted men, devoted to their country, proud of their privileges, and zealous in their defence. The zeal which animated *Waldron*, *Pickering*, and *Vaughan* in their contests with Mason, continued long after to glow in the hearts of *Weare*, *Bartlett*, *Langdon*, and *Gilman*, when exerted in a nobler cause. The chivalrous spirit and martial gallantry, which made *Lovewell* and *Bickford* so formidable to the Indians, burned with new vigor in *Cilley*, *M'Clary*, and *Scammel* ; in *Reid* and *Poor* ; in *Sullivan* and *Stark*. The devotion to the interests of the province, which distinguished *Wentworth* and *Sherburne*, *Penhallow* and *Rindge*, has been found in thousands of others, who, like them, were ready to devote their time and labor to the service of the state. In the pursuits of science and professional skill, New-Hampshire has at least kept on the level of the age. We still hear of the classical erudition of *Parker*, the judicial knowledge of *Pickering*, the finished eloquence of *West*. *Jackson*, and *Bracket*, and *Cutter* were familiar with the whole of medical science, as it existed in their times ; and in the pulpit a long line of pious, and learned, and eloquent men from *Moody* to *Buckminster*, have at once enforced the doctrines and illustrated the spirit of Christianity. The venerated name, which I

have last pronounced, can scarcely be uttered from this place without exciting deep emotion; and it is connected with another, that at once calls to our remembrance all that is delicate and refined in taste, that is graceful and engaging in manners, that is generous and elevated in sentiment. When we have named *him*, we have no apprehensions for our literary fame.

If it were still necessary to assert our just claims to distinction, we could point to living examples of merit, which would at once produce conviction. The sons of New-Hampshire are scattered through every state of the Union. They are found in the judicial tribunals, the literary institutions, the halls of legislation, the military and naval establishments of our country; and in all these various situations, we can safely hold them up to public view, and with honest pride claim them for our own.

I have already alluded to the force of local association; and I would again advert to it in considering the ties which ought to bind us to our native land. Other countries may possess a richer soil, and a gentler sky; but where shall we find the rude magnificence of nature so blended with scenes of enchanting beauty as among our mountains and lakes? Believe me, it is because our country is yet unexplored, that her scenes of beauty and grandeur, her bright waters and swelling hills, her rich pasturage of living green, mingled with fresh flowers, and skirted with deep and shady forests; her fields teeming with life and vegetation; her mountains rising into the dark blue sky, and blending their summits with the purple clouds; her streams rushing from



the hill side, and hastening to mingle with the sea, or lingering in the solitude of her valleys, and sparkling in the glorious sunshine ;—it is because these are unexplored, that they are unsung. The time is not far distant, when the poet will kindle into rapture, and the painter glow with emotion, in delineating our romantic scenery.

But it is our moral associations that must bind us for ever to the land of our fathers. It is a land of equal rights ; its soil is not polluted by a slave. It is a land of religious freedom ; no hierarchy can here exalt its head, no pontiff can hurl his thunders over a trembling and prostrate multitude. It is a land of industry and toil ; affording in this a constant pledge of the manly virtues. It is a land of knowledge and progressive improvement. In no part of the world, is so liberal a provision made by law for public instruction. It is a land whose inhabitants have already fulfilled the high duties to which they have been called. Other nations have gathered more laurels in the field of blood ; other nations have twined more garlands and sung louder praise for their poets and orators and philosophers ; but where has romantic courage and adventurous skill been more strikingly exhibited ? Where has practical wisdom been better displayed ? In the hour of danger, her sons have been foremost in the battle. In every contest for the rights of mankind, her voice has always been raised on the side of freedom. And now that she stands possessed of every thing which civil and political liberty can bestow, she is vigilant and jealous for the preservation of her rights, and is among the first to resist encroachment.

But we are connected with the future, as well as with the past. We are but a link in the vast chain of being, which is to bind our remotest descendants with our earliest ancestors ; and it is one of the advantages of a celebration like this, that it reminds us of our duties, as well as our privileges. A new century is opening upon us, which none of us will live to complete. Our children are about to take our places. When another century has passed away, the events of this day will be the subject of historical research. Our character and conduct will then be examined. It will be asked, what *we* did to perpetuate the blessings we received ; what exertions *we* made to enlighten, and purify, and bless mankind ; what measures *we* devised to secure at once the rights of the people, and the stability and dignity of the government ; what zeal *we* displayed for our religious institutions ; what sacrifices *we* made in the cause of human virtue and human happiness. We are living, even the humblest of us, not for ourselves only ; but for society, for posterity, for the human race. Whatever we *can* do for ourselves, or for them, becomes at once our imperious *duty* to do. There is no escape from the obligation. There should be no delay in the performance,—no hesitation. These questions will be asked. The answer is yet in our own power.

## ADDRESS

BEFORE THE PHI BETA KAPPA SOCIETY AT DARTMOUTH  
COLLEGE, DELIVERED AUGUST 18, 1816.

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It is with much diffidence, gentlemen, that I venture to appear before you. A stranger to most of those, whom I have the honor to address, I should shrink from the duty imposed on me, if I were not convinced that the same kindness, which called me here, would listen to me with indulgence. But I can hardly appeal in vain to your candor ; for I am persuaded it will be extended to every exertion in the cause of sound learning, however feeble or unsuccessful the attempt.

We are assembled to express our regard to the cause of letters ; to acknowledge ourselves united by a similarity of taste and pursuits ; and to revive, at this seat of learning, that generous ardor for intellectual improvement, which is too often repressed by the cares and contentions of active life. It is delightful to renew, in the place which gave them birth, the bright and fleeting visions of youthful expectation. It was here you first drank at the wells of science ; here were your first breathings after fame ; and here your firmest friendships commenced. You have since gone forth into the

world, and, it may be, have found it cold and selfish. Your merit, perhaps, has been overlooked by some, and assailed by others ;—your learning despised by the ignorant, and neglected by those who were able to appreciate its value. You have found all engaged in the pursuit of wealth, or the contests of ambition ; and you have been ready to believe there was no place for letters, amidst the vulgar and gross employments of common life. You have perhaps revolted with fastidious delicacy, from the necessary duties of men and citizens ; and have been tempted to look with envy upon the tranquil retreats of learning in other countries ; or, it may be, you have relinquished with a sigh all connexion with elegant literature, and have suffered yourselves to be borne along by the steady current of business. It may therefore be useful to contemplate the actual situation of society around us, and see if it imposes any peculiar discouragement, or affords any distinguished advantages for the cultivation of letters.

The great purpose of a just and generous education is, to prepare men for active life ; and this applies as well to that education which every intelligent man gives himself, as to that which he receives from his parents and instructors. Now what condition of society would be chosen as most favorable to the developement of moral and intellectual excellence ? Where would you search for vigor of understanding united with strength of principle, and activity of habit ? Would it be among the oppressed and degraded subjects of a despotic government, where the manners, opinions, and religion of a nation are fashioned by the caprice of an

individual? Or, would you look for profound thought and stern morality among the luxurious attendants of an ancient court? We are too apt, gentlemen, to suffer our imaginations to be dazzled by the "pomp and circumstance," which surround great men of other times and other countries. We attribute to the companions of a prince, a delicacy of feeling, a chivalrous sense of honor, a lofty pursuit of excellence for its own sake; but alas! "'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view;" a nearer approach discloses to us laxity of principle, profligacy of conduct, and a life of perpetual idleness and discomfort. These are the unavoidable consequences of a state of society, in which a large body of men are placed above the necessity of daily employment; and in which the distinctions of birth and hereditary wealth procure that complacency and regard from others, which forms so essential an ingredient in our happiness. But would you give the human mind a chance of attaining its highest perfection, you would constitute a society in which all were equally and directly interested in the public welfare; where the highest honors of the state were open to the competition of all; and in which talents were at once wealth and power. Need I add that such a state of society is ours? Need I tell you that the principles which animated the genius of Greece, and strengthened the patriotism of Rome, are imbodied in our institutions? that honor, and fame, and political power, await the successful exertions of mind, in every pursuit of life?

A natural consequence of the popular nature of the government is the character of practical utility, which is



stamped upon all our institutions. We are a young and busy people, fearless in speculation, and adventurous in practice. The arts which minister to pleasure alone, are little valued among us. All our studies aim directly at the improvement of our situation, and are such as depend upon a knowledge of human nature, and of what contributes to our actual enjoyment. When we contemplate the noble establishments of Europe, her colleges, and halls, venerable for their antiquity, and illustrious from the minds which have there been formed ; when we survey her extensive libraries, rich with the gathered wisdom of two thousand years ; when we consider her seats of learning, cherished by her sovereigns, and endowed with the revenues of princes ; we are apt to blush for the poverty and insignificance of our own institutions. I should pity the man who could wander among the gardens and cloisters of Oxford, and not indulge in the warmth of generous admiration. That heart must be cold indeed, which would not beat with enthusiasm on the spot, which has been hallowed by the step of so many statesmen, philosophers, and poets. But it must not be concealed that these institutions, splendid as they are, have sunk into the indolence which generally attends luxury and established reputation. Look through the catalogue of professors and fellows in these universities, and you will find them contented with a calm and languid mediocrity, or wasting their strength upon the technical parts of learning, useless as they are to every purpose of practical improvement. At Oxford, you will find the meed of glory awarded to him, who can best scan a line of Pindar, or settle a disputed quantity in a cho-

rus of Euripides. At Leyden, you will find Wyttenbach, the living glory of Holland, lamenting that human life is too short to publish a critical edition of Plutarch. He has employed thirty laborious years, upon the "Treatises of Morals" alone, and will probably sink into the grave, under the burden of age, before he has perfectly illustrated his author. You must forgive me, if I prefer the plain sense and active usefulness of the Scotch Universities, as destitute of wealth and patronage as our own, to such learned and laborious trifling. In estimating their effect upon the moral and intellectual improvement of society, no rational man could hesitate in adjudging the prize of merit to Robertson, Smith, Beattie, and Stewart, rather than to Markland, Toup, Musgrave, and Porson.

I would not be understood as depreciating the importance of classical learning. No man bows with more reverence before the noble remains of ancient wisdom and eloquence. No one is more persuaded that the preservation of good taste and sound learning depends upon the constant, assiduous, and persevering study of the writers of Rome and Greece. But we should contemplate the glory of other times, only that we may kindle with emulation, and glow with rival beams. It is to be lamented, that this light of learning, as yet, has only dawned upon our country. But we trust that in the meridian day of our literature, we shall not be degraded into a herd of grovelling commentators, and hunters of syllables.

The fondness for political speculations, which is so striking a feature in the character of our countrymen, may be



regarded as one of their proudest distinctions. The science of Politics, in the words of Aristotle, is the supreme, and master-workman of the rest ; *Ἡ Πολιτικὴ κυριωτάτη καὶ ἀρχιτεκτονική*. To form a state “wisely constituted, and skilfully administered,” may well call into action the brightest talents and noblest energies of our nature. If our studies and exertions should, in the first instance centre in the happiness and improvement of domestic life, we should still keep in view the higher and nobler purpose of conferring benefit upon our country. If powerful emotion constitutes the happiness of great minds, *there* is an object upon which the feelings may be honorably engaged, *there* is a career in which the loftiest ambition may not disdain to fly. Do you ask if political science can afford you excitement and employment as men of letters? You surely cannot forget that it comes in contact with every pursuit and employment in life ; you cannot fail to exclaim with Cicero, “*Quid porro tam regium, tam liberale, tam munificum, quàm retinere homines in civitate !*” I need only recall your attention, gentlemen, to some of your own number, to prove that talents, and learning, and eloquence may find adequate and honorable employment in the councils of the nation.

I hope you will not accuse me of a love of paradox, if I enumerate among the advantages of our country, that it has not yet attained the height of what is called civilization and refinement. Perhaps I may not be understood without explanation. In the progress of society, the increase of wealth and luxury generates a love of the arts, and collects men together in crowded cities ; where wealth

may be best displayed, and luxury find its appropriate enjoyments. The necessity of amusement obliges them to cultivate the arts of conversation (I am speaking of men of intelligence), and to derive from a rapid succession of company, and a live discussion of literary topics, that excitement, which others receive from regular application and stated employments. They become, almost necessarily, acute and penetrating, quick in discernment, and fastidious in taste; but they become, at the same time, impatient of labor, and desirous rather of pleasure, than improvement. Besides, the love of ridicule, which is always generated in large societies, is directly opposed to the enthusiasm which leads to great undertakings. It is chiefly in retirement and solitary meditation, that you can collect vigor for noble exertions.

I may congratulate you, too, that as a nation, you are just entering upon the career of glory. The people, from whom you derive your origin, have consummated their national greatness upon the waves of Trafalgar and the field of Waterloo. Henceforth they can derive pleasure only from the recollections of the past; you may be happy in proud anticipations of the future. They can live in memory, you may rejoice in hope. They can look back upon a long line of illustrious ancestors, and feel conscious that they have not tarnished their glory; you may consider yourselves as the founders of a new race, and may deliver your fame as a sacred inheritance to be cherished by posterity. They may celebrate the praises of others, you may yourselves be the subject of eulogy.

It has been remarked by those who have reasoned most profoundly upon the constitution of society, that the human mind has never, in modern times, attained its full and perfect maturity but among the Protestant nations of Christendom. In reviewing the splendid career of human intelligence, during the last three centuries, it is impossible not to ascribe much of its progress to the reformation of Luther. That great man gave an impulse to society which it has ever since preserved. He taught men to examine, to reason, to inquire. He unfolded to their wondering gaze, a form of moral beauty, which had been too long shrouded from their eyes by the timid dogmatism of the Papal church. It is to Protestant Christianity, gentlemen, that you are indebted for the noblest exercise of your rational powers. It is to Protestant Christianity, that you owe the vigor of your intellectual exertions and the purity of your moral sentiments. I could easily show you how much the manliness of English literature, and the fearless intrepidity of German speculation, and how much even of the accurate science of France, may be ascribed to the spirit of Protestant Christianity. It is from the influence of this spirit, that the sublime astronomy of La Place has not been, like that of Galileo, condemned as heretical. It is to Protestant Christianity, that you owe the English Bible ; a volume, that has done more to correct and refine the taste, to elevate the imagination, to fill the mind with splendid and glowing images, than all the literature which the stream of time has brought down to the present age. I hope I am not laying an unhallowed hand upon the Ark of God, if I presume to recommend the

Bible to you, as an object of literary enthusiasm. The Bible !—Where in the compass of human literature, can the fancy be so elevated by sublime description, can the heart be so warmed by simple, unaffected tenderness?—Men of genius ! who delight in bold and magnificent speculation, in the Bible you have a new world of ideas opened to your range.—Votaries of eloquence ! in the Bible you find the grandest thoughts clothed in a simple majesty, worthy of the subject and the Author.—Servants of God ! I need not tell *you* that the glories of immortality are revealed in language, which mortal lips had never before employed !—But I forbear. The Bible is in your hands ; and even now, while I am speaking its praise, “it is silently fulfilling its destined course,” it is raising many a heart to the throne of God.

The prevalence of religious controversies may be regarded as another advantage, in estimating the intellectual condition of our countrymen. Though much evil has arisen, and from the nature of things must arise, from the asperity of party contest, yet subjects of so awful a nature, and so interesting to the feelings and happiness of all, can hardly be discussed without producing some elevation of mind and seriousness of temper. In our country, the maxims and doctrines of the higher philosophy, discourses on the being and attributes of the Deity, and on the nature and destination of the human soul, subjects which among the ancient philosophers were revealed only to the initiated, are matter of daily and hourly conversation. I appeal to the records of past experience, to the general history of mankind, to

illustrate the effect of religious freedom. Why is all the literature of Germany at this day confined to her Protestant provinces? Why has Catholic Switzerland never produced a single man, eminent in any art or science, while the Protestant Cantons have been, for two centuries, enlarging the boundaries of human knowledge? Why, in fine, was Catholic France always superior in intelligence to the nations around her, to Spain, to Sicily, to Naples? Because Catholic France was never without heretics; because, even after the revocation of the edict of Nantz, subjects of religious controversy were kept alive by books from Switzerland and Holland, by the manly sense of Grotius, and the subtle infidelity of Bayle. It is impossible that men should be dull and sordid in their feelings, or low and grovelling in their desires, who are familiar with the sublime conceptions of Christian philosophy. And where many minds are ardently engaged in the pursuit of knowledge, on subjects most interesting to their happiness, the impulse is gradually communicated to other classes in the community, and extended to other subjects of research.

I have thus, gentlemen, enumerated a few of the circumstances which distinguish us from other nations, and they are all favorable to the cultivation of letters. I could add many other particulars. I could dwell upon the influence of climate, which renders us susceptible of more moral tenderness, of more deep feeling, and permanent emotion, than the lively nations of the South ever experience. I could call your attention to the natural scenery of our country, to her lofty mountains and spreading vales, to her rapid rivers, to her lakes and forests, fitted to excite and cherish



the loftiest feelings of poetical enthusiasm. But I have said enough ; you have already felt and acknowledged, that neither the proud presumption of the Grecian States, nor the stern severity of ancient Rome, nor the luxurious refinement of modern Europe, could open a brighter path to intellectual greatness, than the habits and institutions of Protestant, Republican New England.

I trust, I have not fostered, in your bosoms, a spirit of national vanity, in thus displaying the advantages you possess. I have had a higher aim. I would excite in you and myself a deep conviction of our duty and responsibility ; I would warm your hearts to the love of glory, by showing that the lasting honors of learning are within your reach, that you have only to extend your arm to seize the crown of imperishable fame. Why is it, that your names may not descend to posterity as the heroes of intellectual greatness ? Is there no one among you, whose spirit may be stimulated to unremitted exertion, who will feel the conviction that the greatest possible exertion of his powers has become his moral duty ; that his friends, his country have a claim upon him for the last degree of moral and intellectual improvement, of which his nature is capable ? Permit me to indulge the hope that there are many such,—many who are even now cheering their solitary hours, by the hopes of future renown,—many who are drinking deep at the inexhaustible fountains of Grecian and Roman literature,—many who are filling their minds with noble conceptions, and warming their hearts with generous emotions, by a daily perusal of the Oracles of God. Of such permit me to take



leave in the ardent language of the prince of eloquence ;  
“ Quamobrem pergite, ut facitis, adolescentes, atque in id  
studium, in quo estis, incumbite ; ut et nobis honori, et ami-  
cis utilitati, et reipublicæ emolumento esse possitis.”

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# PAPERS

READ

BEFORE THE PORTSMOUTH FORENSIC SOCIETY.

[Some account of the Society before which the five following papers were delivered, is to be found in the memoir prefixed to the present volume. From this account, it will be understood, that the opinions expressed before the Society were not always those of the person who delivered them ; but, often, in a great measure, such as were prescribed by the nature of all similar discussions. This should not be forgotten, when reading several of the subsequent arguments, which are to be considered only as a defence of opinions Mr. Haven was called on to maintain. It will not however escape observation, that while he has defended the side of the question assigned him in the discussion, he has done it, not in the spirit of a professed advocate, but in the spirit of one, who is sincerely inquiring after truth.]

## ON TRACTS.

“WHICH IS MOST BENEFICIAL TO THE CAUSE OF CHRISTIANITY, BIBLE, MISSIONARY, OR TRACT SOCIETIES?”

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I HAVE listened, sir, with no little pleasure to the remarks which have just been made upon the importance of Bible and Missionary Societies. It is a happy circumstance, that among the jarring opinions and conflicting pursuits of human life, there is one subject on which all may agree, one point to which all efforts may be directed,—the cause of human improvement. Whatever may be our opinions on other subjects, however widely separated by our speculations in religion or politics, we here meet on common ground. We all wish well to our race ; and it is our happiness, as well as our interest, to promote their moral and intellectual improvement.

If we take a rapid glance at the history of man, we find that his conduct, his habits of thinking as well as of acting, are intimately connected with his religious belief. While, under other systems of religion, he has been stationary or degraded, it is grateful to remark, that under the Christian dispensation, man has been progressive ; his future and perpetual progress is provided for, and encouraged, and en-

joined by it. While it raises him above the mere enjoyment of his senses, it opens to him whatever can enlarge the affections, or purify the taste, or excite the imagination, or mature the reason. All the institutions of Christianity operate directly to produce the greatest amount of virtue and happiness, and the highest degree of intellectual improvement.

And here it may be remarked, that in all religious communities a principle of life and activity exists, that is not found in political ones. The members are more active, in proportion as their sense of duty is stronger, and the sanctions of their law are more powerful. The leaders of such a community have an influence, which political leaders can never attain. "Their hold is upon the heart of man, upon his hopes and fears, the weakness and the strength of his nature."

Whether, therefore, we regard the effects which it has actually produced, or the means which it has of influencing human conduct, we are justified in looking to religion, rather than to political establishments, as the great agent in producing knowledge and happiness. The cause of Christianity, then, is the cause of human improvement.

But how to extend this blessing, how to make the ignorant understand its sublime doctrines, the vicious receive its moral precepts, the doubting submit to its solemn sanctions; how to gain access to the heart of the prejudiced, or to the mind of the barbarian; these are questions upon which we may well pause. There have been times, when, to the disgrace of Protestant Christianity, the duty of doing some-



thing for the improvement of the world, seems never to have occurred. But now it is far otherwise; and the intellectual and moral excitement of the present age is not one of the least benefits, that have attended, or followed, the tremendous revolutions we have witnessed. The question now is, not whether we shall do any thing for mankind, but how we shall act with the most effect.

And here the friends of the Bible Society rise, and tell us—Put the Scriptures into the hands of every man; translate them into every language; let “all kingdoms and nations and tongues” unite in reading the word of God. This is indeed a sublime conception; and worthy of that religion, which teaches that “all nations are made of one blood,” and are children of the same common Father. But we must not suffer our imaginations to be so much dazzled by the splendor of the project, as to overlook its practical difficulties. Have these gentlemen duly considered what the Bible is, that they should send it forth alone, and expect it to convert the world? The Bible contains upwards of sixty distinct writings, composed by at least thirty-four different authors, some of whom lived more than sixteen hundred years apart. It was written originally in different languages; one of which is now lost, except in the Bible itself; so that no other book exists with which it can be compared, or by which its meaning can be ascertained. It presents a history of more than four thousand years, and records the actions of a nation distinguished from all others, not only by its rites, ceremonies, and religious opinions, but by its political government, its strange vicissitudes, its striking misfor-

tunes, and its more wonderful preservation. It contains writings which darkly shadow out the fortunes, not only of the people to whom they were addressed, but of the whole human race ; and that to the end of the world. It is full of allusions to the manners, customs, and institutions of nations, that have long since been swept from the earth ; it refers to books, whose former existence is known only by the reference itself ; it contains warnings and prohibitions, and prescribes rites and ceremonies, which have been abrogated for two thousand years, and the reason of which can now be only conjectured. The Bible too is full of poetry, not only of sublime conceptions and lofty poetical images, but of verse in its literal meaning. Biblical critics of the last century, have succeeded in restoring the metre, not only of the Book of Psalms, but of Job, Isaiah, Jeremiah, and the greater part of the Minor Prophets. Some of these are concise, sententious, and abrupt like Pindar ; others exhibit the generous indignation of Juvenal, and rebuke the luxurious and reprove the unjust, with the force and dignity and eloquence of the Roman satirist ; others again have the sublimity, and ardor, and boldness of Homer ; while in all, there are occasional passages of tenderness and pathetic simplicity.

Those who are conversant with the writings of antiquity, need not be told that a book so old as this, and upon so great a variety of subjects, must necessarily present many difficulties. If there are passages in Homer, which we cannot understand, with all the aid of the philosophers, historians, and poets of ancient Greece ; if there are laws of the Twelve Tables, which are unintelligible even when cited by Cicero

and Pliny ; how much more difficulty should we expect to find in the institutes of Moses, or the poetry of Joel.

And such is the fact. Which of us, with all the advantages of early Christian education, and of weekly instruction, will say, that he fully understands any one of the numerous writings contained in this wonderful book ? It has been well remarked by a most pious and eloquent Baptist, John Foster, that no intelligent man can read the Bible for ten minutes, without wishing to ask a hundred questions, which can only be answered from other books than the Bible. And will you put this volume, thus requiring so much previous knowledge, into the hands of a Caffre, or a New-Zealander, and expect him, alone, unassisted, and unenlightened, to extract from it a system of rational faith ? To suppose this, would be to suppose that the mere present of a Bible is accompanied with a miraculous agency, that enables the receiver to understand it, and to value it. Besides, how is he to be made acquainted with the external evidences of Christianity ? How is he to know that it is a book sent from God ?

I trust, sir, I am not misunderstood in these remarks. I am making no attempt to depreciate the value of the Scriptures. On the contrary, I approach them with the humble sentiment of Erasmus ; “ In this book alone, I reverence even what I cannot understand.”

But, sir, the principles of our common faith are few and simple ; I mean the essential, the elementary principles. When the first Gentile converts were baptized by Peter, the number of truths, in which they were instructed, was very

small ; and would look very insignificant by the side of the creeds and confessions of modern days. Yet their belief of these few propositions was accepted by an Apostle, and their reception into the church was ratified by the gift of the Holy Ghost. And if you were to analyze the principles of an unlettered Christian, of any denomination, those principles upon which the great superstructure of his moral character is built, and upon which he rests his comfort here, and his hopes of happiness hereafter ; you would find them as few and simple, as those of Cornelius, the Roman centurion.

The true question then is, How can these few, plain principles be best insinuated into minds undisciplined by truth, and unaccustomed to reflection. The Bible contains these principles, and, blessed be God, the Bible is in our hands. The Bible, too, contains a wonderful variety of other knowledge, sufficient to excite the strongest mind, and to employ the labor of a life. Shall we then give the whole to an unlettered man, and leave him to grapple alone with the difficulties which have tasked the strength of the most powerful minds ? We do not act so irrationally in the education of our children. We do not give them a library, and leave them to choose for themselves the books proper for their instruction.

It will be perceived, that the force of my argument rests upon the assumption, that of the three modes of promoting human improvement presented by the question, only one can be pursued. The gentleman who preceded me has overlooked this consideration, in representing Missionaries as translators of the Bible, and distributors of Tracts. So

far as they do this, they act as the agents of Bible and Tract Societies. Consider, then, what the Bible is, and estimate for a moment the effect it would produce, if presented alone to a Heathen, or to an unlettered man in a Christian country, and you will feel a melancholy conviction, that without the aid of miracles, the Bible *alone*, will do but little to convert the Pagan world.

But here I am told by the advocate of Missions, that Christianity must be propagated as it was in the times of the Apostles ; that pious men must go forth, bearing with them the word of God ; inculcating its precepts, explaining its difficulties, and exhibiting in their own persons a living monument of its efficacy. There is something, sir, at first view so imposing in the character of a Christian Missionary, that we need to guard ourselves against being swayed too much by our feelings. There have been men in different ages of the world, who, laying aside all personal considerations, have devoted themselves to the work of propagating the Gospel, with an energy and singleness of purpose, with a contempt of the maxims of worldly prudence, and a disdain of labor and suffering, at which ordinary minds stand aghast. Such were St. Francis and St. Dominic among the Catholics ; Loyola, and Francis Xavier, the apostle of the Indies ; such was Luther, the greatest name in modern history ; such were Wesley, and Whitfield, and David Brainerd ; and such, in our own times, was the spotless Henry Martyn. Yet the very enumeration of these illustrious men, serves only to convince us of the utter inefficacy of Missionary efforts. What is the lesson of experience ?



It is nearly two centuries, since the Jesuits, the most successful of Missionaries, penetrated into India and China. For more than a hundred and fifty years, the Dutch have had a Missionary establishment at Ceylon. What have they done? Where are the trophies of their victory? What nation has been converted to Christianity? What tribe of barbarians has been permanently civilized? Look abroad through our own country; what did Eliot and Brainerd effect for the poor savages of North America? Show us your Christian Indians, and we will listen more readily to the claims of Missionary zeal.

In truth, sir, when we speak of sending forth Missionaries, like the Apostles, to propagate the Gospel, we overlook the infinite difference of the two cases. We forget that the one went forth, clothed with supernatural powers, and wrought miracles in attestation of their divine mission, while the others go forth with the feeble weapons of human acquirements, and guided by the faint light of human reason. The success has been proportionate to the means employed. And thus it will ever be. For what becomes of the argument for the truth of Christianity, derived from the rapid spread of the Gospel in the times of the Apostles, if Missionaries, at the present time, can extend it as easily and rapidly by the mere force of human eloquence? When Missionaries can work miracles, then, and not till then, will they be able to convert the world.

We have been favored, sir, with an eloquent account of the exertions that are now making to send Missions to all parts of the world. It is indeed an age of great moral and



religious excitement ; and I rejoice that it is so. Nay more, I rejoice at Missionary exertions ; for I am no enemy to Missions. Yet I believe their beneficial effect is produced upon those who support them. It is the reaction that is favorable. They who labor to send Christianity to foreign lands, learn to prize it more at home. And the vast sums annually collected for this purpose, give to common minds an imposing idea of the value of the benefit conferred.

The great obstacle to the success of Christianity has always been, the vices of those who call themselves Christians. You go to a savage, and tell him you have a religion of unspeakable value to offer to his acceptance ; a religion that will make him virtuous and happy in this life, and secure his eternal happiness in the life to come. You excite his curiosity ; and he naturally inquires for those pure and happy beings who are already possessed of this blessing. Where would you direct his attention ? Would you lead him round the outskirts of Christendom, where the Pagan comes in immediate contact with those who bear the Christian name ? Alas, in this twilight of civilization, the difference between the Christian and the Pagan is but dimly discerned ; and the accidental advantages of birth or fortune will throw the weight of personal virtues, sometimes into this, and sometimes into the other scale. Or would you tell him to seek the effects of Christianity among the individuals who sometimes penetrate into his own distant country ? This is the best standard you can offer ; for you cannot transport him at once into the bosom of your own free, and civilized, and happy community. You can only point to those who

have been educated among you, and who have imbibed the character which your institutions naturally give. And what a standard is this ! While the nations of India have among them two hundred thousand Englishmen, usurping every office, spreading themselves through all parts of the country, inspecting every village, and visiting every house, not in the spirit of Christian love to enlighten, and comfort, and elevate, but in the reachings and graspings of an insatiable avarice, to discover new subjects of oppression, and new means of extortion ; while these men are supported in their iniquitous exactions by the bayonets of fifty thousand soldiers, greedy of gain, and willing to blast every field, and consume every house, and destroy every temple, to gain new possessions to plunder,—can you wonder that the Hindoos are averse to the christian faith ? They become Christians ! Do we adopt the opinions of those we hate ? When was it ever known, that the oppressed imbibed the sentiments, and copied the manners, of the oppressor ? Every principle of the human mind revolts at it.

But let us not fix our attention so long upon a foreign country, as to forget our own. When we cast our eyes upon our own fair fields and bright waters, does it never occur to us, that this smiling land was once the possession of a Pagan race, who valued it as dearly as we do ? who must have loved it more dearly ; because it contained the mouldering bones of their fathers for more centuries, than we can count in this new world. And where is the miserable remnant of these nations, once so numerous and powerful ? In the barren prairies and rocky mountains, to which we

have driven them, need we ask whether they are Christians?

Nor is the case different with the few tribes who remain among us. I was once acquainted with a Missionary, who had labored some time among the Seneca Indians. A chief of that tribe, at a public conference which was held upon the Christian religion, thus expressed the opinion of himself and his nation; "Your good book has two meanings; a thing which we cannot understand. You read in it, that Christians must not be liars, nor thieves, nor drunkards; yet Christians make Indians drunk, and tell them great lies, and steal away all their beaver skins, and call this *trading*. There is a secret about your good book, which you will not tell to poor Indians." An inhabitant of Tanjore said to Christian Swartz, the Missionary, "Sir, if you send a person to us, send one who has learned all your ten commandments."

Thus it is that the vices of Christians every where oppose an obstacle to the success of Christianity. Till, therefore, the principles of Christianity prevail more among ourselves, the cause of Foreign Missions is almost hopeless. Nor is the case much better with Domestic Missions, for reasons that I shall presently notice.

In fact, since the first ages of Christianity, the faith has been spread, not by preaching, but by colonization. Nations have become Christian as they have become civilized, by having Christian colonies planted among them, or by falling under the dominion of nations already Christian. There is a striking difference between the first establish-

ment and subsequent extension of Christianity, to which I have already adverted. It was planted in the world by the immediate power of its divine Author, it is left to be extended by the exertions of its feeble professors ; just as the understanding is the immediate gift of God, but its improvement or perversion is left to the care of him who possesses it. For Missionaries in the present day, even if their number was increased to their wildest wishes, to expect the success of the Apostles, deserves a stronger name than folly or presumption. Their error consists in applying to themselves the directions and the promises given to the inspired Apostles. The “ foolishness of preaching,” which was to convert the world, was preaching attended with miracles ; but we have no promise that the preaching of uninspired Missionaries shall convert the world.

There is, in the necessary constitution of Missions, a radical vice that goes far to destroy their usefulness. A Missionary is generally itinerant ; though he may do something to awaken attention to religious subjects, he can effect little in nourishing the Christian virtues, which are tender plants, and frequently of very slow growth. He is dependent upon a foreign society for support ; he does not therefore live in the mutual interchange of good offices, of favors received and given, which bind a minister to his parish. He is under the control of a distant society, who can know little of the slow growth of humility and piety, but who are waiting to hear accounts of striking success, of remarkable and sudden conversions. He is therefore tempted to make great excitements, to apply unwholesome stimulants, and to kill

the gentler virtues by attempting to force them. And this he often does without being aware of it at the time. When David Brainerd had labored a year among the Stockbridge Indians, he baptized seventy-seven persons, and admitted thirty to the communion. This he ascribed, with unhesitating confidence, to the immediate operation of divine influence. Yet his biographer, the pious Jonathan Edwards, admits that but very few of them were really religious; the greater part being operated upon merely by sympathy.

What then, you are ready to ask, shall we do for the improvement of mankind? Where shall our benevolent feelings find their object, and how shall they be exerted with any hope of success? If you advert for a moment to the objections which have been urged against the operations of Bible and Missionary Societies, you will perceive at once, that the distribution of Tracts is free from most of these objections, and possesses, besides, many peculiar advantages.

In the first place, Tracts may be written in a manner that will at once excite attention, and disarm prejudice. "The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain" has been read by many persons, who would never have opened a Bible, and who would have turned with aversion, or contempt, from the exhortations of the most eloquent Missionary. In this respect, Tracts possess an important advantage over both. In the second place, they admit of an infinite variety both of subject and style, and can therefore be adapted to every situation in life, to every age and character. They may be grave or gay, narrative or didactic, in prose or verse. They may contain direct statements of religious truth, as in



a sermon or catechism ; or they may insinuate it under the guise of a fable, or an anecdote. “The Carpet Makers” of Hannah More, a little ballad of two pages, has probably relieved more minds from the difficulties of a particular Providence, than the learned dissertation of Dr. Price.

The most zealous advocate for the distribution of the Bible will hardly contend that all its parts are equally useful to every person. No one would direct the attention of a child to the obscure predictions of Ezekiel, or the sublime mysteries of the Apocalypse. Now the Heathen are children in understanding ; and so, in a great degree, are the poor and unlettered in every country. In the very language of St. Paul, they should have milk, and not strong meat. But Tracts, and Tracts alone, afford the opportunity of making this selection. Whatever is plain and simple in the doctrines of the Scriptures ; whatever is interesting in the lives and fortunes of distinguished men, who have “fought a good fight and kept the faith ;” the sublime precepts and touching parables of our Saviour ;—these may be all imbodyed in Tracts, and may gradually prepare the understanding and the heart for the reception of the whole word of God. On this subject, we have the experience of the Missionaries themselves in our favor. In the memorial of the Baptist Missionaries at Serampore to lord Minto, they enumerate certain Tracts which they have published, and distributed among the natives. Among these I find “The Gospel Messenger,” a short Bengalee poem, written to announce the translation of the Scriptures ; and “The Dawn of Wisdom,” written to invite them to an investigation of Christianity. What need have we of further witness ?



I have spoken of the adaptation of Tracts, to particular ages and characters. In this, they possess an important advantage over preaching, and of course over Missionaries. A man who preaches, addresses a promiscuous assembly. A discourse that may be very profitable to one part of his audience, may be very useless to another. Not so with Tracts. You may visit a family, and present one to each individual, adapted to his particular character and habits.

There is another consideration, sir, which with me has irresistible force. The enemies of Christianity, and the foes of good government, have hitherto found Tracts the most powerful instrument for effecting their purposes. They write no labored treatises ; they send forth no Missionaries. It is sufficient for their object to circulate a song or an anecdote, or to exhibit a caricature. What were the licentious tales of Voltaire, which, month after month, and year after year, spread impurity and corruption, and doubt and discontent, through so much of the civilized world ;—what were these but Tracts ? What was “ The Age of Reason ” but a Tract ? Think you, that Paine understood and felt the difficulties of revelation, and the plausible objections to Christianity, better than Toland or Tindal or Hobbes ? Yet his work is read and circulated, and is even now producing its sad effects upon the weak and the ignorant, while theirs have long since ceased to be found, except in public libraries, and upon the shelves of collectors. And whence this difference ? Simply from the fact, that their works were too bulky to be read, except by the studious and the learned ; while his was a Tract that could be mastered in

half an hour. Their works were like the vegetable poisons, baneful enough in their nature, but offering some security from the very quantity necessary to produce a fatal effect ; while his was the concentrated mineral poison, causing death by a single drop.

Surely, if ever it be lawful to learn policy from an enemy, it is so here. We have felt the force of these weapons. Our ranks have been thinned by these light arrows, falling silently among us. What remains then for us, but to employ similar weapons? Let us even darken the air with them, that at whatever point the enemy appears, he may be overwhelmed with the arrowy shower.

It may be remarked too, that Tracts may be made the instruments of much collateral good, which Bibles and Missions cannot effect. They may diffuse a taste for literature ; they may communicate a knowledge of useful arts ; they may enforce the maxims of prudence and domestic economy. In a little Tract of Hannah More's, which was written during the scarcity of 1795, the author has contrived to insert among the adventures of a Postillion, some important directions respecting the economical preparation of food. In a word, whatever literature and science can effect among the educated classes by magnificent libraries and expensive instruments, may be produced among the poor, though of course in a less degree, by the free circulation of Tracts. A pile of these interesting publications, it has been poetically remarked, " like the little cells of a honeycomb, contain the richest extracts from the finest flowers."

It may be, however, that the two circumstances which contribute most to the efficacy of Tracts, prevent them from being duly appreciated ; I mean their cheapness and smallness. We can hardly bring ourselves to imagine that a little work of four or five pages, which costs only a cent, could influence the opinions or habits of any man. Yet if we reflect accurately upon the formation of our own characters, we shall find that we have become what we are, not in consequence of any mighty and overwhelming influence, but from a series of small impressions. Our most prominent and decisive traits of character may frequently be traced back to a single thought, scarcely regarded, it may be, at first ; but returned to, and dwelt upon, till it becomes a part of our intellectual stock, and the foundation of our principles and habits.

Now the cheapness of Tracts enables us to scatter them with boundless profusion ; while their smallness ensures their being read by some one. What if thousands and tens of thousands are wasted and lost ? We can afford to lose them. How many millions of acorns are every year produced by a single oak ; yet if only one of them were every year to germinate and take root, how soon would the earth be covered by this prince of the forest. We cannot infer the size of the future plant, from the appearance of the seed.

There are, in truth, few ways in which a man can exert so great and lasting an influence upon society, as by composing a popular Tract. The press of a nation insensibly forms its manners and character ; and, of course, those works which are most generally read, which affect the

greatest number of minds, are really the most important. In our moral and political speculations, we are apt to look too far for efficient causes ; and to ascribe to statesmen and philosophers, effects, which have really been produced by the novelist and the ballad-maker.

## NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

“THE CHARACTER OF NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.”

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THAT “history is philosophy teaching by example,” is a sentiment that has passed into a maxim, a maxim as remarkable for its truth as its elegance ; but the philosophy to which it refers is that higher philosophy, which is conversant with men,—which makes human conduct its subject, and human happiness its ultimate object. It is that philosophy which comprehends in itself every thing relating to the government of life ; which does not waste its strength in minute observation of external nature, but, by a diligent examination of the capacities and conduct of men in various situations, endeavours to derive some rule for the regulation of life, and to make some probable conjecture of the issue of human actions.

But in the wide field of general history, we may wander till we are bewildered, and wearied, with the number and variety of objects that present themselves to our view. At the first glance, the history of mankind appears only a confused scene of strife and battles and bloodshed. In every age, we find dissensions and revolutions,—the same crimes,

the same triumphs, and apparently the same success. Every age and almost every country has had its civil reformer and its military conqueror. Yet if we advance a little further on the field, we shall discover some appearance of order, and distribution of parts ;—something that marks the struggles of one age from those of another, and stamps the effort with an individual character. If we ascend some little eminence, and detach ourselves for a moment from the noise and bustle by which we are surrounded, we shall find that the whole of this struggle and tumult is raised and managed by a comparatively small number of men ;—that in the strongest rush of the tempest, there is a master-spirit exciting and directing the storm.

It is therefore more conducive both to moral and intellectual improvement, to confine our attention to some detached group, or some individual object. A battle, if it could be accurately represented on canvass, would present nothing to the imagination but confusion and terror ; but a single example of heroic valor, or disinterested virtue, at once touches our feelings and compels our attention.

With these views of the nature and importance of history, and especially of individual history, I shall venture to bring before you, this evening, a discussion of the character of *Napoleon Buonaparte*. The attempt I know is hazardous ; but I trust you will find in the attractions of the subject something to compensate for the faults of the execution. You will hardly expect that I should attempt to enumerate the events of his life ; for his history for twenty years has been the history of a great part of the civilized world.



I cannot even offer you a finished portrait ; but I hope to sketch with a rapid hand, some of those prominent features, in which the lines of character were distinctly marked and which cannot easily be mistaken. After all, it may be, that the effect upon your minds will be produced rather by what I shall omit to say, than by what I shall present to your notice.

In calling your attention to the character of Napoleon Buonaparte, it cannot now be necessary to urge you to dismiss from your mind all prejudice and all partiality. The lightning which dazzled your eyes so long, has passed away ; and even the echoes of the distant thunder have ceased to be heard. You now may look out upon a serene sky, and gaze upon the portentous cloud as it is slowly sinking in the west. Napoleon Buonaparte is becoming to us what Alexander and Cæsar have been,—an object of wonder and curiosity, but not of personal interest.

That Buonaparte was one of the first captains of the age, will not now be disputed ; and in granting this, we grant him talents of the highest order. The love of military glory is the most seducing passion that can swell the heart. In every country, wealth, and honors, and popular acclamations have been lavished upon military conquerors. The incense of popular favor has been offered to them while living ; and sculptured monuments and trophied urns have marked the place of their sepulture. Dreadful as are the miseries of war, in contemplating a successful commander they are all forgotten. Even the victims of war learn to sympathize with the splendid greatness of the conqueror,

and to derive some consolation for their sufferings, from the very greatness of the power that has overwhelmed them. All this has its foundation in our nature. We love excitement ; we admire sublimity ; and there is nothing that can so deeply interest and almost absorb our feelings, as to witness tremendous power in action. Hence it is that military commanders are the popular idols. Hence it is that the military profession has always been the favorite with men of great minds and ardent feelings. It affords room for the employment of their consuming energy. It holds out a prize to their ambition, which nothing else can offer. It tasks their highest powers to the stretch ; for every day and every hour, not merely wealth, and fame, but life depends upon their exertions. The higher ranks of the military profession therefore are always filled by great men. And it would not be difficult to demonstrate, that the very nature of their employment requires talents and intellectual habits of a high order. The revolution in France by removing every obstacle to the developement of military talent, has caused that nation to be distinguished by more great commanders, than have appeared in the world since the days of Hannibal and Scipio Africanus. To be the first among such men, is proof of no ordinary powers.

I am not sufficiently versed in military tactics to explain the precise nature of Napoleon's merits as a soldier ; yet I think there is nothing in modern history that can be compared to his campaign in the Tyrol, in the months of February and March, 1797. It is worthy of remark, that when Hannibal fought his way through Gaul, and poured down

his troops upon Italy from the summit of the Alps, and when Buonaparte, after conquering Italy, surmounted the same Alps, and dictated peace to Austria, almost at the gates of Vienna, these distinguished men were each twenty-eight years old. *Twenty-eight years !* What are *we !* and what is human life ! Sunk in indolence, engrossed in petty cares, or dissolved in pleasure ! *Twenty-eight years !* And are we but beginning to live ?

But it is time to descend from this general view, to a more particular examination. What was the intellectual character,—what were the habits of mind, of this man ? These are the questions I shall endeavour briefly to answer. The first and most striking trait in his character was its uncontrollable *energy*. It was, in every thing, the reverse of weakness and indolence. You see his faculties constantly exerted ; and whatever was the object, to that he directed his whole soul. It may be remarked too, that the objects of his pursuit were all of a high order. He wasted no strength in a degrading dissipation like His Majesty of England ; he devised no patterns for buttons and feathers, like the king of Prussia ; he wrought no embroidery for the Virgin, like the beloved Ferdinand ;—but whatever he did was grave and manly. From his first entrance into the military college at Brienne to his final overthrow at Waterloo, he seems to have been full of aspiring thoughts ; and through his whole life he had the dignity as well as the energy of ambition. It was as early as 1797 that he began to say, that if any one could combine the new system in France with a military government, he might raise her to a high rank

among the nations, and maintain her in that elevation. And about the same time, when Count Meerfeldt, the Austrian ambassador, offered him a German principality, he frankly admitted that it was his object to get into the government of his own country. "If I once set my foot in the stirrup," he added, "I have no doubt I shall go far."

It has sometimes happened that minds of great powers, and of unceasing activity, have been distinguished as much for their caprice as their exertions. You find them constantly laboring, but seldom in the same path. Panting for universal praise, they grasp at every distinction within their reach; and you find them in every possible employment, and under every possible variety of character. Not so with Napoleon;—if he shot athwart our system with the rapid motion and portentous splendor of a comet, his course from its commencement was as steady, direct, and uniform, as that of the earth in her orbit.

Another remarkable trait in his intellectual character was the *rapidity* of his mental operations. An ordinary mind could scarcely keep pace with the conclusions of his understanding. While other men were laboriously stating the premises, he had already arrived at the conclusion. Hence he rarely took counsel from those around him. His generals and ministers waited to receive his commands, not to offer their advice. Other despots have succeeded in bending to theirs, the will of those around. But he did more. It was not merely that his will was their will; but his reason was their reason. He stood alone; like a solitary watch-fire on a promontory, in the midst of a dark and stormy ocean.

In this particular his character is strikingly contrasted with that of Washington. Our hero and legislator, though equally decisive in his ultimate opinion, exercised an uncommon degree of restraint and self-government in the formation of that opinion. To avoid the possibility of error, he borrowed light from every source ; he listened patiently to every opinion ; and the conclusions of his understanding were as gradual and sure, as the approach of day. The thin, pale light which first appeared, gradually brightened and extended ; then a few stronger rays flashed up, and were reflected from the broad red clouds, that still hung on the skirts of the night ; and then the clear bright sun rose in all his splendor and strength. When Washington had announced an opinion thus deliberately formed, you could as little doubt its correctness, as you could doubt the light of heaven diffused around you.

Notwithstanding the rapidity of his conceptions, Napoleon possessed the *capacity of long and unremitted attention*. To this his officers bear witness ; and it constitutes in itself no small portion of greatness. He appears at all times to have his habits of thought under entire command. Nothing is more striking than the fact, that in his most perplexing campaigns, and in the midst of the most distressing personal privations, he could, at all times, lie down and sleep as soundly as a child. In 1809, after losing the battle of Lobau, he escaped across the Danube with only two persons, Marshal Berthier and an aid-de-camp. When he reached the opposite side of the river, he carelessly remarked, that he had gained forty battles, and could afford to lose one ;



and then without making a single inquiry after the fate of his army, he went to bed and slept soundly till morning. As a consequence of his rapid and decisive energy, we find Napoleon, from his childhood, distinguished for an *entire confidence in his own judgment*. An instance of this occurs to me in the siege of Toulon in 1793, when his great military talents were first distinguished. He was at this time a captain of artillery, and was employed by Barras, who had been sent thither as a commissioner, by the National Assembly, to attack the height of Malbousquet, then in possession of the English. In the midst of the engagement, Barras found fault with the direction of a gun. The young officer turned upon him with ineffable contempt;—"Mr. Commissioner, attend to your own duties; I am answerable for the success of the attack with my head. I know what is right." It should be remembered that Barras was then his only patron, and that he had plenary powers at Toulon, to direct all the operations of the siege.

After the relation of these circumstances, it is scarcely necessary to add, that he was always *a solitary and a selfish being*. At school, in the army, on the throne, he had no companions, no friends. He made small account of good wishes or kind feelings. He required obedience, he cared little for affection. He was like one of those masses of ice, that are sometimes loosened in the polar seas, and float down to milder climates,—beautiful and grand at a distance, as they reflect the play of the sunbeams,—but on their near approach, cold, and dreary, and desolate; chilling the very air with their snows, and crushing all before them with their resistless weight.



One effect of this cold selfishness was apparent in his military career. Except Frederic of Prussia, a name that should never be pronounced without the malediction of the human race, no commander in modern times has been so prodigal of human life. In all his campaigns blood flowed like water. At the battle of Lodi, he ordered his army to pass a bridge, that was incessantly raked by grape shot from thirty pieces of cannon. Twice, all who entered upon the bridge were swept away ; and the third time, Berthier, Massena, and Lannes, succeeded in passing it over the dead bodies of three thousand of their companions. At the bridge of Arcole, a month or two afterwards, there was nearly an equal slaughter.

In considering the intellectual character of Buonaparte, *his love of learning and the fine arts* cannot be passed over, and it is the more remarkable, as it harmonized so little with the cold severity of his general deportment. It is an authentic fact, that before the age of twenty-one he had composed a history of Corsica, which was communicated in manuscript to the Abbé Raynal, and received his applause. In his Italian campaign, he set the example of requiring from the conquered nations a surrender of those splendid monuments of ancient art, which have so long constituted the charm and glory of Italy. The act was robbery, but it was the spoil of no common robber.

When he ordered his troops to spare the village of Pietola, where Virgil was born, and even indemnified the inhabitants for the expense of the war, it was doubtless mere affectation, designed for stage effect ; but it was such affect-

tation as could never enter the head of a mere military adventurer. In Egypt he put at the head of his proclamations, "Buonaparte, commander in chief, and member of the National Institute." This too was affectation ; but when was science, in fact, so much advanced by a military expedition, as by the invasion of Egypt. I have already touched upon one or two circumstances from which the moral character of his mind, as distinguished from the intellectual, may be inferred. If it were necessary to sum it up in one concise expression, I should say, it was *boundless ambition* and *supreme selfishness*. He lived only for himself. He sought only personal aggrandizement ; and he pursued it at the expense of the whole human race. To stamp his name with indelible infamy, it is not necessary to impute to him any gratuitous crimes. He never did evil from the mere love of wickedness ; but then he never refrained from evil from any regard to principle. Of the audacity of his selfishness, a memorable proof is given in his letter to the Duke of Berg, his nephew, which was published at the time in the Paris newspapers : "Never forget," says he, "that your *first* duty is to *me* ; your *second*, to *France* ; and the *people* whom *I* intrust to your care, have only the *third* claim upon you." These expressions describe most accurately the whole course of his foreign and domestic policy. Personal aggrandizement was first sought ; then the glory and happiness of France, if not inconsistent with his private views ; then the interest of those unhappy nations, that were chained to his iron car. Napoleon Buonaparte was the farthest possible removed from a patriot.

After this rapid analysis of his character, you may perhaps expect some comment upon his conduct, upon his character carried out into action. But here so wide a field is opening upon me, that I dare not venture to enter it. I shall only briefly advert to such facts, as may justify the view I have taken of his character.

I consider the campaign of 1797 as the highest point of his military elevation. He had then, in the short space of ten weeks, completed the conquest of Italy, subdued the states of Venice, crossed the Alps in the depth of winter, and dictated a peace to Austria, after defeating her numerous armies and baffling her most experienced generals. No commander, in all the records of history, ever gained so many splendid victories, in so short a time, and with such a handful of men. The progress of Cæsar in Gaul scarcely equalled it in rapidity ; but Cæsar fought against hardy, undisciplined barbarians, while Napoleon met the first troops in Europe, commanded by the gallant Beaulieu, the veteran Wurmser, and the Archduke Charles, the pride and hope of Germany, at once cautious and enterprising. He had been victorious in fourteen pitched battles and seventy engagements ; he had destroyed three armies ; taken more than one hundred thousand prisoners, and two thousand five hundred cannon ; he had descended the Apennines ; he had crossed and recrossed the Alps ;—and all this in the depth of winter ! At Tarvis, where the flower of the Austrian army was beaten, the battle was fought on snow three feet in depth. At Ulm, Austerlitz, and Jena ; at Wagram and Dresden ; he merely sustained the reputation he acquired at Castiglione and Rivoli.

It is true he may have been, and probably was, indebted to circumstances for much of his success. But how happened it, that circumstances were always in his favor? that during a career of thirty years, he found himself always in that precise situation which was best adapted to his personal advancement? The truth is, a strong mind can bend even opposing circumstances to its will. It is not on the placid stream of enjoyment, that the mind is wafted forward to success; but it is in the midst of strife, and contest, and difficulty. It is in the storm and among the billows, that the waters shine and sparkle. It is when all is darkness and tumult above, when the winds rise and the seas roar,—it is then that the ship cuts for herself a path of light through the waves, and leaves a long track of glory behind.

If I were his panegyrist, I should place his fame as a magistrate upon the Napoleon Code, perhaps the best system of laws that has ever been devised in any age, or among any people. I say the best system, for such are the infinite number and variety of human concerns, that no system can be devised, that will reach entirely one case in a hundred of the subjects of litigation. The laws of every people must consist in a great measure of usages, that is, of unwritten law, or must be resolved into the arbitrary will of the magistrate. While therefore I give all praise to the Napoleon Code, I by no means admit its superiority to our Common Law, the noblest inheritance we have received from England. On the contrary, it must be compared only with our Statute Book; and then (I hope our legislators will pardon me) all comparison would be ridiculous.

France is indebted to Napoleon for many works of great utility and splendor; for military roads; for canals and bridges; for museums of natural history, and repositories of the fine arts; for palaces and hospitals; for triumphal arches and statues. But all these Egypt possessed in her Pharaohs; in those nameless tyrants who erected the pyramids, and excavated the lake Mœris. When a man has at command the wealth and service of forty millions of the human race, it requires no great enterprise or philanthropy, to construct magnificent public works. Even the licentious Phryne coveted the glory of rebuilding Thebes from her private wealth. She only required an inscription, that “Phryne rebuilt what Alexander destroyed.”

But it is in the moral condition of the people, that the true effect of Napoleon’s administration is to be sought. There his splendors all vanish, or appear like the sickly light that is sometimes emitted by vegetable matter, the effect of decay and rottenness. By centring all authority in his own person, or in assemblies immediately nominated by himself, he destroyed healthful excitement and emulation in the distant parts of his empire. Paris became a new Rome. All that Europe possessed of talents or enterprise, flocked thither for employment; and all employment depended upon his will. He exacted the most servile flattery from all who approached him, not from vanity, but because it gave him proof of his power. He sent abroad the spirit of servitude, and was never pleased but when he saw it extending, and diffusing itself through every rank in society, and affecting every institution. It is apparent that he had a



thorough contempt for mankind, and regarded them merely as the instruments of his personal advancement. Hence his neglect of promises and engagements; his disregard of all laws and treaties. Even his own Napoleon Code was a dead letter, when it interfered with his personal views. By that code a trial by jury is provided in all criminal cases. But what jury had Pichegru or Moreau? What trial had the bookseller Palm, or the Duc d'Enghien?

His expedition to Egypt and Syria probably formed his taste for oriental manners. Certain it is, no sovereign in Europe preserved so much state and ceremony. His own brothers were never permitted to sit in his presence. The literary journals of Paris, which were published under his immediate inspection, contained perpetual praises and adorations of the emperor, that bordered upon blasphemy, and such as no monarch had received since the dark ages. The very children were taught a catechism, in which they were instructed, that resistance to the will of the emperor put in hazard their eternal salvation. That France resisted at last, shows that some virtue still remained in her; that she submitted for fifteen years, proves that she was corrupt almost to the core.

I have summoned from the pages of history, the distinguished men who have been the destroyers, or benefactors, of their race. I have placed them in groups before me, and have endeavoured to trace in their lineaments, the features of Napoleon Buonaparte. In many I find some resemblance; and as I contemplate his character under different lights, I am reminded successively of the *ambition of Alexander*, the



*promptness of Cæsar, the stern self-confidence of Marius; I see him now affecting the splendor and literary taste of the Medici; and again surpassing Charles of Sweden in presumption and fool-hardiness. But as a conqueror, I think he is best compared with Mohammed. He made war in the spirit of the Arabian prophet; the Koran or the sword, the alternative of the one; war or submission, the threat of the other. In his treatment of the conquered, while he affected to imitate the Romans by admitting them to an alliance, it was not the Romans of the elder republic, but degenerate Romans, who had been corrupted by the conquest of Carthage. He took no pains to conciliate his fallen enemies. It was sufficient that they feared him; and terror was employed to enforce the most merciless exactions.*

As a statesman he was rather adroit and cunning, than wise and magnanimous. The acquisition of power had corrupted his moral sentiments without enlarging his views. Having no belief in the existence of human virtue, he used no other means to compass his end than intimidation or corruption. Hence all his treaties were false and hollow, full of trick and knavery. He addressed himself to the vices of those around him; to their basest passions, their cowardice, their avarice, or their love of debauchery; for, as I have already stated, all his projects centred in his personal aggrandizement.

But all this has passed away. He, who made the nations to tremble, has died in confinement and obscurity. He, whose taste and magnificence created palaces and trium-

phal monuments, has found a solitary grave in a distant and barren rock !

Of the effect of Napoleon Buonaparte upon the character and happiness of mankind, it is yet too early to form any opinion. We know that in the natural world, the lightning and tempest, however desolating in their immediate effects, are necessary to the purity and healthfulness of the atmosphere. And so in the moral world, the occasional appearance and success of a conqueror and usurper, may in the providence of God, be productive of ultimate good. But whatever opinion may be entertained of his personal character, or the effect of his administration, one reflection irresistibly presses upon us. What is the value of ambition, when directed to personal aggrandizement ? We have been considering one instance of the most successful ambition that the world ever saw. But what has it all come to ? How is Napoleon Buonaparte better than the nameless thousands, who are fattening the fields of Austerlitz and Jena ? What is now the value of his iron crown and imperial sceptre ? What was ever their value in the eyes of Him, at whose glance crowns and sceptres crumble into dust, and thrones and empires flee away as a shadow ? Oh, there is nothing in life worth pursuit but *personal improvement* ; there is nothing in life can give happiness, but *personal virtue* !

ON

## THE SUPPORT OF PUBLIC RELIGIOUS WORSHIP.

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“WHETHER LAWS WHICH COMPEL A MAN TO PAY TAXES FOR THE SUPPORT OF PUBLIC WORSHIP, AND LEAVE THE APPLICATION OF THE MONEY TO THE WILL OF A MAJORITY, BE FOUNDED ON SOUND PRINCIPLES ? ”

THE right of private property is founded upon the wants of our nature, and the necessity of having some motive and reward for industry. In what manner we get the first notion of property, or how the present distribution of property was first made in society, it is unnecessary now to inquire. It is sufficient for my purpose to state the general principle, which can hardly be controverted,—that the whole society has a right to the whole property which it possesses, and that this whole property should be employed for the advancement of the common good. Among a horde of savages, where property is consumed as fast as it is produced, there is no accumulation, and consequently no distribution of property. But among nations who have enjoyed the blessings of civilization, there is a great accumulation of

property, and it is distributed among different classes and individuals in society, as the local situation, the manners, and habits of the several nations require. Laws are never arbitrary rules, but spring naturally from circumstances that have previously existed. We shall find therefore in every nation, the distribution of property regulated by what is, or is supposed to be, the common good. In most of the nations of Europe, the lands of the father descend to the eldest son, to the exclusion of younger sons; and to the remotest male relative to the exclusion even of daughters. Under the feudal system there was a good reason for this arrangement. The possessor of lands was bound to perform military service; and an elder son was generally better able to be a soldier, from his age and experience, than younger children. For the same reason, females were always excluded. But personal property, consisting chiefly of household goods and provisions, was divided equally among all; for all equally needed the means of present subsistence.

When, in the fifteenth century, the Turk first encamped in Europe, he came at the head of a hostile army, seized the countries of the vanquished, and reduced their inhabitants to slavery. It was inconsistent with the discipline of a military life, to permit the soldiers to acquire a permanent property in land, and to settle as peaceful farmers. The whole land therefore was seized as the common property of the whole, and the Sultan parcelled it out from year to year, as the wants or the merit of his soldiers required. At the present day, the Grand Seignior is proprietor of all the soil,

and every subject pays him an annual rent for its possession.

Two centuries ago, when our ancestors came to this country, they brought with them more enlightened views of the public good, and permitted every individual to retain whatever portion of the bounties of nature he could appropriate to his own use ; but still subject to the simple regulations which the majority imposed.

I have brought these examples to prove that property every where belongs to the whole society, and never absolutely to individuals ; and that the mode of distributing property among individuals is every where regulated by the circumstances of the whole society. In England, the eldest son inherits the whole property, because a wealthy aristocracy is necessary for the support and regulation of the monarchy ; and a monarchy is thought essential to the public good. In this country, property is divided equally among all the children, because a wealthy aristocracy would be fatal to our republican institutions, and a republic is thought necessary for the public good. Property then is every where subject to the claims of the whole society ; and no tax is an infringement of the rights of property, which is levied for the promotion of a public good, and is assessed equally upon all.

Is then the existence of public worship a public good ? This is the first question to be answered. When men assemble in a Christian country to join in public worship, they recognise the existence and moral government of the Deity. I shall not waste your time by attempting to prove,

what will at once be granted, that a belief in these doctrines is essential to the security of society, and lies at the foundation of all our institutions ; and that a recognition of these principles, at stated intervals, does much to impress them upon the mind. I wish to go farther. Public worship among us is an expression of belief in the Christian revelation ; and I consider Christianity as a means of moral and intellectual improvement, as the great source of civilization and refinement, and of course as the principal branch of public education. It is one of the glories of Christianity, and, to my apprehension, one of the proofs of its divine origin, that it is always in advance of society. Go to the humblest Caffre or New-Zealander, who has scarcely intelligence enough to construct a rude habitation, or prepare for himself wholesome food, and Christianity has precepts and motives for him, which he can understand and feel ; and it has something, too, which elevates him above his former condition, which gives him new thoughts, new hopes, and urges him forward to higher attainments. Ascend from him through the several gradations of talent and knowledge, till you come to the strongest powers and the most unclouded intelligence,—to Locke and Newton, and I can go no higher,—and Christianity is still *beyond* them. It has still something to tell of the nature and attributes of the Deity, of the moral character and future destiny of man, and of the past history of the human race, which even *they* have not discovered. When their minds were excited to the highest activity, and extended to the utmost stretch of their powers, Christianity still retained its original grandeur. They had



risen above others, but they were still as far as ever from grasping it in its whole extent; as one who climbs a mountain finds the arch of heaven as broad and as grand, as when viewed from the humble valley from which he ascended.

Nor is Christianity merely the source of intellectual advancement; it is equally the spring of moral and social improvement. Who is there among us, to whom it does not prescribe duties which we have not yet performed? What benevolence is so active, as to have explored all the avenues of Christian charity? To Christianity, we are indebted for hospitals, asylums, retreats for the insane; for free schools; for charitable societies. None of these were known before the promulgation of Christianity, or are found at present in heathen countries. To Christianity we owe the Bible Societies and Sunday Schools and Savings Banks of the present age. These were unknown in the last generation; and think you that we have already attained to Christian perfection? that there is nothing beyond us? that no institutions can be founded, no associations be formed, no plan be devised for the further improvement of society? Oh no;—let every man, or even let a small body of men act out the Christian character in its full extent, and see. The time is coming, when the necessary progress of Christian intelligence and benevolence will give rise to institutions and produce effects upon society, of which we cannot now conceive. Consider what has already been done. Our ancestors confined all their cares to the relief of bodily suffering. The first founder of a hospital probably thought that he had done every thing that

could be done for the alleviation of human misery. It did not enter his mind that any thing could be done to *prevent* evil. Yet we have become familiar with free schools and savings banks ; which have already done more for society than all the hospitals that ever were endowed.

After all, the only mode of producing permanent improvement is by acting upon the *mind*. Relieve the wants of a miserable man, and you do good, indeed ; but it is a transient good. He dies, and it is over. But impart one new thought, impress one new principle, and it continues for ever. It affects, in some way or other, his conversation or behaviour. He imparts it to those around him, he communicates it to his children, he becomes the centre of a circle perpetually enlarging ; and the leaven has been insensibly diffused through society, when even its existence was scarcely suspected. In our estimation of human character and improvement, we ascribe too much to great events and splendid examples. Great events are always the consequence of a thousand little events that have previously occurred ; or are only the simultaneous effect of a thousand little events ; as the explosion of a magazine is only the separate burning of minute particles of powder. When a striking reformation is produced in society, it is not the reformer who effects it ; he is merely the instrument by which society reforms itself ; the organ by which it collects, combines, and expresses the thoughts which have been floating for many years, in innumerable minds. At the commencement of our revolution, when the tea-ships arrived at Boston, the cry of liberty and resistance to oppression resounded

from Massachusetts to Georgia. Think you the same effects would have been produced in the West Indies or Ireland, if those ships had gone there? No, indeed. Our revolution had been preparing for three centuries. It began with John Huss and Wickliffe; and every sturdy independent who refused to wear a square cap and surplice at the command of a bishop, was hastening the progress of political independence among his followers and descendants. If such be the effect of public opinion, even the humblest of us may aspire to the glory of reforming the age. We may not indeed be the priests to apply the torch to the sacrifice, but we can at least lay the wood upon the altar. We can profess our attachment to Christianity, and we can each, in our respective circles, make a favorable impression of its character and influence.

But in what manner can Christianity be taught with such assurance of success, as by the regular continuance of public worship? Would you leave it to the silent operation of the Bible? The Bible indeed, if diligently and understandingly read, can do every thing. But who shall select its appropriate parts? who shall explain its difficulties, and bring home its sanctions? And who, amidst the cares, and conflicts, and passions of life, shall ensure its being generally read? But all this is effected in a good degree in our churches; a portion of the Scriptures is always read; and whatever may be the sermon, yet in the reading and the prayers, some scriptural knowledge is communicated, and some devotional feelings excited. It is perhaps not an unfrequent occurrence, that attention is arrested where none

was intended to be given ; and that some, “ who came to scoff, remain to pray.”

If, then, the support of public worship be for the public good (and in this I hope I have your entire acquiescence), should this object be effected by a compulsory tax, or be left to voluntary contributions? If mankind were perfect, or even approached perfection, we should say at once, By voluntary contributions. But have we chosen to intrust any of our political institutions to voluntary contributions? Do we leave our courts of justice, our prisons, and houses of correction, to be maintained by those who think it for the good of society that crimes should be punished? Do we leave our poor to the operations of private benevolence? Have we thought it safe to intrust our schools to the support of uncertain contributions? Do we not, on the contrary, tax every man in society for the education of children ; because education is a great public blessing? Do we not, in effect, oblige the rich to educate the children of the poor, by assessing the school-tax in proportion to the amount of their property? And do we not defend this, on the ground that they are interested in public morality in proportion to the amount of their property? Carry then *this principle* to its necessary consequences, and my point is gained. The public worship of the Deity is a part of public education. A church is a school for men ; and a school of far more importance than those in which the elements of human learning are taught.

I can imagine but one possible objection to such a tax ; it may be thought to infringe the rights of conscience. But is not conscience interested in the support of public morality?

Are conscientious scruples 'to be admitted against the existence of a useful public institution? But how is conscience at all affected by it? If the person who makes the objection belong to the majority, he acquiesces in the disposal of the money, and has no cause of complaint; if, on the other hand, he belong to the minority, the money is applied without his consent, and *his* conscience is not violated by its disposal. He may indeed believe that the money was not so well expended as it might have been,—a common subject of complaint in all public institutions; but his conscience has no concern with it. It is for the *majority*, who expend the money, to settle the matter with their consciences. They, and they alone, are accountable for its misuse.

But the whole objection would proceed, it appears to me, from a narrow view of the tendency and effects of Christianity. It assumes, as a principle, not merely that there is but *one* form of Christianity which a man can personally profess, but that having made his choice among rival sects, he is bound in good conscience to wage unrelenting war against all others. But such I apprehend is not the character of our religion. She is not found exclusively in this conventicle, or in that cloister; but she walks abroad through the earth and mingles freely with men of every nation and of every profession. There is a redeeming spirit in Christianity, which renders it an unspeakable blessing, even in the most corrupt form in which it has ever yet appeared. It may be that its followers have enrolled themselves under different banners and have acquired their



discipline under leaders of various names, but they are all marching under the standard of the cross.

But it may be said that religion is a personal concern between man and his Maker, and that human laws have nothing to do with its regulation. I grant it; and therefore no man should be compelled to worship contrary to the dictates of his own conscience. But supporting public worship by law, is not compelling any individual to join in it. Public schools are supported by law, but no man is compelled to send his children to them. If he prefer instruction of a different kind, or from other teachers than those whom the public provides, he procures it at his own expense. No man complains of this; for every man is indirectly benefited by the education of his neighbour's children. But the analogy between schools and public worship is complete. They are both for the purpose of giving public instruction; and if one cannot safely be left to voluntary contributions for its support, so neither can the other.

If I have been at all successful in the preceding argument, I have established the following propositions.

That all property is justly liable to taxation for the common benefit.

That it is no violation of individual rights, to take private property for any object of public good, by laws which operate equally on all.

That the support of public worship under any form of Christianity is a public benefit.

That this cannot be obtained in any way so effectually, as by general and equal taxation.



And that the leaving this money to be applied according to the will of a majority does not infringe the rights of conscience.

Consequently, laws which compel a man to pay taxes for the support of public worship, and leave the application of the money to the will of the majority, *are* founded on sound principles.

## ON "OLD MORTALITY."

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"WHICH OF THE WAVERLEY NOVELS HAS THE GREATEST MERIT, 'OLD MORTALITY' OR 'GUY MANNERING'?"

IT is now about ten years since "Waverley" first attracted the public attention. In this novel the characters were drawn with so much strength and precision, there was so much life and freshness in the portraits, the sentiments were, in general, so accommodated to real life, that it gave at once a new direction to public taste. If "Waverley" alone had been written, it would have had a crowd of imitators, and its influence would have been traced in the succession of English novels. But followed, as it has been, by others of the same character, and coming, as they have, volume upon volume, scarcely leaving us time to discriminate the merits of one, before another of equal pretensions has demanded our admiration; they have produced an impression on literature and taste, which cannot be measured, and can scarcely be conceived. As the Waverley novels have composed nearly half the literature of the last ten years, it may be that they have assumed in our minds a disproportionate magnitude; as the lightning which incessantly flash-

es, appears to fill the whole atmosphere with flame, though it dart only from a single cloud. Yet, after making every deduction, the *Waverley* novels must produce a great and lasting impression. They are universally read; and what pleases the many, must be founded in the principles of our common nature. I speak not of their moral impression; that would of itself afford the subject of a dissertation. But thus much I am bound in conscience to declare, that greatly as I admire them as works of genius, I cannot admit, without great hesitation, their claims to a perfectly pure morality. Their beneficial effect upon society is indirect, operating through the taste and imagination. Vice is gross and sensual; and whatever has a tendency to exalt the intellectual nature, is indirectly favorable to virtue. It is, besides, the duty of every individual to cultivate all his mental powers; and poetry and works of fiction, which are addressed to the imagination—the inventive power, as it has been aptly called,—become a necessary instrument of intellectual education.

But whatever may be our judgment of the direct moral tendency of the *Waverley* novels, it is certain that novels will be read, and that we have none better than these. If not irreproachable, they are, with some exceptions which I shall hereafter name, free from any very gross faults; tried by the standard of a pure morality, they rise much above the great mass of English literature. Of their merit as works of genius, there is but one opinion. The author of "*Waverley*" has already taken his rank by the side of Shakespeare. He has become the great improver or corrupter of

our taste ; and it is well worth the labor to inquire *what* effect his writings produce on our minds, and *how* that effect is produced. It is sufficient perhaps for the happiness of the moment, to be pleased, we know not why and care not wherefore. But if we aim at intellectual *improvement*, we must sometimes examine the sources of our pleasure, and mark with some precision the subjects of our approbation. It is with this view, that the comparative merit of two of the Waverley novels has been selected for discussion this evening. It is manifestly impossible to dwell upon most of the topics which at once rush into the mind. We can, at best, present but a very imperfect sketch of some of the principal subjects of remark. Still something may be done to guide our judgment.

The novels selected for comparison at the present time, are "Old Mortality" and "Guy Mannering." Why are we pleased with the one rather than with the other? From the very nature of the question, it is apparent, that each of us must hope for victory, rather from the strength of his own cause than from the weakness of that of his opponent. It is my part to point out some of the peculiar merits of "Old Mortality" ; and I feel happy in knowing that this can be done, without derogating in the smallest degree from the just and high claims of "Guy Mannering."

In claiming for "Old Mortality" a preëminence over the other works of this wonderful writer, I rest my opinion, first, on the character of John Balfour of Burley. It derogates nothing from the merit of the author, that the hint for this character was probably derived from those of Oliver Crom-

well and John Knox. It undoubtedly increases the interest of the work, as an historical painting is viewed with more pleasure when the principal figures are recognised to be portraits. Balfour of Burley is a powerful delineation of one of the most difficult characters that ever warmed the imagination of a poet. He was to be a patriot, yet in arms against his countrymen. He was to be devout, yet steeped to the lips in human blood. He was to contend, to the last throb of life, for civil liberty and the purity of his little sectarian church, and yet was to make common cause with the Papists and the friends of the Stuarts. He was to be at once a fanatic and a crafty politician. He was to play off upon his followers the delusions of religious enthusiasm, and to be at the same time the victim of his own heated imagination. He was to esteem it a religious duty to repress the feelings of our common nature, and at the same time to feel the stings of remorse for performing that duty. In fine, he was to unite much practical knavery with a state of much practical religious excitement. He was to be honest enough to impose upon himself, and knave enough to impose upon others.

This brief sketch sufficiently shows the difficulty of the task. It required no ordinary talents to *conceive* such a character; but the hand of a master alone, could have traced it out in all its proportions. There is nothing so difficult in fictitious writing as to mingle the shades of good and evil. The talent in Shakspeare which is most conspicuous, and in which he has been hitherto unrivalled, is the power of representing wisdom and folly, virtue and vice, coëxisting in

the same person, without neutralizing their effects. We do not utterly despise Falstaff, though a coward, nor Prince Hal, though intemperate and dissolute. These base and vulgar traits are partly redeemed by the honest wit of the one, and the magnanimity of the other. In like manner, while we abhor the ferocious ambition of Richard, we cannot but feel respect for the inextinguishable energy of feeling, which led him, poor, deformed, and despised as he was, to grasp at a crown.

It is in delineating these mixed characters, that great talents are discovered ; and none but great talents ever venture to grapple with them. A thousand Sir Charles Grandisons, in faultless and graceful perfection, may be found in the immeasurable mass of English novels. It is a mighty easy matter to make a graceful young man put his hand upon his heart and protest to Grandmama Shirley that Miss Byron is an angel, or to give him a velvet cloak and a white plume and send him forth to strut as Thaddeus of Warsaw or a Scottish Chief. In the greater part of modern novels, when the hero has been named and clothed, the whole work of invention is exhausted. You understand at once, that he is to be very beautiful and very faultless, that he is to be deeply in love, and find it very hard to get married ; but you are very sure, somewhere about the end of the third volume, to find all difficulties overcome, all quarrels made up, and every body very good, very loving, and very happy. Thanks to Sir Walter Scott, much of this trash has already passed into oblivion ; and if his novels continue to be read, the whole race of Miss Porter's and



Miss Owenson's will cease to be heard of in the next generation.

To understand the full strength of Balfour of Burley's character, it is necessary to consider a little the character of the times in which he is supposed to have lived, and of the party which he espoused. From the first dawn of the reformation, when enthusiasm began to take the place of superstition, a belief in direct miraculous inspiration was more or less common ; the majority of the reformed made it an article of their belief, and men were taught to expect answers to their prayers, not in the general improvement of their virtue, but in the happening of the particular event which they desired. It was a natural consequence, from the admission of these principles, that the impulse of strong passions was mistaken for inspiration ; and that a warm imagination frequently converted an unexpected event into an apparent miracle. The early reformers were placed in circumstances of great difficulty. Much of their lives was passed in the tumults and terrors and intoxication of war. They were always banded together against an enemy ; and even their worship and their prayers partook of a military spirit. This spirit descended in its full strength upon the Puritans of England and the Cameronians of Scotland. Always a persecuted people, driven from their homes and firesides, and, like the early Christians, compelled to perform religious worship in the darkness of midnight, or in the remote solitude of mountains and caves, it is not wonderful that they indulged in a morbid excitement of feeling, and mingled the earthly passions of the warrior with the hum-

ble piety of the saint. The Scriptures, then recently unlocked to the common people, and brought to them in their own language, possessed for them the charm of novelty, in a degree, which we, who have been familiar with them from our cradles, can scarcely understand. The Bible was to them almost a new revelation just made from heaven. Every word was listened to with trembling eagerness. The strong conceptions and magnificent imaginations of the Prophets and the Apocalypse, were peculiarly suited to their character and circumstances. They soon found or fancied an analogy between their circumstances and those of the people of Israel; and from the habit of using the language of Scripture in common conversation, they soon learned to make a personal application to themselves, of the commands and threatenings and promises of the Old Testament.

Balfour of Burley is designed to represent an individual of this class, with all the powers and all the passions of his nature called into intense action. The period selected for his appearance was one in which all the elements of civil society were mingled. Rank and fortune had lost much of their accustomed respect; the teachers of religion no longer sought to dazzle the senses by the splendors of external worship, but were aiming by a wild and daring eloquence, an impetuous zeal, and an imposing severity of sentiment and manners, to acquire undisputed dominion of the heart. The two great parties which divided the nation, were forcibly contrasted with each other. On the one hand, a gay and thoughtless race followed the fortunes and support-

ed the cruelties of a profane, licentious, and oppressive court ; and on the other, a band of sturdy patriots contended at once for civil liberty, for pure morals, and an elevated faith. Balfour of Burley was the champion of the oppressed party ; and, like Cromwell, he embodied in himself the high religious profession of some of his followers, and the warm political zeal of others ; while his fierce intolerance was derived rather from the narrow bigotry of Knox, than from the liberal policy of the Protector of England.

In the management of this, his principal character, the author has finely contrasted his dark and powerful genius with the generous enthusiasm of Morton—himself engaged in the same cause,—and with the gentle manners and chivalrous loyalty of Evandale, almost a portrait of the real Falkland. On other occasions, too, the fierce and impetuous spirit of Burley, rushing into the hottest of the fight, and moving heaven and earth to compass his ends, is exhibited in opposition to the cool self-possession of Claverhouse, who never loses the refinement and polish of a court, while he is pouring out blood like water.

I have dwelt so long upon this masterly conception of Burley, that I shall have but little time to devote to the subordinate actors in the story. Next to Burley, the best drawn character in the tale is undoubtedly Cuddie Headrigg. Inimitable Cuddie ! so faithful and true and simple ! From the days of Sancho Panza, the literature of Europe may be searched in vain for his equal. From his first appearance in disguise, at the Wappen-schaw of Clydesdale, when he professed that he "maun do his best, for Jenny Dennison is

looking at us"—through all his adventures in battle, "those moving accidents by flood and field," when the same Jenny Dennison assailed his person with a kettle of hot broth,—("I ken weel that ye like your brose *het*, Cuddie")—down to that last moment of exemplary matrimonial submission, when he murmured to Jenny, "And now I hae gotten a wife, and she's like to take the guiding o' me a' thegither"—there is the same honest devotion to the welfare his master, the same implicit confidence in his judgment, the same indifference to the public events of the times, and the same simple and amusing selfishness, that distinguished the renowned squire of La Mancha.

In our intercourse with mankind, we often find a great deal of shrewdness and cunning, concealed under a very dull exterior. They whose minds are limited in their range, and whose attention has been directed to a very small number of objects cannot easily be excited to new pursuits, or be made to comprehend any new subject. Of course, when removed from their usual sphere of action, they appear to be torpid, and absolutely incapable of thought. Yet when any occasion arises that touches deeply their interests, and comes home to their former employment and domestic feelings, their natural sagacity returns, and appears to be intense in proportion to the limited extent of its operations. An amusing instance of this untaught sagacity and cunning, occurs in the scene at old Milnwood's, when Bothwell puts the test of political and religious principle to the several members of the family.

"Do you renounce the Covenant, good woman?" addressing himself to Cuddie's mother.

"Whilk covenant is your honor meaning? Is it the covenant of works or the covenant of grace?" said Cuddie, interposing.

"Any covenant, all covenants that ever were hatched," said the trooper.

"Mither," cried Cuddie, affecting to speak as a deaf person, "the gentleman wants to ken if ye will renounce the covenant of works?"

"With a' my heart, Cuddie," said Mause, "and pray that my feet may be delivered from the snare thereof."

Among the pleasures of taste, there is none more open to observation, and none more frequently the subject of remark, than that arising from contrast. But it is not sufficient merely to bring together objects possessing different or opposing qualities. They must have many relations of resemblance, as well as of opposition. In the delineation of character, as in landscape painting, while different colors are employed, they must blend with each other and harmonize as a whole. And herein is a distinguishing excellence of the work under consideration. The characters are strongly and finely contrasted; but though the different extremes of human passion and conduct are described, there is no discrepancy in the whole. The master's hand passes rapidly from the highest to the lowest note, but there is no discord, no jar. In the royal army, Claverhouse and Evandale are equally brave and accomplished; but the polished manners, and formal courtesy, and indifference to human life, of

the one, who, in the same breath, orders four prisoners to be taken from the room and shot, and his horse to be well taken care of, "for he is a little galled by the saddle,"—are very different from the strong feeling, simple manners, and generous temper of the other ; while both are distinguished from the high breeding and relenting tenderness of Monmouth. And in the army of the covenant, what finer contrast could be presented than the wild fanaticism and unsparing vengeance of Burley, with the generous forbearance and rational piety of Morton ! The preachers too, in the council of war, are all individuals,—presenting characters and sustaining parts as different as their respective names. Macbriar, and Poundtext, and Kettledrummle, are alike in their profession and in the general outlines of their characters, and yet as distinct as Major Bellenden and John Gudyll, or as Serjeant Bothwell and Tam Halliday. Edith Bellenden, unassuming, gentle, and confiding ; and her aunt, vain, haughty, and proud of her birth ;—Jenny Dennison (the queen of chambermaids), artful, pert, and coquettish ; Janet Blane, simple and bashful ;—Mause Headrigg, the victim of an overstrained imagination, presenting in her wild ravings the glowing thoughts and overwhelming emotions of a lofty but perverted understanding ; and the quiet resignation and subdued spirit of Bessie Maclure, a sufferer in the same cause, are all contrasted in a strong but mellow light. And what could be more happily imagined than the careless prodigality of Bothwell, who never left a tavern while his purse was heavy enough "to chuck over the signpost ;" and the inveterate parsimony of Milnwood,



who expired, muttering to himself, that a "dipt candle would have given light enough to die by."

I have thus far considered only the first conception and cast of character in this powerful work ; it may now be remarked, that the business in which they are engaged, the part they have to perform, is of a dignified order. The action of the story is a civil war, which really occurred, and was carried on very much as is described in the novel. It has therefore the dignity of historical relation, and almost the charm of truth. In "Guy Mannering," on the contrary, the interest of the story turns upon an astrological prediction ; and disguise it as you will, the author has represented Colonel Mannering as possessed of superhuman knowledge. This detracts much from the interest as well as the dignity of the narrative. Once go into the region of fairy-land, and it is a comparatively easy matter to frame a plot, or extricate a hero from embarrassment. But in "Old Mortality," nothing surpasses the limits of probability. Those who are familiar with the details of British history, from the middle of the sixteenth to the middle of the seventeenth century, may bring themselves to believe, without much difficulty, that every thing might have happened precisely as described by the novelist. Can the same be affirmed of "Guy Mannering?"

The conduct of the story in "Old Mortality" is strictly regular, and open to very few objections. Burley, the master-spirit, appears early on the scene, and exerts from the first a commanding influence upon the fortunes of the whole. Every successive incident, however trifling in itself, is

made to bear upon the main story, and contribute to the developement of the plot. Even the amusing disaster of Goose Gibbie at the Wappen-schaw was not a harmless frolic ; it led to the expulsion of Cuddie and his mother from the estate of Lady Margaret Bellenden, to their reception in the family of Milnwood, to the arrest of Henry Morton by Serjeant Bothwell, and, in its consequences, to the elevation of Morton to a command in the army of the Covenanters. In like manner, almost every incident is made to carry on the action of the tale ; and in reviewing the whole story, it is difficult to say, what incident could have been spared without injury to the whole. But there are several scenes of such bold conception, so eloquently and vividly painted,—scenes which make so deep and lasting an impression, and recur so often to the fancy, that I should certainly be unfaithful to my cause, if I did not at least suggest them to your remembrance. Who that has read it, can forget the desperate encounter between Burley and Bothwell at the fight of Drumclog, when in the desperation and agony of a mortal conflict, horses repeatedly passed over them, as they grappled together on the ground, without unclenching their grasp ? Or who can forget the appearance of Burley in the stable at Milnwood, on the morning after Morton had sheltered him from the pursuit of his enemies, when in his sleep he appeared to be acting over again the murder of Sharpe,—his whole frame agitated with intense emotion, the drops of sweat upon his brow, his right hand clenched and making abortive efforts to strike, while his left was convulsively pushing away a

suppliant from his knees ;—"Cling not to my knees !—hew him down !—put him out of pain, were it but for the sake of his grey hairs."

Or that still more powerful scene in the cave, where Burley made his solitary and savage abode, after the final defeat of his party, and the disappointment of his hopes. His strong and athletic form, and his stern countenance, rendered more ferocious by the addition of a grizzly beard, and seen by the red light of a charcoal fire, while with a Bible in one hand and a drawn sword in the other, he appeared to strive for life and death, with a mortal foe,—it is a picture which one almost shudders to conceive. But I will venture to say, that your blood has curdled in your veins, as you read of Burley's springing forward in his frenzy, and throwing down the narrow bridge, which gave the only means of access to his craggy cave, and as you heard it thundering and crashing in the abyss below.

In the whole compass of English fiction, I do not know a scene of deeper or more intense interest, than that which occurred at the solitary farm-house, after the defeat at Bothwell Bridge, when Morton found himself unexpectedly in the presence of ten or twelve armed Cameronians, who, while "mourning for the desolation and captivity of the land, and searching out the causes of wrath and of defection," were disposed to ascribe their recent discomfiture to his Erastian principles. Their deep and gloomy silence, their dark brows, and stern demeanour, chill the blood in reading.—" ' You bend strange countenances on me, gentlemen,' said Morton, addressing them.

‘Out upon thee! out upon thee!’ exclaimed Mucklewrath, starting up. ‘We have prayed, and wrestled, and petitioned, for an offering to atone the sins of the congregation; and lo! the very head of the offence is delivered into our hand. He hath burst in like a thief through the window; he is a ram caught in the thicket, whose blood shall be a drink-offering, to redeem vengeance from the church. Up, then, and bind the victim with cords to the horns of the altar!’—He was accordingly seized and bound, and after a short examination, was sentenced to death; but as the Sabbath had not yet passed, his execution was delayed until the clock should strike twelve. He was then placed at the table, so as to be opposite the clock which was to sound his knell. The whole party placed themselves around him, preserving a dead and stern silence; while, ever and anon, dark and impatient looks were turned to the dial-plate, to catch the signal for his execution. The blood runs cold at the bare imagination of it. Let it come upon you when you are alone, in the night, or in that dubious twilight, when the visions of fancy are imbodied and stand before you in the fulness and strength of real existence, and you will *feel* that the author has opened all the springs of pity and terror.

But it is time for me to draw to a conclusion; I had intended to speak of Habakkuk Mucklewrath, whose wild and impassioned address to the Covenanters, after the fight of Drumclog, might well be compared with the Sibylline denunciations of Meg Merrilies, and whose whole appearance and character is a splendid poetical conception. But I for-

bear. I will only trespass upon your time for a few remarks, which the mention of this character naturally excites.

The two prevalent and kindred vices in the Waverley novels, are the abuse of Scripture language, and the frequent recurrence of profane expressions. I defend them in neither. But with regard to the first, which prevails more in "Old Mortality" than in the other tales, it should be remembered that it was the fault of the times which the author described. In the debates of the Long Parliament, as frequent and revolting misapplications of Scripture language were made, as in the novel of Scott. It is the common fault of fanatics, and occurs in all ages, and in all countries. We have known a preacher in our own neighbourhood, who, a few years ago, would not suffer his leg to be amputated, till he found a warrant for it in the Book of Psalms: "*He delighteth not in the strength of a horse; he taketh not pleasure in the legs of a man.*" As to the use of profane expressions, the common cursing and swearing, which, to the disgrace of the author, is found in all the Waverley novels, I cannot advert to it, without strong indignation. It is mean, gross, vulgar, wicked. When I think of the splendid genius of Scott, his exquisite conception of character and manners, his delicate sense of beauty which seems to riot and revel among the scenes of nature; and then remember his coarse profaneness, which appears to delight in gathering up and recording the wildest and most offensive forms of vulgar blasphemy,—I can think of him only as the "Archangel ruined";

—"his form has lost  
All its original brightness."

This most offensive vice occurs less frequently in "Old Mortality," than in "Guy Mannering." But in the "Pirate" it is shocking beyond expression. The author almost deserves the fate of the Pirate he describes. But laying out of the question, at present, these vices, which are common to all the tales of this richly-gifted, but unhallowed spirit; and regarding his works, merely as objects of literary curiosity, I can claim for "Old Mortality" preëminence, not only over "Guy Mannering," but almost over all the novels with which I am acquainted. The action, the narrative, the grouping and contrast of characters, are not inferior, to say the least, to those in "Guy Mannering"; while in the conception of Burley, the author has approached the sublimity of Milton, and in tracing out the features of his character, has attained the life, and animation, and natural grace of Shakspeare. I do not know the book, which is the object of such engrossing and eager attention. "The charm which cannot pass away is there." Read it as often as you will, its lustre is undiminished. It produces the mental excitement which is always occasioned by the view of great powers, called into intense action; and it kindles to a loftier temper, whatever zeal may be found for civil and religious liberty.



## DEFENCE OF THE CHARACTER OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

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“WAS THE ACCESSION OF OLIVER CROMWELL TO THE  
SOVEREIGN POWER IN ENGLAND JUSTIFIABLE?”

IT has been the fortune of Oliver Cromwell to be the subject alike of the highest eulogies, and of the most bitter execrations. He is designated by the Anabaptists in their address to Prince Charles while in Flanders, as “that grand impostor, that loathsome hypocrite, that detestable traitor, that prodigy of nature, that opprobrium of mankind, that landscape of iniquity, that sink of sin, and that compendium of baseness, who now calls himself our Protector.” And even the grave and temperate Clarendon remarks, that “no man with more wickedness ever attempted any thing, or brought to pass what he desired, more wickedly,—more in the face and contempt of religion and moral honesty; yet,” he adds, “wickedness as great as his, could never have accomplished those designs, without the assistance of a great spirit, an admirable circumspection and sagacity, and a most magnanimous resolution.”

On the other hand, hear his character by Dryden :

“ His grandeur he derived from Heaven alone ;  
For he was great, ere fortune made him so,  
And wars, like mists that rise against the sun,  
Made him but greater seem, not greater grow.  
Heaven in his portrait showed a workman’s hand,  
And drew it perfect, yet without a shade.”

And Milton, in a higher strain of poetry :

Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud  
Not of war only, but detractions rude,  
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,  
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast ploughed ;  
And on the neck of crowned Fortune proud  
Hast reared God’s trophies, and his work pursued ;  
While Darwen stream, with blood of Scots imbrued,  
And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,  
And Worcester’s laureate wreath.”

Nor was this only the language of poetry. In one of the most eloquent of his prose compositions, the *Second Defence of the People of England*, Milton addresses this animated apostrophe to the Protector. “ Proceed then, O Cromwell ! and exhibit under every circumstance the same loftiness of mind ; for it becomes you, and is consistent with your greatness. The redeemer, as you are, of your country ; the author, the guardian, the preserver of her liberty, you can assume no additional character more important, or more august ; since not only the actions of our kings, but the fabled exploits of our heroes, are overcome by your achievements. Reverence then yourself ! and suffer not that liberty, for the attainment of which you have encountered so many perils, and have endured so many hardships, to sus-

tain any violation from your own hands, or any from those of others.”

Notwithstanding these contradictory opinions,—which, however, concur in admitting Cromwell to have been the *greatest* man of his age,—I hope to convince you that he was a wise and virtuous man, a sincere Christian, and a true patriot; and that his assumption of the sovereign power was not merely justifiable, was but strictly conformable to his duty. I must beg you however to go back with me to the times in which he lived; and to test his conduct by the opinions which then prevailed. It would be the highest injustice, to bring our present opinions of civil government, as the standard of political morality. If the accumulated light of two centuries were cast back upon the conduct and opinions of any statesman in Europe, they would wither under its brightness, as his ancient portrait would be consumed by the rays of the sun, if poured upon it through the medium of a burning-glass. Let Cromwell be tried by the opinions of his contemporaries, or the conduct of those who preceded and followed him, and his character will remind you of one of those green spots we sometimes see in the present month on the sunny side of a hill,—if not verdant and blooming, at least giving the hope of spring amidst the coldness, barrenness, and desolation of winter, and filling the heart for a moment with vernal delight.

Cromwell was forty-one years old, when he first became known to the public as a member of the Long Parliament. Whatever were the occupations of his early years, it is certain they were such as qualified him for the career he after-

wards pursued; for no man ever rose more rapidly in life, or sustained his elevation with a more firm and consistent dignity. Within one year after he entered Parliament, as an obscure Puritan of embarrassed fortune and unpretending manners, he had acquired almost unlimited influence, and was the chosen confidant of those brave spirits, who were beginning to plan the deliverance of their country. As soon as it was resolved to raise forces for the public defence, Cromwell went down to his constituents in Cambridge, and raised a small company of horse, of which he received the command. He was then forty-two years old, and this was the first military effort of the man who proved himself the greatest soldier of the age,—of the man who, in twenty years of strenuous war, never lost a battle. So great, indeed, were his military services, that in less than three months, the Parliament put under his control a regiment of one thousand horse; and in two months from that time, he was Lieutenant General of the Cavalry. The decisive battle of Marston Moor, which turned the fortune of the war, and in effect established the Commonwealth, was won by him within five months from his first joining the army. The history of Europe will hardly present another example of so rapid a developement of military talents. In the course of the same year, he was placed at the head of the military forces of the Parliament, Sir Thomas Fairfax having only the nominal command.

If it be asked, by what means he attained this surprising elevation, I answer at once; By personal merit; not only by the value of his public services, but by the confidence in-

spired by his private character. No officer in the army faced danger with so much intrepidity, or more eagerly sought occasion to signalize his personal valor. Yet though he was always found in the hottest of the battle, he was uniformly calm, collected, and self-possessed. His soldiers, who were sometimes animated by his example to enterprises that bordered on rashness, learned at the same time to place implicit confidence in his judgment. His was the presiding mind, whose wisdom and energy were every where felt ; and it is not wonderful that his troops, who found themselves invincible under his command, should have regarded him as a second Phinehas, raised up by the special providence of God for the overthrow of idolatry and tyranny.

In analyzing a character, like that of Cromwell, we can generally seize upon a few prominent principles, which have evidently predominated through the whole course of life. One of the most remarkable characteristics of Cromwell, was his *directness of purpose*. On great emergencies, an ordinary mind dares not look to the final issue of its actions ; it depends upon contingencies, and is carried forward by the force of circumstances ; it is glad to shelter itself under precedents, and fears to neglect any of the prescribed forms of proceeding. It reaches its purpose, as some birds do their nests, by making circles round it. Or, as a fortified town used to be taken two centuries ago ; a trumpet must be sent to the gate to demand a surrender ; then lines of circumvallation must be drawn round the walls ; a trench must be dug, and breastworks thrown up ; and to use the significant phrase that was then current, the army must

*sit down* before the town. It was a breach of military etiquette, to attack the citadel, till all the outworks had been carried in form. But Cromwell, like the warriors of modern times, went directly to his object, and thus not only attained his purpose more readily, but secured a reputation for honest and fearless candor. While the Parliament forces were perplexing their heads with the subtile distinction of fighting by the king's authority against his person, and of obeying His Majesty's command, as expressed by both houses of Parliament, he told his troops plainly, that they were carrying on war against Charles Stuart, king of England,—and that for his part, if he met him in battle, he should fire a pistol in his face, as readily as in that of any other man. With this simplicity and directness of purpose, he possessed a talent which is too often united with characters of an opposite description ; I mean a *profound knowledge of mankind*, and a wonderful sagacity in detecting the true motives of conduct. All writers ascribe to him a penetrating judgment, and a discernment of character that seemed almost intuitive. "If there was a man in England," says Neal, "who excelled in any faculty or science, he was sure to find him out, and reward him according to his merits."

There is another part of his character, upon which a greater diversity of opinion prevails, but which, I apprehend, may be equally well settled by credible testimony, and that is his religion. When I consider the strictness of his private morals, the unblemished purity of his life, the regularity and fervor of his public and private devotions, his regard to the Sabbath, the strict moral discipline he main-



tained among his followers, both in the army and at court, his zeal for the support of public worship, and his patronage of good men of every denomination, I cannot suffer myself to doubt for a moment, that these good fruits sprung from a principle of true piety. That Cromwell was an enthusiast, I readily grant,—and perhaps sometimes a fanatic. But he lived in an age of fanaticism. At a period when a large party existed among professed Christians who were daily expecting the personal appearance of the Saviour on earth, to assume the vacant sceptre of the Stuarts, and set up a fifth monarchy, which should endure for a thousand years, it is not incredible that even a strong mind, like Cromwell's, should be infected by the atmosphere in which he breathed. His very principles of piety might become the means of self-deception. Accustomed to refer all events to God, he might very easily be led to consider his unparalleled success, not only as a proof of the special providence of God, but of his peculiar favor. And this appears to have been the fact. “An appeal to the sword,” says one of his historians, “was an appeal to God; and as victory inclined, God owned or discountenanced the cause.”

I have dwelt thus particularly upon the personal character of Cromwell, because upon that, compared with the state of public affairs when he came forward in life, I rest much of his defence.

To the descendants of the Puritans, I need say little of the struggle between Charles the First and his people. The transactions of that eventful period should be as familiar to us as “household words.” We owe every thing of civil

and religious liberty to the successful termination of that contest ; and that contest commenced in the reign of Elizabeth, when the blood of the Puritans began to be poured out like water. They perished by hundreds,—not indeed on the scaffold or at the stake, as in the reign of her cruel sister ; but they starved or rotted in dungeons, or perished with their children by the way-side and hedges. Mary persecuted the Church of England, and therefore she is branded by English historians as *bloody Mary* ; but Elizabeth cherished the Church of England, and persecuted only the defenceless Puritans—and therefore she is described even by a grave judge, as “the mirror of justice, and the life of law” ; and above all, as “the queen of all roseate beauty.” From the accession of Elizabeth to the death of Charles the First, the Puritans were the sole depositaries of the principles of civil and religious liberty. In solitudes, in imprisonment, in exile, they nourished the plants of freedom with their tears, and enriched them at last with their blood. At length the moment arrived, in which it became their duty, for they had the power, to shake off the yoke of civil and ecclesiastical tyranny.

That they made the effort, and succeeded, should be a matter of devout thankfulness to every one of *us* ; for if arbitrary power and the dominion of the Pope had been established in England, the arm of the oppressor would have reached our fathers even in this distant land. Our mountains and forests would have been no refuge from the Star-chamber and Inquisition ; and if New England had been planted at all, it would have been peopled by a race of ser-

vile bigots, crouching under the lash of a foreign master, and turning pale at the frown of a foreign priest.

After the death of Charles the First, in which Cromwell had no greater share than the other members of the court which sat in judgment on him, the sovereign authority was exercised by the Parliament, which consisted in fact of less than two thirds of the House of Commons only, and by an executive council of thirty-eight persons. This Parliament, which first voted the continuance of its own power, and then declared every person incapable of office or trust who did not engage to support it, sustained itself in its usurpation nearly four years. But they were four years of dissension, strife, and bloodshed. The Presbyterians, who constituted a majority of Parliament, were secretly royalists, and would gladly have reestablished the monarchy, if presbyterianism had been made the established church. This fact will explain a remark, which was made, at that time, on their new coinage, and which deserves to be repeated. The Parliament ordered the coin of the kingdom to be stamped anew, with the words "*The Commonwealth of England*" on one side, and the motto "*God is with us*" on the other; which gave occasion to one of the preachers to remark, that God and the Commonwealth were not on the same side.

Cromwell was at this time subduing Ireland, where the terror of his name (in the language of Neal) carried victory on its wings. It is worthy of remark, that at this time, at the head of a victorious army, which was exasperated even to madness against the Catholics, Cromwell sent a petition

to Parliament, recommending the repeal of all penal laws in matters of religion, and a free toleration of every sect. How much this was in advance of his age, appears from an anecdote related in the life of Richard Baxter. When that great and good man, after the restoration of Charles the Second, was pleading with the king for the toleration of the Presbyterians, Lord Clarendon remarked, that the king had received a similar petition from the Baptists, and proposed a general declaration which should include several sects ; upon which Baxter replied with some warmth, " that His Majesty should distinguish the *tolerable* parties from the *intolerable* ; that for the former he craved lenity and favor ; but that nobody could desire the toleration of Catholics and Unitarians, who were altogether intolerable."

" When Cromwell, in 1653, forcibly dissolved the Parliament, it had entirely lost the confidence of the nation, and was regarded every where with contempt and derision. It probably could not have maintained its authority six months longer. The nation was again on the eve of anarchy and civil war. The Royalists, though subdued and silenced, were not disheartened. They were scattered every where through the kingdom ; and kept up a constant correspondence with Prince Charles, and with each other. The Presbyterians were, in principle, for the King and Covenant, and hated the Independents, both as Republicans and heretics. The Republican party itself was composed of the most discordant materials. The Deists, under Algernon Sidney and Harrington, were desirous of establishing a commonwealth on the classical models of Greece and Rome.

The Anabaptists, and Fifth Monarchy men, expecting the immediate appearance of the Saviour on earth, regarded all human institutions in church and state as vain and nugatory; while the Independents, with more rational views of civil and religious liberty, had no fixed plan of action, and but little political power. These three classes agreed in nothing, but in their abhorrence of tyranny and ecclesiastical usurpation. Had Cromwell permitted a new Parliament to be called, it would have contained a majority of Presbyterians and Cavaliers, and the civil war would have been at once renewed. Constituted as the English Parliament then was, it could not have been a fair representative of the wishes of the people; and the plan of submitting a constitution of government to the decision of the people themselves, was the invention of later and happier times. What then was to be done? The vessel was on a stormy ocean, driven about, the sport of the winds and waves,—no subordination among the crew, no skilful hand at the helm. The gale was even now rending her canvass, and the billows making breaches over her side, when a skilful mariner sprung upon deck; his voice restored order, his eye inspired hope and confidence, his hand seized the helm. The vessel rode out the gale; and was soon pursuing a prosperous voyage. Was the conduct of this mariner justifiable? or must he be hung for mutiny?

I will not compare the administration of Cromwell with that of his immediate predecessor; for it may be said perhaps (though not with justice), that much of its success arose from the gradual progress of the nation, from the de-



velopment of its resources, and the greater diffusion of light and knowledge ; yet there are points of contrast too striking to be omitted. In the reign of Charles the First, England held but a secondary rank among the nations of Europe ; Cromwell made her at once the head of the civilized world. In the first treaty which he signed with France, he claimed precedence of Louis the Fourteenth, and what is more extraordinary, that proud monarch was obliged to yield it. In his domestic administration, Cromwell had the same advantage of his predecessor. While Charles the First was the passive instrument of those whom accident or caprice had placed around him, of the gay and profligate Buckingham, the choleric Laud, and the subtle Cottington ; Cromwell sought out and attached to his service the master-spirits of the age. Milton and Marvell and Thurloe were his secretaries ; Sir Mathew Hale, his chief justice ; Maynard, his counsellor ; Blake, his admiral ; Waller and Prynne, his leaders in the House of Commons ; Selden, Usher, and Walton, his theological advisers and friends.

Soon after the death of Cromwell, England thus prosperous and happy at home, illustrated by learning and the arts, and equally feared and respected abroad, was delivered into the hands of Charles the Second. "Negligent of the interests of the nation, careless of its glory, averse to its religion, jealous of its liberty, lavish of its treasure, sparing only of its blood," he lost, one by one, all the advantages which the wisdom and energy of Cromwell had acquired. When he had squandered the treasures and alienated the affections of his people, he became a mean pensioner upon the



bounty of France ; and received a quarterly stipend from Louis the Fourteenth, to enable him to pursue his profligate pleasures.

“When the legal constitution was restored,” says Bishop Kennet, himself a royalist, “there returned with it a torrent of debauchery and wickedness. The times which followed the restoration were the reverse of those that preceded it ; for the laws which had been enacted against vice, for the last twenty years, being declared null, and the magistrates changed, men set no bounds to their licentiousnes. A proclamation was indeed published against those loose and riotous Cavaliers, whose loyalty consisted in drinking healths, and railing at those who would not revel with them ; but in reality the king was at the head of these disorders, being devoted to his pleasures, and having given himself up to an avowed course of lewdness. There were two play-houses erected in the neighbourhood of the court ; the most lewd and indecent plays were brought on the stage ; and the more indecent, the better was the king pleased, who graced every new play with his royal presence. From court the contagion spread like wild-fire among the people ; so that men threw off the very profession of virtue and piety.”—But enough of this disgusting picture ; the profligacy of those times is but too well known.

I rest then the justification of Oliver Cromwell, first, upon the anarchy which prevailed in England, when he first came forward in public life ; secondly, upon the necessity of establishing a more efficient and liberal government ; thirdly, upon his peculiar talents for the art of government, of which

he could not have been unconscious ; fourthly, upon the impossibility of procuring a formal expression of the will of the people ; and lastly, upon the virtue and happiness of the people under his administration, and the disorders which immediately ensued upon the restoration of the Stuarts.

As it was not practicable to choose a free Parliament, nor fit to let the old one perpetuate themselves, Cromwell had no other choice, than either to abandon the state, take the administration upon himself, or put it into the hands of some other person, who had no better title. That he judged wisely, and for the benefit of his country, in assuming it himself, no reader of history can doubt ; and after having once interfered, there was no retreat for him. To use the strong expression of a writer of our own times, “having grasped the wolf of empire by the ears, he must hold him fast ;—to let him go, was to be instantly devoured himself.”

I cannot conclude, without presenting to your view two portraits, both drawn by disinterested contemporaries. “Cromwell’s court,” says Echard, “was regulated according to a most strict discipline, where every vice was banished, or severely punished. He maintained a constant appearance of piety, and was regular in his private and public devotions. He retired constantly every day to read the Scriptures and prayer, and some, who watched him narrowly, have reported, that after he had read and meditated a chapter, he prostrated himself with his face on the ground, and with tears poured out his soul to God, for a quarter of an hour. He was a strict observer of the Sabbath, and an encourager of goodness and austerity of life.”

The other is by the blameless Evelyn, who lived in the court of Charles the Second, like Abdiel among the fallen angels ;

“ faithful found  
Among the faithless, faithful only he ;  
Among innumerable false, unmoved,  
Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,  
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal.”

“ I can never forget,” says he, in his Diary, on the day of the accession of James the Second, “ the inexpressible luxury and profaneness, gaming and all dissoluteness, and, as it were, total forgetfulness of God (it being Sunday evening), which, this day se’nnight I was witness of ; the king sitting and toying with his concubines, Portsmouth, Cleaveland, and Mazarine, &c. ; a French boy singing love songs in that glorious gallery ; whilst about twenty of the great courtiers and other dissolute persons were at Basset round a large table—a bank of at least £2,000 in gold before them—upon which, two gentlemen, who were with me, made reflections with astonishment. Six days after was all in the dust ! ”

“ Thrones fall and dynasties are changed :  
Empires decay and sink  
Beneath their own unwieldy weight :  
Dominion passeth like a cloud away.  
The imperishable mind  
Survives all meaner things ! ”

Who, *now*, would not have been Oliver Cromwell, rather than Charles the Second.



# PAPERS

ON

SUBJECTS CONNECTED WITH POLITICAL ECONOMY,  
POLITICAL SCIENCE, AND LEGISLATION.

FIRST PUBLISHED IN "THE PORTSMOUTH JOURNAL."





## BALANCE OF TRADE.

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### No. I.

IN the science of Political Economy, there are no errors so inveterate as those relating to foreign commerce. It is but a few years since it was the fashion to regard the books of the custom-house as the only standard by which the prosperity of the nation could be measured. If the imports exceeded the exports, it was said that the balance of trade was against us; that we were running in debt to foreign nations, and that poverty and ruin were overtaking us. As the balance of trade, in this sense, has always been against the United States, it would seem to be difficult to reconcile our acknowledged prosperity with the correctness of the principle. But though better opinions begin to prevail, they are not universally received. We still hear predictions of ruin, because our imports are greater than our exports. It may be worth while to examine the reasons for this apprehension.

In the case of an individual, nothing can be plainer than that his *imports* should exceed his *exports*. How can a

man become rich, but by receiving more than he parts with? It is the same with a nation. If the United States, by exporting sixty millions annually can import sixty-four millions, it is apparent that nearly the whole difference has been profit.

The error has arisen from estimating the value both of imports and exports at our own custom-house, instead of estimating their value in the foreign country where the exchange is actually made. An inquirer learns at the custom-house that sixty-four millions have been received, and that only sixty millions have been sent to pay for it; and he naturally asks how the difference is to be supplied. If he is not acquainted with the course of trade, he naturally supposes that a debt of four millions has been incurred; and he shudders at the thought of having all the gold and silver drawn from the United States to pay it.

Yet a slight attention to the course of domestic trade would show him that his apprehensions were groundless. In some of our distant settlements, corn is fifty cents a bushel, and salt is one hundred. If a farmer, from one of these settlements, were to come to market with thirty bushels of corn, he might sell it for sufficient to purchase thirty-seven bushels of salt. If the value of these articles is to be estimated at his own door, he has exported fifteen dollars, and imported thirty-seven dollars. But unless the expenses of his journey have exceeded twenty-two dollars, he has made a profit by the exchange. Now the custom-house returns give just as correct a view of the trade of the nation, as an account kept at a farmer's door of his out-goings and in-

comings would give of the state of his business. These returns are valuable and necessary—but for a very different purpose.

The great fallacy of arguments drawn from the custom-house returns, will be apparent from considering only one branch of the trade of this town, namely, the freighting business. In the course of the last year, we have had twenty-seven ships and twelve brigs employed in this trade ; several of which have made two voyages. It will therefore be perfectly within the truth, to make a calculation upon forty voyages in the year. These vessels generally took with them hay and lumber sufficient to pay their port charges in the Southern States, say one thousand dollars each, or forty thousand dollars for the year. They receive, upon an average, one thousand pounds sterling each, in Europe, or one hundred and seventy-seven thousand six hundred dollars. Deducting from this sum, their port charges in Europe, there are brought home in salt and iron, or left behind to be brought home by others, one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The whole of this sum appears on the books of the custom-house as *imports*, without one cent of *exports* to balance it. But, as from this sum the merchant keeps his ship in repair, pays his seamen, and purchases the outfits of the voyage, it consists of interest and reimbursement of capital, wages of labor, and profit ; in the same manner as the price, which the manufacturer receives for a piece of broadcloth, consists of interest and reimbursement of capital, wages of labor, and profit.

A merchant, sending his ship to sea, must charge against his voyage not only the first cost of his cargo, but all the outfits, provisions, and wages advanced to the seamen; his own or agent's services, and the premium of insurance. On the return of the vessel, he must again charge the adventure with the seamen's wages, and all the expenses attending the landing and sale of the goods. In order to know, then, whether the balance of trade is for or against the country, the imports of the merchant must be placed against all these charges, and if it exceed the aggregate amount, we may conclude that his business can be continued with profit to himself and benefit to the country. The exports of this part of the country are bulky and of small value; in many cases not constituting one half the consideration that produces the imports; yet this is all that appears on the books of the custom-house.

Another error, still more inveterate, is the opinion that the exportation of specie is injurious to the country. Almost the whole of our specie currency is Spanish coin. We received it in foreign ports in exchange for the products of our labor. It was received and brought home, because it was more advantageous at the time to receive it, than to barter our merchandise for that of the foreign country. We export it for the same reason; because it is more advantageous at the time, to make our purchases with it, than to send merchandise to be bartered. Apply the principle once more to an individual. He becomes richer or poorer, by the terms of the contracts he makes; not by the mere fact of bartering, or of buying and selling for money. If

he sells to A for money, and employs that money to purchase of B, he is not necessarily poorer than if he exchanged his merchandise, at once, with B. If it would be profitable to the United States to export the products of agricultural industry,—grain, provisions, and lumber,—to the East Indies and China, and then to exchange them for sugars and teas, it does not necessarily follow that the trade is ruinous, because the merchandise is sent to the West Indies, there exchanged for dollars, and the dollars are afterwards sent to China. The only difference is the expense of the intermediate voyage, which may or may not be repaid by the profit of the first adventure, or by that of the final shipment.

Principles are best tried by familiar examples. A hatter, who pays his shoemaker with money, is an *exporter* of specie. He must previously have *imported* it by the sale of hats. Whether he gains or loses by the mode of payment, depends upon the fact of his getting better shoes or not, by paying in money instead of paying in hats. If he gains by purchasing with money, he will generally be anxious to sell for money, that he may employ it in his purchases. That is, he will import specie, that he may afterwards export it. The case is precisely the same with a nation. If money is not exported, it is perfectly certain it will not be imported. In this, as in every thing else, it is the demand that produces the supply.

Again ; the quantity of money in a country is no certain mark of its prosperity. We do not estimate the wealth of an individual by the number of silver dollars actually in his

pocket, but by the command he possesses over the products of labor. In like manner the wealth of a nation does not consist in its circulating medium, but in that which the circulating medium represents—the products of labor. If all the precious metals in England were at once destroyed, she would still be a wealthy nation ; for she would still possess her fertile soil, her roads and canals and bridges, her buildings and manufactories, her ships and merchandise. So far from the quantity of money being the standard of wealth, it is found that money is always scarce in enterprising and thriving communities when it can be profitably employed ; and is always plenty, when from any cause, it will not pay the usual rate of interest.

We should feel almost ashamed of stating anew and defending such plain principles, if every week did not bring us papers, in which they are misunderstood or perverted.

Jan. 18, 1823.

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## No. II.

THE remarks which we made in the Journal a few weeks ago, on the balance of trade, have had the fortune to attract some attention in different parts of the Union. In general, they appear to have produced conviction ; though we claim for them no other merit than that of stating plain principles in plain language. As the subject is important, and as several answers to our arguments have been attempted, we shall be pardoned for offering a few additional remarks.



What is called the balance of trade is the difference between the value of the imports and exports of a country. We attempted to show, that when the balance of trade is said to be against the country, that is, when she imports more than she exports, so far from its being a sign of decay and ruin, it is rather a mark of prosperity. When a fisherman carries out with him fifty hogsheads of salt, worth two hundred dollars, and brings home four hundred and fifty quintals of fish, worth eleven hundred dollars, he would smile to hear us say that he was ruining either himself or his country. He would reply, that he had made a profitable voyage ;—his imports exceeded his exports. When a farmer goes to market with a load of pork, which cost him fifty dollars to raise, and returns with a load of salt and iron worth seventy-five dollars, which he has purchased with the proceeds, besides paying his expenses, he would wonder a little at that political arithmetic, which would teach him that he had made a losing journey.

The principal difficulty attending this subject has arisen from the high rate of exchange. It has been said, that when merchants have to give, for many successive months, ten or twelve per cent. advance for bills of exchange, it is conclusive evidence that the country is getting in debt ; that there are not goods enough sent to Europe to pay for those which we bring home, and of course that a high rate of interest is paid for money there. We hope to show, by a plain example, that the whole of this reasoning is fallacious.

Exchange, in its technical sense, is the sum given in one country for the transfer of a debt due in another. When

the price given is the same sum as that which is to be received, exchange is said to be *at par*; when it is more than that which is to be received, exchange is in advance, or at a premium. Now, as the design of the purchaser of exchange is to employ the money in the foreign country, where the debt is due, it is obvious that he will never give more advance for exchange, than the sum it would cost him to transport specie to the same place. That is, exchange can never be higher than the freight, insurance, and commission charged upon the transportation of money. For why should A give B ten per cent. for one hundred dollars, payable in England, when he can send one hundred silver dollars to England for about one and a half per cent.

But it may be said that exchange is at present actually at ten per cent. advance; and yet there are dollars in the country! The apparent difficulty may be removed by a single example.

A owes a debt in England of four hundred and eighty-two dollars, which he wishes to pay. He purchases of B a bill of exchange for one hundred pounds sterling, for which he give a premium of ten per cent. When he remits it, his account stands thus :

£100 sterling, at par, or \$4,44 . . . . . \$444 44

10 per cent. advance . . . . . 44 44

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\$488 88

He therefore has paid here four hundred and eighty-eight dollars and eighty-eight cents for one hundred pounds sterling in London. Now what is the value of these one hun-

dred pounds in London? How much of his debt will be paid by it?

By the last advices dollars were worth, in England, *4s. 1d. 1q.* per oz. or *4s. 1d. 3q.* apiece. A therefore receives, in England, four hundred and eighty-two dollars and forty-one cents, in the place of four hundred and eighty-eight dollars and eighty-eight cents paid here. He has really given then only six dollars and forty-seven cents, or *one per cent. and forty-one hundredths* for exchange, instead of ten per cent.

Now what would have been the result, if he had shipped specie, instead of buying a bill of exchange? He owes four hundred and eighty-two dollars in England; he would therefore ship that sum:

	\$482 00
Premium given here for Spanish dollars, 1	
per cent. . . . .	4 82
Freight, half per cent. . . . .	2 41
Insurance, one per cent. . . . .	4 82
	<hr/>
	\$494 05

It would have cost him, then, twelve dollars and five cents, or more than *two and a half* per cent. to ship specie. Even if we deduct the premium given for dollars, there will remain seven dollars and twenty-three cents, or *one and a half* per cent., as the cost of remittance; or nine cents in the hundred dollars *more* than the price of exchange. Bills of exchange, therefore, are, at this moment, sold for *less* than their true value! And if they are any criterion of the state of the trade, England is in debt to the United States, instead of the United States being in debt to England.

This result will doubtless surprise those, who consider the rate of exchange as a sure standard by which to ascertain the balance of trade. But we have other facts equally conclusive. For many years past, exchange has been from fifteen to twenty per cent. in favor of England and Spain, and from eight to twelve per cent. in favor of the United States, against the island of Cuba. Is that island, with all its great and valuable exports, on the verge of ruin? Is she getting in debt from ten to twenty per cent. a year to Spain, to England, to the United States? We believe there will scarcely be found an advocate for the old doctrine of the balance of trade, that will venture to assert it.

The truth is, the rate of exchange with any particular country depends more upon the actual valuation of money, than upon any supposed balance of trade. In the United States, dollars have, by law, a fixed value. In England, the price of them fluctuates like that of any other article of commerce. If instead of being worth in England, as they now are, only 4*s.* 6*d.* 3*q.* each, they should rise, as in 1816, to 4*s.* 7*d.*, it is evident that four hundred and forty-four dollars here would again purchase one hundred pounds sterling in England. But would such a rise in the value of dollars alter the balance of trade? Would it make our imports less or exports greater? Would it be, in itself, any evidence that this country was more or less indebted to England?

In Cuba, doubloons pass for seventeen dollars; while here they are worth but fifteen. Spanish dollars are therefore always worth in Cuba from six to eight per cent. ad-

vance, when payment is made in doubloons. This single fact shows the whole operation of the principle. Bills on the United States are always above par, because dollars can be obtained for them ; and because dollars, when obtained, can be sold above par for doubloons. The whole difference in the rate of exchange, therefore, arises from the fact, that the nominal price of commodities is regulated there by doubloons, and here by dollars. As soon as doubloons are directly exchanged for dollars, an advance is put upon dollars, and the difference vanishes. In like manner, the whole difference in the rate of exchange between this country and England arises from the difference of the legal standard of money. The price of commodities here is fixed by dollars ; in England, by pounds sterling—representing guineas. When dollars are exchanged for dollars, as we have already shown, the difference is in our favor.

We have prepared an answer to the remarks on our former argument made in the *New York Statesman* and the *Providence Journal* ; but as we have already exceeded our limits, we must defer its publication to some future occasion.

Feb. 22, 1823.

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### No. III.

WE find the following letter in the last *New York Statesman*. It is a good omen for an opponent to begin to lose his temper.

“ TO THE GREAT ‘ ORACLE ’ AT PORTSMOUTH.

“ SIR,

“ You have already told the people with becoming dignity, what every body admits, that if a man, who has exported one bar-

rel of flour which has cost eight and will sell for ten dollars, has received any commodity *in return* for that flour of the value of fifty dollars, his profit is forty-two dollars, and that he and the country are becoming rich.

“Be so good as to throw some light on the following question.—If a man export a barrel of flour, for which he has paid eight and which will yield ten dollars, and also export thirty-eight dollars *in silver*, for which *commodities* he receives in return fifty dollars worth of foreign fabrics, pray, my dear Oracle, what are the profits of his adventure to himself and to the country?”

AN OBSERVER.

“The above query is induced by the perpetual repetition that the excess of importation is so much clear gain, whereas, it is dearly paid for by our precious metals, stocks, public security, &c.”

If we understand the question above proposed, it is a very simple one, and admits of a ready answer. The exporter has parted with forty-six dollars, and has received fifty. His *gross* profit therefore is four dollars. The amount of his *neat* profit depends upon circumstances not stated in the question. If we suppose the voyage to be made to England, the charges will be about three per cent. upon the dollars, for freight and insurance, equal to \$1 14 and upon the flour, for freight and insurance, 1 02

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\$2 16

leaving one dollar and eighty-four cents as neat profit to the shipper. If we suppose the shipment to have been made in an American vessel, the ship-owner has received one one dollar and sixty-six cents for freight; and the whole profit to the country has been *three dollars and fifty cents*, the remaining fifty cents being the compensation for the risk incurred in the transportation.



We never asserted, and have never heard it asserted, that the whole excess of importation is "*clear gain*." We only contended that the whole excess of importation was not clear *loss*;—an assertion that will be found every week in one half of the newspapers in the United States.

But from an expression in the last paragraph of the New-York writer, it is apparent that his difficulty does not arise wholly from misapprehension of our argument. The cause lies deeper. Like many of our good citizens who attempt to reason upon the subject, he seems possessed with a superstitious reverence for gold and silver. "The excess of importation," he says, "is *dearly* paid for by our precious metals," &c. How came we to have the precious metals? Or, to take his own example, how came the flour merchant to have thirty-eight silver dollars, as well as a barrel of flour to send to England to exchange for hardware and broadcloth? Certainly, by having sold other barrels of flour for silver. And what difference does it make to the country, whether he exchanges his flour directly with an Englishman for cutlery; or whether he first exchanges it with a Spaniard for silver, and then exchanges the silver with the Englishman?

All trade is effected by *barter*; and where there is no fraud, it is an exchange of equal values. The fair profits of trade arise from the additional value which a man is able to give to his merchandise. The merchant in Charleston who sends a bale of cotton to Providence, confers upon it, by its transportation, an additional value. It is *worth* more at Providence than at Charleston; and is therefore barter-

ed for a greater quantity of merchandise,—whether that merchandise be checks and gingham, or ounces of silver. The only reason that the price of silver and gold does not vary as much as that of cotton, is, that being more durable in their nature they are not affected by crops and seasons, and being easy of transportation, it is not possible to give them a *great* additional value by carrying them from one country to another. Their price is therefore settled by an average of the demand of all nations, that have a commercial intercourse with one another.

Much of the confusion on this subject has arisen from the attempt made by every nation to settle the relative value of its coins. When Congress enacted that every dollar should contain four hundred and sixteen grains of silver—and every cent two hundred and eight grains of copper—and that one hundred cents should be equal to a dollar, it fixed the relative value of silver to copper as fifty to one. They might as well have enacted that one pound of pig iron should always be worth two cents and no more, in every part of the country. A Spanish milled dollar has not unfrequently been exchanged for one hundred and six cents; and yet the statute declares that one hundred cents are just equal to a dollar. On the other hand, when there has been a want of small coin, we have known a silver dollar exchanged for ninety-seven cents,—the act of Congress notwithstanding. Whenever there is a demand for merchantable silver—such as Spanish dollars for the East India market,—the price, compared with that of gold and copper, rises; when there is no such demand, the price falls.

When merchantable silver can be profitably exchanged for foreign commodities, as in the East Indies and China, dollars are exported; when merchandise of other kinds can be profitably exchanged for silver, as in the West Indies, dollars are imported. Just as wheat is sometimes carried from New-York to Liverpool; and sometimes brought from Liverpool to New-York.

The quantity of gold and silver in a country is no more a standard of its wealth, than the quantity of iron or wood. So far as it has exchangeable value, it constitutes a *part* of the national wealth, but no more. A merchant does not reckon his property by the number of dollars in his drawer. On the contrary; as soon as he receives money, he endeavours to part with it, by laying it out in the purchase of other merchandise. He cannot *add* sufficient value to silver dollars, to make a profit by keeping them. A farmer who exchanges his only dollar with a neighbour for a load of manure, has not become poorer by the exchange,—though he has “exported all his precious metals.” We should think the neighbour who sold his manure for money much nearer to ruin. The purchaser, by a judicious use of the manure may *add* to its value, and insure a large profit at harvest; while the seller, if he did not himself *export* his dollar could add nothing to its value, and in autumn would have only the consolation of having “*kept his precious metals at home.*”

With regard to the transfer of stock and public securities to England, so pathetically alluded to by the writer in the Statesman, a very satisfactory account can be given. It is

well known that money can be borrowed in England at four per cent. upon a pledge of United States Stock. If, then, capital can be advantageously employed in this country, it is certainly desirable that the greater part of our public debt should be transferred to England, upon such terms. We have in this neighbourhood a very extensive manufactory, —the one at Dover, so well described by the Editor of the Statesman last summer; and we have another just commenced at Somersworth, which will be of nearly equal importance. If the proprietors of these establishments should happen to be owners of public stock to the amount of one hundred thousand dollars, and should want to expend that sum in their manufactories, it would surely be better for them to borrow it in England, than to sell their stock here. It could not certainly be a very ruinous transaction for themselves or the country, if they enjoyed the use of the money, and received for interest two thousand dollars a year more than they paid.

The great fall in the price of exchange during the last fortnight illustrates very strongly the remarks upon exchange, which we offered a few weeks ago. But we have already exceeded our limits, and fear that we have trespassed too much upon the patience of our readers. At some future time, we shall resume the subject.

March 22, 1823.

## PROTECTING DUTIES.

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### No. I.

“ We confess ourselves to belong to that class of politicians who are favorable to the protection of Domestic Industry.”

IN quoting this passage from the New-Hampshire Patriot we cordially adopt the opinion it expresses. We too are favorable to the protection of domestic industry ; and that, not in one branch merely, but in every way in which it can be exerted. But an opinion has been very extensively and zealously inculcated, that “ domestic industry ” is chiefly employed in manufactures ; as if spools and spindles were the only instruments of labor and skill. We wish well to the manufactures of our country ; and we therefore wish their true value to be understood.

The great object of industry is the acquisition of wealth, or of those various commodities which are necessary for the subsistence, comfort, or enjoyment of mankind. In comparing therefore the various modes in which industry may be exerted at any given time, *profit* is the only standard of value. That employment which makes the largest returns

—in the shortest time—and upon the smallest capital,—in other words, that employment which produces the largest profit, is the most valuable to the nation. In the case of an individual, this principle is never questioned. No man entertains a doubt whether the business, in which his time and talents and money—which constitute his capital—are most profitably employed, be the best business for him, or not. He is only anxious to ascertain, with certainty, the precise employment in which this profit can be made. The question, when it regards a nation, is not materially different. National industry should be exerted in that path which leads to the greatest profit; and the sagacity of individuals is always sufficient to discover that path. No merchant, or manufacturer, needs an act of Congress to inform him whether his business be worth pursuing. In the establishment of a new manufactory, then, the only question, as well for the nation as the individual, is, Will it be profitable? Can the time, and skill, and money of the undertakers be so well applied in any other employment? If they cannot, then the nation is benefited by such an establishment. But if it be not profitable—or at least, if there be not a reasonable expectation of profit within a short time—the nation has suffered a loss of all the time, and skill, and money expended upon it. Among an intelligent people, therefore, manufactures will generally rise precisely at the time and place in which they are wanted.

It has often been urged in favor of manufacturing establishments, that they give employment to numerous laborers, and by using their capital at home, produce a greater



effect upon society, than commerce, which of necessity communicates a part of its benefits to a foreign country. But this distinction between the effects of manufacturing and commercial industry is certainly fallacious. Agriculture, commerce, and manufactures operate alike in producing value. The farmer expends his time and skill, which are his capital, upon his seed, which is his raw material; and by the aid of the soil, and rain, and sunshine, which are his machinery, creates a new product, which should be of sufficient value to reimburse his capital, replace his raw material, and pay for the use of his machinery.

The merchant employs an expensive machine and many laborers in converting one commodity into another, or in giving an additional value to the same commodity. In a voyage to Europe, he converts flour into cutlery, or potash into broadcloth. His outward cargo is his raw material; and provided his profits are as great, he has enriched his country as much as if, with the same labor, he had converted cotton into gingham, or flax into cambric. He has employed American laborers, with American capital; and it makes no difference to the country whether the work has been done on the land or the ocean. All that is material in the case is the final profit of the enterprise.

It has recently been stated in the papers, that during the years 1821 and 1822 there were received in the ports of New-Bedford and Nantucket four million three hundred and sixty thousand gallons of oil, which were brought in about one hundred vessels. A whaler of three hundred tons usually carries twenty-four men, including officers, and

costs upon an average, including the outfits, from twenty thousand to twenty-five thousand dollars. But as some of these vessels were probably smaller than three hundred tons, it would be nearer the truth to estimate them, each at twenty thousand dollars and twenty men. Assuming forty cents as the average price of oil, which however is much lower than the fact, and that the ships on their return are worth five thousand dollars each, it appears that a capital of two millions of dollars has in two years made a return of two millions two hundred and forty-four thousand dollars ; which has been divided among two thousand seamen, besides the countless number of farmers, teamsters, shipwrights, carpenters, blacksmiths, ropemakers, sailmakers, blockmakers, riggers, and merchants, that must have been employed in fitting out a hundred ships. Is there no *industry* in this ? And is it not *profitable* industry too ?

But it is said that “we are miserably dependant,” because we do not manufacture every thing that we consume. And in the same sense, and for the same reason, every individual in society is “miserably dependant.” The hatter, who has acquired a fondness for the luxury of a pair of shoes, is miserably dependant upon the shoemaker ; and the shoemaker, who is so effeminate as to desire a coat of a decent make, is miserably dependant upon the tailor ; and the lawyer who can make neither a shoe, a coat, nor a hat, is miserably dependant upon them all. The same reasons which prove that a nation should manufacture every thing it consumes, will prove that a town should purchase nothing of its neighbours ; that a family should exercise every trade ;

may, that every man should do every thing for himself. Portsmouth “is miserably dependant” upon Durham for wood and ship-timber; upon Dover for nails and cotton cloth; and will soon be as “miserably dependant” upon Somersworth for broadcloth. Yet such is the force of habit, that instead of struggling against these chains which our neighbours are continually fastening upon us, we perversely rejoice in their increase.

It is our earnest wish that manufactories should be established among us, as fast as they can be profitably employed;—but no faster. Every attempt to force them, by giving them an unnatural profit, tends ultimately to destroy them. Among a free people, profit is necessarily fluctuating. It never continues long with any particular class of laborers. Let manufacturers have all the encouragement which they appear to wish, and, in two years, the whole commercial capital of the country would be vested in manufactories. The Nantucket whalemens would expend their two millions of dollars in stocking-looms and spinning-jennies, and instead of being the *purchasers* of cotton and broadcloth they would be the *sellers*. Competition would lower the price, and in the end, manufacturers would be ruined by the increased number of their laborers. Nor would this be the only evil. That large and valuable class of manufacturers who are employed in the building and equipment of ships, would be thrown out of employment, without any equivalent advantage to themselves or the country.

We wish all possible success to manufactures ; but we are not willing that spinning and weaving should engross the name of NATIONAL INDUSTRY.

May 3, 1823.

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## No. II.

“It should be the policy of the government, to let our manufactures regulate the price of foreign ones, and not suffer foreign ones to regulate the price of our’s in our own market.”

*Salem Observer, Aug. 16.*

WE have seen with regret, that the editor of the Salem Observer, in several elaborate essays on the encouragement of manufactures, has advanced and attempted to support what appears to us to be very erroneous principles in political economy. We have not leisure at present to discuss the whole subject ; but the sentence we have quoted above, is at once so plausible and so fallacious, that we cannot suffer it to pass without remark.

It means that the American government should in all cases, impose such duties on foreign manufactures as would raise the price to the fair cost and profit of similar articles manufactured in the United States. This is the explanation which the author himself gives us ; for he adds, “If duties are laid on English manufactures, so high as to render it impossible for them to undersell American manufactures without making a sacrifice, then it is plain that our manufactures, though comparatively of small amount, will regulate the price of theirs. Since, if they cannot undersell

us, they must either quit the market or sell at the price of our own."

This looks very patriotic ; but let us see its effect upon the community.

Professor Raffinesque has shown that the tea-plant can be cultivated with success in the valley of the Mississippi. But in consequence of the high price of labor in the United States, it is supposed that hyson tea could not be raised and prepared for use under two dollars a pound. Good hyson tea can be imported from China and sold free of duty, for about sixty cents a pound, and after paying the duty, for about a dollar. The annual consumption in the United States is about five hundred thousand pounds. Suppose, then, that a few enterprising gentlemen in the West were to commence the preparation of domestic hyson tea ; —would it be the policy of the United States at once to impose an additional duty of one dollar per pound on foreign tea, that the price might be regulated "in our own market," by the price of "our manufactures, though comparatively of small amount?" That is, that we should be obliged to give two dollars a pound for tea, instead of one? In other words, that the consumers of tea in the United States should be annually taxed half a million of dollars, for the encouragement of the manufactures in the West?

Take a domestic example. Before the introduction of the improved machinery in our New England factories, good cotton cloth, fit for a farmer's shirt, could not be made for less than from thirty-three to thirty-seven cents a yard. The cotton was spun on a large wheel, and woven in a

hand loom, and necessarily required much time and labor to be wrought into cloth. Cloth of a similar quality can now be obtained for nineteen or twenty cents. A farmer in this neighbourhood, a disciple of the same school with the editor of the Observer, has lately determined to encourage domestic manufactures in his own family to the extent of his power. He has summoned his two elder daughters from the dairy, where they were earning large profits by preparing butter and cheese for market, and has persuaded them to resume the spinning-wheel and loom, for the purpose of weaving cloth for their brothers' shirts. He is aware that every yard of cloth they make will cost them thirty-seven cents; but to *encourage* them he has promised that the boys shall give them that price; and he has prohibited his sons from purchasing any factory cloth, under a penalty of paying a fine to him of seventeen cents a yard. On the other hand, he has taken his second son from the plough, and has set him to work to make shoes for his sisters. It is true the boy is but a sorry shoemaker, and has already spent three days in making a pair, of which a cobbler would be ashamed. But his father, to *encourage* him, has ordered the sister to give him fifteen shillings for them; equal to what he might have earned by three days' ploughing. The mother has abandoned the care of a large flock of turkeys, she was fattening for market, to enable her to purchase a little tea and sugar, and is busily engaged in boiling beets into sugar and in drying carrots for coffee. What will be the situation of the family at the end of the year, the editor of the Observer will probably be able to inform us.



The truth is, it is for the interest of a nation, as well as of an individual, to purchase commodities at the lowest price for which they can be obtained ; and it is perfectly immaterial whether they are procured by manufacturing or commercial industry. If a tax be laid on foreign cloths to encourage the manufacture of domestic ones, the consumer pays the tax, *whether he wear a foreign cloth or a domestic one*. For example : if an American broadcloth of a particular quality cannot be made under six dollars a yard, and a foreign one of the same quality may be imported for four dollars, then the price of the American cloth must be reduced to four dollars, or no one will buy it. But if, to save the domestic manufacturer, a duty of two dollars be imposed upon the foreign cloth, then it is made to cost six dollars, and every man who wears a coat of that quality, whether foreign or domestic, is compelled to give six dollars a yard instead of four. Here then, the general interest of the nation is sacrificed to the private interest of the manufacturer. A most desirable result !

An individual—and it is equally true of a nation—should employ himself in that kind of labor in which he most excels, and the products of which, he is able to dispose of to the most advantage. Let him be constantly employed, and sell the products of his own labor high, and purchase the products of the labor of others cheap, and it must be indifferent to him whether he deals with persons in this street, or the next ; in America, or in Europe.

Sept. 6, 1823.

## TRADE WITH THE BRITISH WEST INDIES.

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FROM the 24th of August 1822, to the 1st of November 1823, ten American vessels have sailed from this port to the British West Indies, measuring in the whole one thousand five hundred and forty-seven tons, and carrying cargoes worth twenty-three thousand one hundred and twenty-one dollars. Of these vessels, five are now absent ; and the remaining five, measuring nine hundred and fifteen tons, have returned with cargoes which were invoiced in the West Indies twenty-six thousand and thirty-six dollars. It has been ascertained that these return cargoes were purchased entirely with the proceeds of the outward cargoes. These facts furnish a striking proof of the fallacy of the old doctrine of *the balance of trade*. Only one half of the vessels engaged in this branch of the West India trade have yet returned ; yet the custom-house books exhibit an excess of imports over exports of two thousand nine hundred and fifteen dollars. If the remaining vessels should dispose of their cargoes on the same terms, and should arrive in safety, this excess of imports will amount to twenty thou-

sand eight hundred and ninety-eight. Mr. Carey of Philadelphia and the Political Economists of his school, will infer from this fact that the balance of trade is against us ; that we are in debt to the West India planters at least to the amount of that excess ; and that to pay the debt, we must make new shipments of lumber and provisions, or drain our coffers of specie. Yet, as if to make the whole argument ridiculous, it is a fact that nearly all these vessels *brought home specie*, as well as colonial produce.

There is another fallacy, however, in this view of the subject, which is worth pointing out. It must not be inferred that there has been a gross profit of more than ninety per cent. on these shipments, because there will be an excess of twenty thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight dollars on the invoice price of the return cargoes. On the contrary, it is by no means certain that the business has yielded any profit to the merchant. It is well known, that in the West Indies nearly all the trade with foreign vessels is carried on by barter, and in most of the colonies a system of artificial prices is kept up for the express purpose of attracting foreign trade. Thus in Demarara, they will very liberally offer an American captain to purchase his lumber at thirty dollars a thousand,—but then he must take his pay in molasses at thirty-two cents a gallon. If the purchase were made on either side with specie, without reference to an equivalent sale, the nominal amount would probably be reduced at least forty-five per cent.

But whatever profit has been reaped by the merchant, it is certain that only a small portion of it remains to him at

the termination of the adventure. He is merely the agent of a large number of persons, who share with him the advantages of commerce. When he has paid the farmer and manufacturer who have furnished his outward cargo, the numerous laborers who have prepared and brought it to market, the mechanics who have fitted his vessel for sea, and the mariners who have performed the voyage, there usually remains but a small sum to pay him for his time and skill,—to say nothing of the risk he has run of failing entirely in his enterprise.

Nov. 15, 1823.

## THE TARIFF.

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It was our intention to give a particular examination of the provisions of the bill establishing a new tariff; but the subject is so extensive in itself, and has already received so much attention, that we shall confine our remarks to one or two points of more immediate interest to this vicinity. To those who are desirous of examining the subject more at large, we recommend the very able essays of the editor of the Boston Daily Advertiser, which have been published in that paper, and in the Weekly Messenger, during the last ten days.

The friends of the new tariff are perpetually asserting, that its object and tendency are to encourage national industry and increase the national wealth. We shall show, on the contrary, that in some particulars at least, it is hostile to domestic manufactures, and will be, in its effects, oppressive to the poor.

One of the most valuable articles of domestic manufacture is a well-built ship. It employs materials derived from the forest and the soil, and requires the labor and skill of a great number and variety of artisans. At least *eight thou-*

*sand days' work* are necessary to build and equip a vessel of three hundred tons. And the whole of this labor is manly and athletic. In this particular our carpenters, and riggers, and blacksmiths, and ropemakers may claim some superiority over the spinners and weavers of a crowded manufactory. We do not mean to speak disrespectfully of any branch of honest industry ; but in reasoning upon the policy of any national act, its effect upon the character and habits of the people should be taken into the account.

It may be assumed as a fact, that *for the present* at least, all articles which are derived wholly or in part from foreign countries, will, if the tariff bill be passed, rise to the price at which the foreign article can be procured. The very fact of our resorting to foreign countries at all, is a proof that the domestic supply is not sufficient, or cannot be afforded at so cheap a rate as the foreign. Consequently, if the price of the foreign article be increased, the domestic manufacturer will raise his price to the same standard, without fearing any increased competition from abroad. The following statement, with which we have been favored by a gentleman who has had much experience in ship-building, will show the amount of duties which will be paid under the new tariff for every well built ship of three hundred or three hundred and fifty tons.

10 tons of hemp, at 2 cents per lb. . . . .	\$448 00
1 chain cable and fixtures, at 3 cts. per lb.	285 00
10 tons of iron, including anchors, iron-work for rigging, spikes, &c. if estimated on the manufactured articles would be from 2 to	



4 cts. per lb.—but assuming the duty only on iron in bars, which is the lowest rate,	
at 1 cent per lb. . . . .	224 00
30 bolts Russia duck at \$2 . . . . .	60 00
10 do. half duck do. . . . .	20 00
15 do. Ravens at \$1,25 . . . . .	18 75
2500 lbs. copper bolts } 1500 lbs. copper spikes }	at 4 cts. per lb. . . 160 00
6 cwt. white lead and other paints at \$4 . . .	
Ship-chandlery—sundry articles, more than	100 00
	<hr/>
	\$1341 75

The price of such a ship, when equipped, is about sixteen thousand dollars. What would our cotton manufacturers say to a tax of eight and a half per cent. on the *cost of their machinery*? It is of no consequence to the ship-builder, whether he pay this tax to the government in the form of a duty on imported articles, or as an additional profit to the person of whom he buys them. A ship then, if well equipped, will cost nearly one thousand three hundred and fifty dollars more, than if the duties were not imposed. But while the price is thus increased, the demand for ships and of course the profit of their employment is by the operation of the tariff diminished. The effect of this upon the numerous and valuable classes of men—mechanics and manufacturers—who are engaged in building, fitting out, and repairing ships, may easily be conjectured.

But if ships should continue to be employed as heretofore, another effect will be produced by the tariff, no less disastrous to our mechanics. The owners of vessels will

expend as little as possible upon them in our own ports, and depend upon getting their equipments in the foreign ports to which they may be destined. For instance, a new ship intended for a voyage to Russia will be fitted for sea with old sails and cordage, and on her arrival at St. Petersburg will be rigged anew. Another vessel will be spiked and coppered in London, or obtain her anchors at Liverpool; while a third will be painted in Holland. In other words, foreign mechanics will be employed, in preference to our own, for the obvious reason, that the *stock* with which they work can be procured cheaper in foreign ports, than at home.

And this is the bill for the encouragement of national industry!

We have other remarks to offer on this subject, which must be, for the present, deferred.

Jan. 31, 1824.

## RATE OF INTEREST.

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DURING the present session of the New York legislature, a committee was appointed by the Senate to consider the expediency of reducing the rate of interest, which in that state is seven per cent. In the report of the committee, which was made on the 8th of March, the right of the legislature to fix the standard of interest is defended by the example of all civilized nations, and the expediency of a reduction is inferred from the existing state of trade. It is to be regretted that the committee did not take a wider view of the subject, and examine the principle upon which the right of establishing a standard of interest is founded ; for we apprehend that some erroneous opinions respecting it are very generally entertained.

When a man receives a loan from his neighbour, a portion of the aggregate capital of the community is transferred to him ; he borrows, in fact, not money, but capital. Take an example, which, at first view, would seem inconsistent with this assertion, the loan of money by a bank on accommodation paper. The borrower pledges the credit of two or three of his friends, who promise for him that five hun-

dred dollars shall be returned to the bank in sixty days ; and on the faith of this promise he receives certain pieces of paper, which may at any time be exchanged for five hundred ounces of silver. This convertibility of paper into silver, makes the paper as useful to him as silver would be, and as effective for all the purposes of trade. But in fact he wishes for neither paper nor silver. His object in making the loan is to enable him to purchase one hundred barrels of flour, and he would be as well satisfied, to receive the one hundred barrels of flour from the bank, without the intervention of paper, or silver, at all. In receiving bank bills, or specie, from the bank, he simply receives a ticket entitling him to a certain quantity of the aggregate capital of the community. It is like receiving the key of a store, containing the goods which he wishes to possess. The money is merely the instrument of transfer. It is not, in itself, the subject of the loan, any more than the key of the store would be.

Capital consists of positive value vested in some material object ; and the aggregate capital of the community is of course the sum of all the values possessed by every individual, whatever the object may be in which these values are vested, whether houses, lands, merchandise, or furniture. When a man parts with the possession of capital for a limited time, he is entitled to an equitable compensation for the use of it, and this compensation is properly denominated *rent*. If the capital parted with be a specific object, the rent is usually settled by a specific contract. Thus houses are rented, and books loaned from a circulating library, and

horses let to hire from a livery stable, for a certain sum previously agreed on. In all these cases, the sum to be paid is adjusted by mutual convenience. But when the capital transferred is not a specific object, but only a portion of the aggregate property of the community, there seems to be no reason why the rent should not be in like manner adjusted by the mutual convenience of the borrower and lender. It is as unreasonable to fix by law the rent of merchandise, as the rent of a farm; for the merchandise and the farm are equally capital, that is, vested values, parted with for a limited time. As money is merely the measure of these values, it is as absurd to talk of the interest of money, as of the interest of a yard-stick. The one measures the value, precisely as the other measures the quantity.

Interest is composed of the rent of capital and of the price of insurance against the hazard of losing it. The risk of losing it depends upon the manner in which it is to be employed, and upon the personal character of the borrower. But the rent of capital is subject to constant fluctuations, and the price of insurance must vary in every successive contract. How then is it possible to fix by law an equitable standard of interest? And upon what principles can the right of the legislature to fix the rent of floating capital and the premium of insurance against bad debts, be defended, which would not equally give it the right to fix the rent of land, the wages of labor, and the premium of insurance against the perils of the sea?

Nor is it necessary that the law should fix a standard of interest for parties who do not agree upon one themselves.

It is not found necessary to settle a standard of freight, or to enact that a yard of cloth shall be of a determined value, when the buyer and seller neglect to adjust it. The grand error consists in considering money as capital, instead of regarding it as only the *measure* of capital. When dollars and cents are viewed in the same light as the yard-stick and scales, we shall cease to make a difference between the loan of money and the use of merchandise. Both resting upon the same principle, will be subject to the same rules.

April 23, 1825.



## POLITICAL SCIENCE.

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### No. I.

A history of political knowledge would at any time afford a very agreeable and useful subject of speculation. But at present, when so many new states are forming, and so many changes are making even in established governments, it possesses peculiar interest. It is only in modern times that the theory of constitutions has formed a part of liberal studies. An account of the theories which have successively prevailed would open a path, which as yet is almost wholly unexplored. In the hope of directing the attention of others to this department of literary history, we shall occasionally publish a few remarks, the materials of which have been for some time collected. For many of them we are indebted to the industry of a valued friend.

Political inquiries into the rights and duties of sovereign and subject presuppose a degree of established order in a state, which we do not find in very early times. Of course, no such inquiries were made among the Greeks until their constitutions, irregular as they were, were in a great meas-

ure fixed. Lawgivers made their appearance, says Heeren, much before the spirit of speculation had been occupied on the subject of politics. The objects of those lawgivers, therefore, were altogether practical. Among the Romans, though we find many practical applications of important political maxims in the contests between the king and the people, and afterwards between the Senate and the Plebeians, yet theoretical inquiries into the rights on which such contests were founded arose even later in the progress of society than among the Greeks. In like manner, in modern times, no trace of political science can be found till after the nations had been distinctly separated, and partial limits had been set to the different orders and powers of the state. The feudal system forbade it entirely, from its rude simplicity, which acknowledged no relations in society but those of lord and serf, and in war, of leader and follower; and even if other circumstances had tended to develop political science, the fatal torpor which had checked the spirit of inquiry in other departments of knowledge would have prevented it.

The present age has afforded the first examples of the formation of a constitution, in the modern sense of the terms; that is, of a form of government, complete in itself, established at once. There was nothing like it in former times; for the lawgivers of ancient Greece were merely reformers of existing usages; and what is called the constitution in most nations of Europe is merely ancient custom, more or less modified by legislative enactments or royal decrees. The reason of these usages and customs, and the

rights on which they were founded, are, comparatively speaking, the subjects of modern investigation. We shall pass at once, therefore, to the period of modern history.

It is not until the end or towards the end of the middle ages, that we find a state of government and of intellectual cultivation such as to give birth to political inquiry. The first trace of it seems to be found in the long controversy between the emperors and the popes on the great question of ecclesiastical and temporal rights over the bishops—or, as it was then called, the right of election and investiture—which began about the year 1321, under the reign of Louis of Bavaria. The traces here however are very slight, as the question was in fact a theological one, and controverted between independent princes; so that the reciprocal rights of sovereign and subject were only incidentally examined.

The next trace is found in France in 1407, on occasion of the murder of a Duke of Orleans by a Duke of Burgundy, in which *John Petit*, a doctor of divinity, came forth as the champion of the criminal, in a work, entitled “The Rights of Men against Tyrants and Prodigals;” a book which the Council of Constance ordered to be publicly burnt, though the order was never executed.

In Italy where such inquiries might naturally be expected, from its division into small republics and from the activity of political parties, we find none for many years. The politics of the Italian states were confined to narrow intrigues for personal and family aggrandizement; and were altogether practical. Philosophical inquiry, systems and theories, were quite unknown; and even in *Machiavel*, who

published his "Prince" in 1415, and his "Discourses on Livy" a few years after, we find only detached maxims founded on experience, and no attempt to lay down general principles, or to treat the subject in a scientific form.

*The Reformation* in fact gave the first impulse to political inquiries in a regular form ; not only because it claimed a general freedom of thinking, and excited a general spirit of investigation, but because in its very course and consequences it disturbed the most important questions of right between sovereign and subject. The demand of the reformer was religious freedom, which was denied by all the sovereigns of christendom. Hence arose at once the great question, whether the subject is bound to render unlimited obedience in all points. In 1531 the faculties of theology and law at the University of Wittemberg, under the influence of *Luther*, made a solemn decision, that in matters of faith, emperor and prince were alike without right to claim unconditional obedience. *Zuingle*, who had begun to teach in Switzerland as early as 1518, soon went beyond the Germans, and declared publicly that a bad prince might lawfully be deposed ; in which he was followed and supported by *Calvin*. This important principle was laid at the very beginning of the Reformation, and is in fact the foundation of all modern liberty. It put at issue the important question, when and how far the subject may refuse obedience, or in other words, how far he is independent of his sovereign. It was indeed at first a theological question ; but afterwards, as the Reformation itself assumed a political character, this too became a political question. In

the war that followed the League of Schmalkald in 1531, and at the peace of Augsburg in 1555, the question was more political than theological.

We shall hereafter show more fully, that in modern times religious freedom has been the parent of civil liberty ; and that almost every thing valuable in political science may be traced back to the Reformation by *Luther*.

July 17, 1824.

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## No. II.

THE troubles in the Netherlands which began in 1568 and ended in the establishment of their independence in 1609, and the wars of the Huguenots in France from 1562 to 1593 afforded the next occasion for political discussions. The questions respecting constitutional forms, however, to which we are now so much accustomed, had not then arisen. The inhabitants of the Low Countries were contending only for the maintenance of their former privileges ; and amidst the horrible confusion of the civil wars in France, when every man's life was as uncertain as the cast of a die, there was no leisure or inclination for political theories. The circumstances of the times, however, brought every man to decide practically for himself, how far it was lawful for the subject to resist oppression from his government. There were even a few books written in those unquiet times in which this point was freely examined. Thus *Hubert Languet*, son of the governor of Burgundy and one of the best practical statesmen of the age, wrote, under the

name of *Junius Brutus*, a book that excited a great sensation ; though it now appears to be of little value. It was entitled a *Justification against Tyrants*, and was published in Switzerland in 1577, though the titlepage bears the name of Edinburgh. Another work was published in Paris in 1589, entitled *Four Books concerning the just Expulsion of Henry III. from the Kingdom of France*. It was written by some partisan of the Duke of Mayenne, whose name has not been preserved. In 1592 the Abbé Raynald, Professor of Theology at Rheims, wrote, under the name of *Rossæus*, a book, the subject of which is sufficiently explained in the title. It was called *A Treatise on the just Authority of the Christian Commonwealth over impious Kings and Heretics ; and especially on the Right of Expelling Henry of Navarre or any other Heretic from the Kingdom of France*. Two years afterwards, when Henry IV. made his entry into his good city of Paris, this book was burnt by order of the Parliament of Paris.

The political work of *Mariana*, the great historian of Spain, is on every account worthy of particular attention. He published at Talavera, in 1608, *A Treatise on the Rights and Duties of a King*, in three books, which he dedicated oddly enough to Philip II. It was intended to justify James Clement for assassinating Henry III. of France ; and the grand principle of the work is, that the authority of the people is superior to that of kings. It was burnt by order of the Parliament of Paris in 1610.

But by far the most important political writer of the sixteenth century was *John Bodin*. He was born at Angers



in 1530 ; and applied himself to the practice of the law, first at Toulouse, where he read lectures on that science with much applause, and afterwards at Paris. But soon devoting himself to politics, he was made secretary to the Duke of Alençon, and travelled with him into England and Flanders. In 1576 he was chosen a deputy to the last States General held at Blois, in which he contended manfully for the rights of the people. He particularly opposed the designs of those who would have compelled all the subjects of the king to embrace the Catholic faith ; by which he drew upon himself the marked displeasure of Henry the Third. He died of the plague at Laon, in 1596. He belonged to the Protestant party, but was so much in advance of his age in his sentiments of religious toleration, that he is represented by different writers as a Huguenot, a Papist, a Deist, a Jew, and an Atheist,—to say nothing of his being reputed a sorcerer, a reproach which he shared with Friar Bacon. Chancellor D'Aguesseau pronounces him to have been a worthy magistrate, a learned author, and a good citizen.

He published at Paris in 1577 a treatise in French on *the Republic*, in one volume folio. It met with such success, that four editions were printed at Paris in three years (*seven* editions according to Dugald Stewart) ; an edition at Lyons in 1593, and another at Geneva in 1600. It was translated into Latin by the author and published at Paris in 1586, and another Latin translation, a very bad one, was printed at London about the same time. When the author visited England in 1579 with the Duke of Alençon, he found that public lectures were delivered on this work, both

in London and Cambridge. In 1606 it was "done into English" by Richard Knolles, with so much spirit and taste that the translation was considered superior to either the French or Latin original.

The leading principle of this work, so celebrated in its time and now so little known, is, that "a state is a collection of families, which, *in accordance with the maxims of justice*, transact their common affairs by a common head." This common head he supposed to unite the legislative and executive powers, and to be indivisible. He distinguished between monarchy and despotism, by the justice or injustice of the common head; and made the lawfulness of the government to depend entirely upon the justice with which it was administered.

"He appears to have been one of the first," says Dugald Stewart, "that united a philosophical turn of thinking with an extensive knowledge of jurisprudence and of history." "In his views of the philosophy of law, he has approached very nearly to some leading ideas of Lord Bacon; while, in his refined combinations of historical facts, he has more than once struck into a train of speculation, bearing a strong resemblance to that afterwards pursued by Montesquieu. Of this resemblance so remarkable an instance occurs in his chapter on the moral effects of climate, and on the attention due to this circumstance by the legislator, that it has repeatedly subjected the author of 'The Spirit of Laws' (but in my opinion without any good reason) to the imputation of plagiarism. A resemblance to Montesquieu, still more honorable to Bodin, may be traced in their com-

mon attachment to religious as well as civil liberty. To have caught, in the sixteenth century, somewhat of the philosophical spirit of the eighteenth, reflects less credit on the force of his mind, than to have imbibed in the midst of the theological controversies of his age, those lessons of mutual forbearance and charity, which a long and sad experience of the fatal effects of persecution has, to this day, so imperfectly taught to the most enlightened nations of Europe."

Bayle pronounces him an exact and judicious writer, of great genius, of vast knowledge, and of wonderful memory and reading; and in the opinion of La Harpe, his *Treatise of the Republic* was "the germ of 'The Spirit of Laws.'"

A writer who thus anticipated Bacon and Montesquieu was no ordinary man.

July 24, 1824.

## BANKRUPT LAWS.

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### No. I.

AMONG the concerns to which the attention of Congress will be called the present session, there is no one more important than that of "establishing uniform laws on the subject of Bankruptcies throughout the United States." The power of enacting such laws was expressly given by the constitution ; and of course the exercise of this power was contemplated by the framers of the government. There appears to be some diversity of opinion respecting the general policy of such laws, and still more concerning the particular provisions which they ought to contain. We shall take some occasion hereafter to discuss the general question ; and we think it can be made apparent that a uniform system of bankrupt laws, under proper regulations, would tend even more to the security of the creditor, than to the relief of the debtor. It is our design at present to make a brief sketch of the origin, progress, and present state of the English Bankrupt Law ; the successive alterations and amendments of which may furnish some useful hints for the consideration of the subject in this country.

The first Bankrupt Law was passed in 1542 in the 35th year of Henry the Eighth. It is entitled, "An act against such persons as do make bankrupt," and has the following remarkable preamble, showing conclusively that the security of the creditor was its only object: "Whereas divers and sundry persons, craftily obtaining into their hands great substance of other men's goods, do suddenly flee to parts unknown, or keep their houses, not minding to pay or restore to any their creditors, their dues, but at their own will and pleasure consume debts and the substance obtained by credit of other men, for their own pleasure and delicate living, against all reason, equity, and good conscience; it is enacted," &c. By this statute, a court of commissioners was erected, consisting of the Lord Chancellor, and the two Chief Justices, with whom several of the great officers of state were associated, who had power, upon the complaint in writing of any party grieved, to make such orders respecting the person and property of such debtor, as to them should seem expedient; to cause his lands and goods to be sold, and the proceeds to be divided rateably among his creditors; and to call before them and examine upon oath all such persons as were suspected of having or concealing any part of the debtor's property. It was also enacted, that if any person concealed any part of the debtor's effects, he should forfeit double the value of the property concealed; that if any person made a false claim before the commissioners, he should forfeit double the amount of his claim; and that if any person colluded with the debtor to have a false claim allowed, he should forfeit all his goods and chat-

tels ; the several forfeitures to be employed by the commissioners in the payment of the bankrupt's debts. By this statute only two acts of bankruptcy are specified, that of *fleeing to parts unknown*, and that of *keeping house, not minding to pay his creditors*. Until one of these acts was done by the debtor, the commissioners had no authority to proceed according to the statute. And it is expressly provided that the creditors shall not be barred of their debts, excepting so far as they are actually paid by the effects of the debtor. It is worthy of remark, that both in this and the two next statutes on the same subject, the bankrupt is uniformly considered a criminal, and is usually designated as *the offender* ; " the goods of such offender shall be taken by the commissioners," &c. Lord Coke somewhere remarks, that we have fetched as well the name as the wickedness of bankrupts from foreign nations ; and he adds, that no act of parliament was made against any English bankrupt, until the 34th year of Henry the Eighth, when the English merchant had rioted in three kinds of costlinesses, namely, costly building, costly diet, and costly apparel.

This act continued unaltered for twenty-eight years ; and we have nothing in the books to show how it was executed, or what construction was put upon it.

In 1570, the 13th of Elizabeth, an act was passed for " the repression " of bankrupts, and " for a plain declaration who is and ought to be deemed a bankrupt." This statute confines the operation of the law to merchants and traders ; and enumerating several additional acts of bankruptcy, such as *beginning* to keep house, or departing from



his house, or suffering himself to be arrested, or yielding himself to prison, to the intent of defrauding or hindering any of his creditors, declares that the merchant or trader who shall do such acts, shall be deemed and taken for a bankrupt ; that is, from that moment is a bankrupt. The second section gives the Lord Chancellor authority to appoint commissioners, and confers upon these commissioners nearly the same powers, as were possessed by the court of commissioners under the statute of Henry the Eighth. The forfeitures for concealing the bankrupt's effects, or for colluding with him, are the same as in the former act ; and it is provided, that if the bankrupt do not surrender himself to the commissioners after five proclamations, upon five market days, made in the town nearest the bankrupt's dwelling, that he shall be out of the Queen's protection ; and all persons assisting him in escaping or concealing himself, shall suffer fine or imprisonment at the discretion of the Lord Chancellor. And it is expressly declared, as in the former act, that the creditor shall not be barred of any more of his debt, than such part as shall be actually paid to him by the commissioners ; and all property afterwards acquired by the bankrupt, shall become immediately vested in the commissioners until his debts be fully satisfied. Of course, under this statute, the creditor could take the body of the debtor, while the commissioners seized his property ;—a striking proof that the discharge of the debtor formed no part of the policy or design of the original bankrupt laws. The enacting part of the eleventh section of this statute is introduced with this remarkable expression, “ That if any

person who is, or shall be *punished* and *declared to be a bankrupt* by virtue of this act," &c., considering bankruptcy throughout as a crime.

The next statute was passed in 1604, the first year of James the First. The preamble sets forth, "that frauds and deceits, as new diseases, daily increase amongst such as live by buying and selling, to the hindrance of traffic and mutual commerce, and to the general hurt of the realm, by such as wickedly and wilfully become bankrupts."

The statute then declares more particularly who shall be adjudged a bankrupt, but does not vary materially from the description in the former statutes. It enacts, that all voluntary conveyances and gifts made by a bankrupt shall be void. Under this section, which is a very important one in principle, it has been decided, that when a man, who is not a trader and not in debt, makes a settlement upon his wife and children, and afterwards becomes a trader and a bankrupt, this settlement cannot be affected by the bankruptcy. It has also been decided, that *money*, given by a father who is a trader, to his son to set him up in business, cannot be recovered back by the assignees of the father. This decision seems to have been made upon a literal construction of the words of the statute; which makes void all gifts of lands, tenements, goods chattels, and debts; but does not mention *money*. [See 2 *Maule and Selwyn*, 36.] The statute of the 13th of Elizabeth gave the commissioners power to examine all persons who could give any material information respecting the bankrupt's property; this act gives them power to compel the attendance of witnesses,

and provides for the punishment of perjury in any person examined by the commissioners. And as doubts had arisen whether the commissioners could collect debts due to the bankrupt, this act authorizes them to appoint an assignee who should collect them in his own name. It is provided, however, that no debtor who should pay the bankrupt without notice of the assignment, should be affected by it.

In 1623, the 21st of James the First, another act was passed "for the further description of a bankrupt, and relief of creditors," which sets forth more particularly who shall be deemed a bankrupt, and what shall be considered acts of bankruptcy. It declares that the bankrupt's wife may be examined for the discovery of his effects, and gives authority to the commissioners to break open his doors, if necessary. And it makes goods in the possession of the bankrupt liable to pay his debts; on the principle, as it would seem, that he who lends goods to a bankrupt to support his credit should not be in a better situation than he who lends him money. The statute limits the time for suing out a commission to five years after the act of bankruptcy committed, and extends the benefit of the bankrupt laws to strangers as well as native citizens.

A short statute was passed in 1662, the 13th of Charles the Second, declaring that no person was a trader within the meaning of the bankrupt act, for merely owning stock in the East India or Guinea company.

Thus far it appears that no provision was made or intended, in these several acts, for the relief of the debtor. He was considered a criminal desirous of evading the pay-

ment of his just debts. And the only design of the Bankrupt Law was to wrest his property from him, and divide it among those from whom, it was supposed, he unjustly withheld it.

The subsequent alterations of the law will be considered in a future paper.

Dec. 15, 1821.

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## No. II.

WE resume to-day the history of the English Bankrupt Laws, which we commenced a fortnight ago. The subject may not be very alluring; but it is one of general importance. For the practical operation of a system of laws cannot be better understood, than by attending to the successive alterations and amendments that experience has proved necessary to be made in them. If a bankrupt law should be passed in Congress,—and it appears certain that one will, at some time, be enacted,—it will be convenient to examine continually the English statutes upon the same subject, to observe in what manner their intention has been fulfilled, or evaded. It is no small advantage to us, to have upon this occasion the experience of an intelligent and commercial nation, for nearly two hundred and eighty years.

The Bankrupt Law, we have seen, continued unaltered in principle from the year 1623 (the 21st of James the First) to the 4th of Anne, 1705. But it was found, from the experi-

ence of nearly a century, that the bankrupt could not easily be induced to surrender his property to his creditors, for whose benefit alone the several statutes had hitherto been passed. It was therefore enacted in the 4th year of Queen Anne, that if any person should become a bankrupt after the 24th of June, 1706, notice that a commission of bankruptcy had issued against him should be left at his usual place of abode, and also be published in the Gazette; and if such person should not, within thirty days after such notice, surrender himself to the commissioners, and submit to be examined upon oath by them whenever they should require it, and disclose all his goods, effects, papers, accounts, and writings, which he had had at any time before or after the issuing of the commission, and also surrender up the same to the commissioners, so far as they were in his possession or under his control, *such bankrupt*, upon conviction thereof, *should suffer death as a felon*. The Lord Chancellor might, however, in special cases, enlarge the time of surrender as he should think fit, not exceeding sixty days. The commissioners were empowered to commit to prison any person who should refuse to appear before them, and testify concerning any acts of bankruptcy of the debtor. Although the bankrupt did not become a felon if he submitted himself within thirty days, yet immediately upon proof before the commissioners of his having committed an act of bankruptcy, they might certify that fact, and require any judge or justice of the peace to issue a warrant for his apprehension; upon which he might be arrested and committed to any gaol, until he should surrender himself and his property to the commissioners.



After these severe enactments for the benefit of the creditor, it gives some relief to find a provision in favor of the unhappy debtor. As a reward for complying with the directions of the statute, it gave to the honest bankrupt five per cent. out of the neat proceeds of his estate, providing that it should not exceed in the whole two hundred pounds; and it discharged the bankrupt from all debts due at the time of suing out the commission. Thus it appears that *the Bankrupt Laws existed one hundred and sixty-three years, before any thing was done for the relief of the debtor.*

This statute introduced many salutary regulations, most of which have been incorporated in subsequent acts. It provided, that when the bankrupt's estate did not produce eight shillings in the pound, his allowance should be only such as the commissioners chose to give. And it deprived any bankrupt of the benefit of a certificate, who should have lost in gaming five pounds at any one time, or one hundred pounds in twelve months. The act was to continue in force only three years.

The next year, 1706, an act was passed to explain and amend this act, and to prevent frauds frequently committed by bankrupts. The statute of the preceding year had made it felony without benefit of clergy, for the bankrupt to conceal *any part* of his property;—this statute made it a capital crime, only when the concealment was to the amount of twenty pounds and upward. And it rendered void all securities given by a bankrupt to his debtor to induce him to sign his certificate. In this act, provision was made, for the first time, for the choice of *assignees* by the creditors; “to



whom alone the commissioners should assign the bankrupt's estate and effects." And to prevent the taking out of commissions fraudulently or maliciously, it was provided that no commission should issue, unless upon the petition of one creditor to the amount of one hundred pounds, or of two to the amount of one hundred and fifty pounds.

Another explanatory act was passed in the 10th of Anne (1711), which contained but one section of any importance at present. That section declared that a discharge of a bankrupt should not operate as a discharge of his solvent partner.

In the 5th year of George the First (1718) all the preceding acts were incorporated into one statute, which at the same time introduced several new regulations. The petitioning creditor was required to give bond to the Lord Chancellor that he would prove his debt, and prove the party a bankrupt; and in case a commission was fraudulently taken out, the Lord Chancellor might order satisfaction, and assign the bond to the party aggrieved. No creditor whose debt did not amount to ten pounds, was permitted to vote for an assignee; and the Lord Chancellor, upon petition of the creditors, might discharge the assignees and cause a new assignment to be made. And in case the petitioning creditors by agreement with the bankrupt, or otherwise, received from him more than the other creditors, the commission should be superseded, and a new one granted. It was also declared that the commissioners should not be capable of acting till they had taken an oath to discharge their duty faithfully.

In all these statutes it will appear that no provision was made for the case of *a debt not due at the time of the bankruptcy*. It had been decided by the courts that such debts could not be proved under the commission, but no remedy was given till 1721, the 7th of George the First. It was then enacted that such debts should be proved before the commissioners and allowed, discounting the interest to the time of payment.

The statute of the 5th of George the First having expired, a new act was passed in the 5th year of George the Second (1732), which reënacted the most important provisions of the preceding statutes with many additions. It enlarged the power of the commissioners to examine the bankrupt, or any other person, "*touching all matters relating to the person, trade, dealings, estate, and effects of every bankrupt.*" It required the petitioning creditor to swear to his debt, as well as to give bond. In case of mutual dealings between the bankrupt and the creditors, the commissioners were authorized to state an account between them, and set off one debt against another. It empowered the commissioners to appoint a provisional assignee, until a meeting of the creditors could be called; and it prescribed, for the first time, the mode of making *dividends*,—the very end and object of the bankrupt laws. And that the proceedings before the commissioners might not be lost, they were, upon petition of any of the creditors, to be entered of record, in chancery.

It will be remembered, that the act of the 13th of Elizabeth gave to the commissioners power to dispose of all the

property the debtor had *at the time when he became a bankrupt*; and therefore made him completely incapable of disposing of any of his property from the moment of committing an act of bankruptcy. For the relief of innocent creditors, who had been adjudged liable to refund to the assignees, it was enacted in the 19th of George the Second (1746), that monies received in the ordinary course of trade, from a person who had committed an act of bankruptcy which was unknown by the receiver, should not be refunded, even if a commission of bankruptcy were afterwards taken out.

Dec. 29, 1821.



## **SUNDAY SCHOOLS.**





# LETTER TO A FRIEND

ON

## THE SUBJECT OF SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

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Portsmouth, October 8, 1822.

DEAR ———,

YOUR letter is upon so interesting a subject, that, though I have not much leisure at present, I hasten to give you as full an answer as I am able. I will first give you an account of one Parish School, which I think has been successful in an unusual degree, and then state some objections to your plan.

The South Parish School in this town was established in April, 1818. A meeting was called of those persons who were disposed to favor such an institution. Some half a dozen attended, and formed themselves into a society for the support of the school, and opened a subscription to defray the expenses. Three superintendents were then chosen by them, to whom the selection of teachers was confided. Notice was given, from the pulpit, of the day on which the school would be opened; and the children were requested to present themselves on the Saturday previous.

The superintendents received them as they came, examined them separately in reading, heard them repeat a prayer (if they knew any), questioned them familiarly on the doctrines and duties of christianity, and endeavoured to form some opinion of the amount of their religious knowledge. A book was then prepared, in which their names, ages, and places of residence, with the names and occupations of their parents, masters, or guardians were entered in parallel columns. They were then classed by tens, according to their apparent capacities and degrees of improvement, the boys and girls being arranged separately. The requisite number of teachers was then engaged, and every thing prepared for the ensuing day.

Such was the commencement of our school. We began with about fifty children, and adopted the general regulations, of which I send you a copy. We have from time to time made a few alterations, which I have marked with a pen. Our school, at present, contains one hundred and two girls, and eighty-three boys. The average attendance through the summer has been, sixty-seven girls and sixty-two boys. They are divided into thirty-one classes, under the care of seventeen ladies and twelve gentlemen, besides the superintendents; two of whom have the care of classes, besides their other duties.

The children and teachers assemble in the school-room, at the ringing of the first bell in the morning. The superintendents are usually there about twenty minutes sooner to prepare the room and receive the children. In ten minutes the school is opened. One of the superintendents reads a

short passage from the scriptures, and offers a prayer in plain and simple language, such as the children may understand. After this, each child repeats to his teacher the verse referred to on his ticket, receives the next number of his ticket, and the regular instruction then begins. These tickets are numbered from one to twenty-six, and are designed to produce punctuality in attendance. At the beginning of a quarter, each child, who is in his seat at the commencement of the religious exercises for the day, receives No. 1, or, if not present then, the first time he does attend he receives No. 1, and the next time he attends he repeats the verse referred to on the ticket, surrenders it, and receives No. 2, and so the other numbers in sequence. If not in his seat, at the opening of the school, he forfeits his ticket for that time unless he has a good excuse for his tardiness. If absent (from whatever cause), he of course receives no ticket. Twenty-six lessons, equal to two lessons a day for thirteen weeks, constitute a quarter. The tickets therefore are not numbered beyond twenty-six. The instruction continues in the school till the bell tolls a second time, when the school is dismissed,—each class going out together, in order, the girls first, and then the boys; and it is the duty of the several teachers to see that their respective children attend meeting. Seats are provided in the galleries for such children as have no other seats, the girls and boys on opposite sides of the meetinghouse; and one of the teachers (in rotation) sits with them respectively. There are usually about fifteen boys and twenty girls, who would not attend meeting at all without this arrangement; but who now attend punctually.

In the afternoon the children pass directly from the meetinghouse to the school-room. There is no formal opening of the school, but the children surrender their tickets, and repeat their verses, as they come in. After about an hour—usually longer—the school is closed by a prayer by one of the superintendents, and the children are dismissed.

Each teacher is provided with a set of tickets, according to the size of his class, filed regularly and kept in a little box which is marked with his name. These boxes are kept in the desk at school, and are distributed by the superintendents to the teachers, as they come in, in the morning. This prevents any forgetfulness or confusion. The teachers are also provided with a class-paper, prepared by the superintendents, containing the names of the several children belonging to that class, with blank spaces to mark their attendance. They are also furnished with blank memorandum-books and pencils, to keep an account from day to day of the behaviour and improvement of their several children. These operate as a check upon the tickets to prevent any child from getting by fraud a higher number than he is entitled to.

On the last week of every quarter, the superintendents and teachers meet together, usually at the house of Mr. P—, in the evening. After a prayer by Mr. P——, for he always meets with us on such occasions, we converse familiarly on the state of the school. The teachers surrender their several class-papers, and make a report of the behaviour, improvement, and general condition of every scholar. One

of the superintendents takes notes in writing of every thing material that is communicated, and files the class-papers surrendered, and the reports made. At the close of the evening, a hymn is sung, and we separate. It is generally a very happy evening.

After this meeting the superintendents prepare an accurate list of all the children in the school, ranging them under their several classes, marking against each name the number of tickets received, and adding such accounts of the behaviour of the children, as have been received at the teachers' meeting. For example ;

“Class No. 1. Boys. Mr. A. L. teacher.

I. C. - - - 26

G. H. - - 26. &c.

“This class has distinguished itself through the quarter, for punctual attendance, and good behaviour at school and in meeting. The teacher reports I. M. to have made the greatest comparative improvement. W. S. has been detained by sickness,” &c.

On the first Sunday of the new quarter, this list is read from the desk, by one of the superintendents. The room is generally crowded by the parents and friends of the children, on this occasion. After reading through the list, a small book, with a printed label, is given to each child who has been punctual during the last quarter. Every one who has obtained twenty tickets, is for this purpose deemed punctual. Those who have excelled, in each class, receive a book of more value, or a certificate of good behaviour, &c. at the discretion of the superintendents. If a child has

not behaved well, the superintendent pronounces, as follows ; “ A. B. 26 tickets, is entitled to a reward for punctual attendance ; but has *forfeited* that reward, by misbehaviour at meeting, disobedience, profaneness,” &c. as the case may be. We have never shrunk from these censures ; but the efficacy of the system is established by the striking fact that, during the last year, only three such censures have been necessary among one hundred and eighty-five children. One was given for playing at meeting, one for idleness and insubordination at school, and one for repeated carelessness in losing books.

These little rewards are made up into small bundles for each class, and directed to the several teachers ; and after the reading of the list, as above mentioned, the superintendents deliver them to the several teachers, and the teachers distribute them among the children. It is a day of great excitement to them all. After the delivery of these rewards, Mr. P—— makes an affectionate and familiar address to the children, in which he dwells upon such particulars as his previous attendance at the teachers’ meeting has made him acquainted with. After praying with them, he dismisses them with his good wishes and blessing. This is the only occasion on which his attendance at the school is required.

At the expiration of the year, the superintendents make a full report of the general state and condition of the school (without mentioning names) to the society which supports the school ; and on the next Sunday, this report is read to the congregation, after sermon, with such remarks in addi-



tion as Mr. P—— thinks most expedient. This contributes to keep up a sense of the importance of the school, both in the teachers and in the parents of the children, as well as in the children themselves.

With regard to our mode of instruction, the grand principle is, that religious instruction, to be effectual, must be adapted to the actual state of the child's mind ; it must, therefore, necessarily, be by familiar conversation. The getting of lessons is of very little consequence, except as it affords an opportunity for asking and answering familiar questions. The course of instruction, therefore, and the books used, are very different in different classes, and are constantly varying in the same class. This whole business is left to the teachers, who best know the wants and capacities of those under their care, with this only restriction, that no new book shall be introduced without the knowledge and approbation of the superintendents.

As the general rule, however, for new scholars and new classes (till circumstances require a change) we recommend the following course ; 1. Short prayers to be committed to memory. 2. Watts's short Catechism and the Commandments. 3. Watts's Historical Catechism. 4. Cummings's "Questions." 5. Lessons from Scripture at the discretion of the teacher. We discourage lessons *memoriter*, except among the smaller classes. These are allowed to commit to memory "Hymns for Infant Minds" and select hymns from Belknap.

The class which I have at present, I took somewhat more than a year ago. It consists of boys from eleven to

thirteen years old, and is one of the oldest and most advanced in school. They had learned about half of Cummings's "Questions," when they passed under my care. I carried them through that book twice; then through Porteus's "Evidences"; then Paley's "Natural Theology"; and they are now beginning Watts's "Improvement of the Mind." They have, at the same time, passed through "The Acts" in course, in the following manner: I gave every Sunday a lesson of about twenty verses; from these they were required to frame as many questions as they could imagine, and bring them to me, in writing, on the next Sunday. We then compared their several questions together, and talked about them, and answered them. This has brought into use all the knowledge I possess, and required a great deal more. One of my boys brought to me one hundred and fifty questions, and another ninety-six from the first chapter of "The Acts." Read it, and you may judge of their industry, as well as their ingenuity. I am now, at their repeated request, to begin an examination of the doctrines of christianity. I have not yet settled my plan; but I foresee it will cause me some labor. Porteus's "Evidences" I found was not an interesting book to them. It became necessary to prepare a sort of commentary of historical facts, to fix their attention upon it, and on the whole it did not succeed well. But Paley's "Theology" was a delightful book; it arrested and fixed their attention beyond hope.

You will perceive from this account, that almost every thing depends upon the teachers; and I take pleasure in telling you, that from our experience the teachers can be

depended upon, for almost every thing. Some of those connected with our school have the children at their houses to explain and illustrate more at large than they can do at school. And the children are not only willing to attend at such times, but are pleased with it. Instruction has been made interesting, and they are willing to go out of the way to get it. We have at present, among our teachers, three who have received the greater part of their religious instruction at the school; and they conduct themselves admirably well in their new capacity. They were first employed as assistant teachers, and then a small class was committed to them severally. We hold out a similar promotion to the expectation of the older children; and occasionally try them with the younger classes, and with a very good effect.

After this history of our experience, you will be prepared to hear my objections to your plan.

I. The children should *not* be collected by the 'clergymen; they will not have half the success of laymen. It is their profession to talk of the importance of religious instruction, and in their visits to irreligious families, such conversation passes as words of course. But send a lawyer or a merchant, and the very novelty of the thing excites attention. Besides, the influence of the minister should be reserved for greater occasions.

II. A division of classes, according to age, is impossible. We have sometimes put together children of five years and of eleven years; and that because they required precisely the same kind and degree of instruction. An intelligent child of a religious family will know as much of religious

truth and will be capable of understanding religious truths, at six years old, as the unsettled children about the streets know or can understand at thirteen years. I had a boy at school two years ago—and a very smart boy too—who, at ten years old, was with difficulty made to comprehend what was meant by God. You might as well arrange them according to the color of their hair, as according to [their ages.

III. *Ten* children are too many for a class. We tried it, and found it would not do. *Six* is the highest number advisable, and a smaller number if you could get teachers. In a class of six, for an hour, you have but ten minutes each; and how small a time that is, to overcome a child's diffidence, and to get him sufficiently engaged in his lessons to ask questions freely.

IV. Your schools will be good for nothing, if you discontinue them at the end of eight months, or at any time. On this point, I speak earnestly and decisively. You will lose more in the habits of your children, in the four months your school is discontinued, than you will gain in the succeeding eight. There is no one thing I would press upon you so strongly. If your schools are discontinued in the winter, I should regard that one circumstance as decisive of their fate. Your object is to form religious habits; and just as your children have become accustomed to the restraints of the school; just as you have taught them to begin to think and feel for themselves; just as you have become, in some measure, acquainted with their characters, and know how to talk to them; just as you have persuaded

them, by kindness and attention, to regard you as their friends, and to express their doubts and ignorance to you without hesitation, you send them away from you, and have the same ground to go over again. The mischiefs of such a course, to the children, to the teachers, and to the general character of the school, are innumerable. If our school has been attended with more than usual success, it is to be ascribed principally to this cause, that it has been carried on steadily, permanently, without rest or intermission. No child has been sent from the school with the impression that he is now good enough or wise enough, and may rest from his labors for three or four months. No teacher has been permitted to say, "This is a good opportunity to withdraw from the school; I have served my turn, let somebody else take it now." The children have not been suffered to think, that religion was a periodical thing, fit for bright suns and warm days, but not of sufficient importance to bring them out in the face of a northwest wind or a snow-storm. You inculcate upon them the duty of attending public worship;—how can you do this with any hope of success, when you let them know, that a little bad weather in winter keeps you at home from school? I am glad that I am able to enforce my opinion by experience. \* \* \* \* Our parish embraces a very scattered population, and many of the children live at a considerable distance from the school; yet, during the whole of last winter, the *average* number that attended, was one hundred and one; many days, when the weather was not stormy, one hundred and thirty-five.



A very inadequate opinion prevails, of the nature of the instruction to be given at Sunday schools. If it be only the asking a certain number of prescribed questions, and receiving a certain number of prescribed answers,—if it be only catechising,—you may spare yourself any further pains. You have only to turn over the whole school to the town crier, and let them be taught to recite by platoons. But if you desire to awaken their faculties, to watch the first glimmerings of piety, to feed the flame without extinguishing it, you must study the character and habits of the child; you must adapt your mind to his, and your language to his, and by a very constant course of cross-examination, be certain that you are rightly understood, and that you have made the impression you intended to make. And for all this, what are fifty-two days in a year! You will pardon me for expressing myself so strongly; but I feel that the very existence of your schools depends upon the correction of this error.

V. A report from the teachers every month is too often. They will have nothing to say; and having nothing to say, they will soon neglect it. Besides, this monthly report is to be followed by no consequences. In our school, the quarterly report is followed by an immediate distribution of rewards in conformity to it; and therefore becomes important.

VI. I think the minister should *not* attend the school. Religious instruction from him, or in his presence, is too much a thing of course. Besides, if your teachers are to talk with the children (and their instruction is worth noth-



ing, if they do not), many of them will be embarrassed by the presence of their minister. They will be afraid to talk freely, lest he should hear them. Besides, there may be important occasions, when the clergyman may be called in with powerful effect, and his presence should not be made too common. I say nothing of the great labor which your plan would impose upon the minister on the Sabbath, when he can ill afford the time or strength.

VII. In addition to your meetings of the superintendents, you should have an occasional meeting of the *teachers* of the same school. We could not dispense with ours. Besides making them acquainted with each other, and increasing their zeal by social excitement, they can, at such meetings, better arrange their classes, make mutual exchanges, and find the proper situation for any child whose situation or character is unusual.

VIII. I am pleased with the subject and designs of your tracts ; but for reasons already given, think they ought not to be published for any particular age or class.

IX. Your scheme for the instruction of the higher class, I would extend to every class. My plan would be, that the children should attend school, as long as their situation permitted, or until they grew up to be teachers themselves ; and that the teachers, by attending without intermission—(none of your winter-holidays !),—should acquire a love for the employment, and grow up into judicious and well informed, if not learned theological instructors. The books, of whatever kind, that are used, should be regarded more as a text-book for the teacher, than as a manual for the scholar.

Children do not become pious, by getting lessons of piety. As the teachers can certainly learn as fast as the children, I can see no reason why they should not carry the same class onward to an indefinite progress. It should be impressed upon them, that it is a school for themselves, as well as for the children ; that "he who watereth shall be watered himself."

One word more about the expense of our plan,—no unimportant object in a general system. The rewards we distribute do not average more than four or five dollars a quarter for one hundred and eighty-five children ; and the whole expense of the school has been about forty dollars a year. This includes the purchase of testaments, hymn-books, catechisms, and books of all kinds, as well as printing and stationary. If we were now to begin, we could reduce even this small expense by spending the money more judiciously.

I am satisfied you do not want an apology from me, for answering your letter so much at length, and so freely. I know it is your single object to do good ; and it is mine to assist you in it, if possible. Let me know if you receive this safely, and how my objections strike you ; for I wish to receive light as well as give it.

Affectionately yours.

## AN ADDRESS

DELIVERED BEFORE THE TEACHERS OF THE SOUTH PARISH  
SUNDAY SCHOOL ; APRIL, 1823.

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IN compliance with your request, I appear before you, this evening, to recall your attention to the important duties, in which you are engaged. I come not to offer advice, or to prescribe a course for your direction ; but as one of your own number, to collect the results of your past experience, and to bring together a few plain principles, upon which you have hitherto acted, and to which, much of your success may justly be ascribed. I come to impress my own mind, as well as yours, with a sense of the importance of our employment ; and to kindle some new zeal, awaken some new energy, by bringing to view the mighty effects which may result from successful perseverance. We are fellow-laborers in the cause of human improvement ; and whatever may be the result of our efforts, we are at least engaged in a cause of the highest dignity, and the deepest interest.

To understand clearly the nature of our duties, nothing more is necessary than to place distinctly before us the ob-

ject to be attained. And what is that object? Is it not to lay the foundation of a religious character? Is it not to teach children to consider God as the supreme good, to look to his favor as the only source of pure happiness, to regard him as their best friend, and to rejoice in the continual proofs of his love? But God is invisible, and children are engrossed with the perceptions of their senses: God dwells in the heavens, and is, to their apprehensions, a Being afar off, while they are attached only to present objects. They soon forget their parents and friends, when absent only a few weeks or months, and how can they have God in all their thoughts? God is a being of infinite power and majesty; they hear his voice in the thunder, and they are compelled to feel his presence in the violence of the storm; and how can they love him, whose image brings only terror and dismay? These considerations, show our difficulties, as well as our duties.

In commencing the religious education of a child, our first object should be to *awaken his attention*; till this be effected, all other labors are useless. The ground must be prepared—the soil must be stirred up and loosened—before the seed can be cast in, with any hope of vegetation. While the mind of a child is sluggish and inert—while his thoughts are roving and unfixed—we can do nothing, we can say nothing that will make any permanent impression. And here lies the grand difficulty of our employment, as we have all experienced. How then is the mind of a child to be excited? What instruments within our reach are of sufficient force to break the clod and lay it open to the sun?

An attentive observation of the habits of children in the intercourse of common life will probably suggest an answer. Children are always engaged with the pursuits and occupations of men. They delight to watch their parents in their daily employments, and to imitate their labors. One great cause of the repugnance which children generally feel to schools and learning, is, that schools and learning are for children only. Men and women are engaged in active employments; and while children are at school, a broad line of distinction is drawn between them and the rest of the community. Hence, they are impatient of instruction. They long to pass over the line, and to mingle in the cares and pursuits that engage the attention of those who are above them. This principle of imitation we may turn to good account. *We must be in earnest ourselves.* The pursuit of religious knowledge, and the acquisition of religious habits must be a part of our daily employments. *We* must strive and labor, if we would prompt *them* to exertion. If, in all that we say and do, we show a deep conviction of the importance of religion, they will gradually learn to think it important. But our religion must not be a languid repetition of serious thoughts and solemn phrases. Children judge more from the eye and the tone of voice, than from the words. If we do not feel ourselves, we can never make them feel.

But happily for us, the principle of imitation is not the only one to which we can resort for this important purpose. Children are naturally eager for knowledge. This is apparent from their inquisitive habits and their restless curiosi-

ty. When they turn with disgust from their books, it is not knowledge that they dislike, but the form under which it is presented. They dislike the labor of acquiring it. A book brings with it no excitement; and they have not yet acquired the power of voluntary attention. Curiosity then is a powerful instrument in our hands. And is there nothing we can communicate of God and his moral government; of mankind, their past history and present condition; of the human soul, its nature, powers, and capacities, its origin and destination; of that unseen world to which we are hastening; of the spirits of "the just made perfect" who surround the throne of God, and of those angelic beings who are sent forth to minister to the heirs of salvation; is there nothing in all this, which we can convey in simple language, and adapt to the capacity of children? And is there nothing, in all this, to excite wonder, and delight, and admiration? Surely, with the Bible in our hands, we can be at no loss for subjects of conversation, that shall at once allure and stimulate the minds of children. And this is the *first* object; for we must develope their faculties, before we can impress their hearts. We must talk to them; excite them; encourage them to talk in return; lead them to spread open their minds before us, and state all their difficulties, and doubts, and indistinct apprehensions. Much labor is thrown away in the business of instruction, for want of knowledge of the precise state of the pupil's mind. Many an anxious hour has been spent, and many a lesson given in vain, because the child has misunderstood a single word or phrase of the teacher, or has previously acquired



some unfortunate prejudice, inconsistent with the instruction we are endeavouring to give. The mind of a child is not passive. We cannot pour in knowledge and leave it there without further trouble. If we do not excite it to action and lead it to labor with us, it will certainly oppose us. But this latent obstacle we cannot discover, without a very familiar intercourse, or a careful cross-examination. The instruction we give must be put in a variety of forms, and the child encouraged to return it to us in his own language, that we may be certain of having made the impression we intended to make.

But, for this purpose, another object must be effected. We must *win the affection of the child*; we must acquire his confidence. Instruction must come with the smile of friendship, not the sternness of authority. I do not mean that decorum and dignity should not be preserved; that order should not be enforced; that improper familiarities should not be repressed;—for all this is consistent with the most perfect confidence and love: but the child should feel that he is under the control of a friend; he should be persuaded that you take an interest in his welfare; that you are anxious for his improvement; that you are affectionately, and zealously, and perseveringly laboring for his benefit. As soon as you have produced this conviction, your point is gained. Children are naturally open and confiding; and they will scarcely attempt to conceal their thoughts and emotions from those whom they thus know to be their friends.

If you have been so happy as to succeed thus far ; if you have excited the attention and gained the confidence of your pupil, the way is prepared for direct religious instruction. I do not mean that no religious instruction should be given, till you are certain that the mind is awakened, and the affections won : but I mean that no direct religious instruction can be given with much hope of success, till these objects are effected ; and therefore, that all our exertions should at first be directed to the attainment of these objects.

The essential principles of christianity are few, plain, and simple. It was the peculiar blessing of the poor, in the time of our Saviour, that to them the Gospel was preached. It therefore contained nothing beyond their apprehension. They were not perplexed with metaphysical subtilties, and nice distinctions, and elaborate creeds. They were taught their duties in plain precepts or engaging parables ; and the sanctions of religion, the rewards and punishments annexed to the performance or neglect of their duties, were placed before them, under striking figures indeed, but in a manner too plain to be misunderstood. The Bible nowhere contains a *system* of faith, or of duties. No one of the inspired writers has taken occasion to draw up a creed, or present a summary of christian truth. Our Saviour and his apostles gave their instructions, adapted always to the circumstances, and character, and even the local situation of those whom they addressed. They constantly took advantage of present objects, and passing events, to associate religious truth with the common affairs of life. It was the fowls of

the air, and the lilies of the field, that were to inspire confidence in God ; it was the well of Samaria, under a sultry sky, that suggested the Fountain of living waters, “ of which whosoever drinketh shall never thirst ;” it was the Isthmian games, that were to teach the Corinthians the value of persevering energy. Moral truth, that is thus associated with natural objects or with human actions of frequent recurrence, is rarely forgotten. It becomes a subject of daily thought, and is wrought into the very texture of the mind. It should therefore be our aim, in the instruction we give to children, to imitate our own great Instructor. We should teach *them*, as *he* has taught us.

It is our object to lay the foundation of a religious character ; and the great command of religion is to *love God* ; and the grand motive for the performance of this duty is, that *God hath loved us*. We are rational beings, and cannot act without an adequate motive. We cannot love God, unless he is presented to our minds under a character deserving of love. Nay, more, we cannot love God with all our hearts, unless his image is presented to our minds in connexion with ourselves. We must feel that he is *our* God ; that *we* have an interest in his favor ; that he is good to *us*. This principle should never be forgotten in our instructions. When we teach a child to repeat “Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God, with all thy heart,” can we give him no reason for this command ? Will no argument be suggested by what meets our eye, or strikes our ear ? Is there nothing in the soft and refreshing green spread over the earth, on which the eye reposes with so much delight ;

is there nothing in the clear blue sky, which almost bewilders the fancy, and leads us on through trackless space almost to the throne of God ; is there nothing in the sounds which at this season are heard from every bush and tree, and which almost thrill the heart with vernal delight ; is there nothing in the fragrance which is wafted to us in every breeze, and which brings with it life, and health, and joy ;—is there nothing in all this to prove that God is good ? and cannot a child be made to apprehend, that it is God who is giving *him* these delights ? When his cheek glows and his breast pants with healthful exertion, cannot he be taught that it is God, who is supporting his life ; that it is God, who is giving his lungs their play, and directing his blood through his veins ? When he takes an honest pleasure in the exertion of his faculties, and in exhibiting to you his intellectual improvement, is it not the time to show him that his memory, and judgment, and imagination are all the gifts of God ?—that it is *his* “ inspiration that giveth us understanding ? ” I would have it every hour—and every moment—brought to the mind of a child, that *God is every where*, and *God is good*.

I am sensible, that in order to produce this effect, even in a small degree, the ordinary mode of instruction in schools must be departed from. It is of very little consequence to give lessons to children in religious books, if pains are not taken to impress those lessons on the heart. There is no magic in the *words* of the Bible. A man is not religious, merely because he reads the Bible, or is able to repeat any part of it. The whole of it may be commit-

ted to memory, from beginning to end, and yet not one evil propensity be checked, or one devotional feeling excited. And this for the plain reason, that it may be committed to memory without being understood. One simple truth strongly fixed in the mind, and dwelt upon, and returned to, and associated with external objects, is of more efficacy in religious education, than thousands of chapters, and hymns, and catechisms, and creeds, committed to memory and recited by rote. With us, therefore, *familiar conversation* must be the great means of religious instruction. And to give it its full efficacy, this conversation must not assume the form of catechism; it must not be a dry rehearsal of religious truths. It must spring naturally from your circumstances and pursuits. You must give it a wide range. No matter whether it commence with a religious topic or not. If you have fixed in your own minds the principle you wish to inculcate, you can gradually direct your pupil to that point, and when you have reached it, you will find his mind prepared for your instructions. A single instance of success, in this way, is worth a month of ordinary labor. You will not understand me, as intending to undervalue the ordinary employments of the school. Lessons are given, in order to ensure punctual attendance, and regular habits; and lessons are given in religious books, that topics may be suggested, and opportunities afforded, for that conversation which must be the principal means of direct religious instruction.

The example I have given of the manner in which the love of God may be gradually excited and cherished in the



heart of a child, will sufficiently show the mode, in which the other grand duties of Christianity are to be inculcated. Next to the love of God, both reason and revelation require of us gratitude to the Saviour. It is a duty which we are all too apt to neglect. We do not think enough of Jesus Christ; or we think of him too generally, too distantly. We are apt to regard him, as a model of abstract perfection, exhibited in other times, to men of different manners, habits, and pursuits from ours. We forget, or at least we do not feel, that he should be *our* model, *our* pattern of imitation,—that “he hath left *us* an example that we should follow his steps.” And it is precisely for this reason, that Christianity has apparently so little effect upon the great mass of those who dwell in Christian countries, and are considered as professors of the Christian faith. But there is, in the history of Jesus Christ, something peculiarly captivating to the minds of children. He is presented to them in a form which they can apprehend. He is not, like the Supreme Being, something vast and incomprehensible, filling all space and supporting all existence without being seen, or heard, or understood. When they are instructed in the existence and attributes of God, they can bring to their imaginations no visible point, in which they can centre the rays of his glory. The mind is overwhelmed and lost, when it attempts to grasp what is infinite and eternal. But Jesus Christ appeared on earth as one of our own race. He partook of our nature, and when we think of him, we can bring to our minds his person, his deportment, his words, and all the circumstances of his life. This is peculiarly valuable in



the instruction of children. Jesus Christ, while on earth, passed through all the stages of human existence from infancy to manhood. He can therefore command our sympathies in every period of our own lives. There is scarcely a social or relative duty—scarcely an act or a suffering—in the countless variety of human scenes, in which we cannot derive instruction and support from his example. The history of Jesus Christ should therefore be indelibly engraved upon the minds of children. They should be made acquainted with it in its minutest details. No opportunity should be lost of associating it with something that they already know or feel. The chords of religious emotion should be so multiplied, that strike where you will in after life, some string shall be touched that will vibrate to *him*. And here I would observe, that in the religious instruction of children, the perplexed and controverted question of the precise nature of the Saviour's person, should be most carefully avoided. None of our duties, at least none of the duties of children, depend upon our understanding it. The region of religious controversy is cold and barren; distracted by numerous paths; covered with perpetual clouds, and vexed with continual storms. It is *our* duty in the maturity of our age and reason, when our moral principles are established and our devotional habits confirmed, to explore our way through it. But children should be led only to the hill-side and the valley, where all is calm, and sheltered, and bright; where they may feel at once the warmth and the splendor of the "Sun of Righteousness." Whatever may be our opinions of the personal na-

ture of the Saviour, we all agree in his personal and official character. We all receive him as "the image of the invisible God;" we all acknowledge him as the messenger sent from God; we all bow to his commands, as the commands of God. We all look to him as our moral Governor; we all expect from him our final destiny. While, therefore, we labor earnestly and constantly to lead the thoughts and affections of children to Jesus Christ, let us beware of perplexing their understandings and chilling their hearts with controversies, about which the wisest and best of men have hitherto differed. It is *our* duty, as far as we have time and opportunity, patiently and impartially to examine them; for we are answerable to God for our opinions, as well as our actions. But, in the instruction of children, we should leave their minds as free as our own; and whenever it becomes necessary to express to them our opinions upon any controverted subject, we should watch carefully our own hearts, lest we mistake party-spirit for Christian zeal.

A most important subject remains, which it requires much care and prudence to communicate properly to children;—I mean *the sanctions* of religion. One of the first lessons they receive is an account of their own immortality; and I know of no theme, which can so readily excite the attention of children. They must live for ever! On them death has no power. But how? and where? and with whom are they to live? In answer to these questions, it requires no talents or skill to describe such a scene as shall harrow up the feelings and wither the heart of a helpless and timid child. I have known a young child afraid to

look at the clouds, lest it should see there the face of an angry God. But this was not religion ; it was terror, it was insanity. The first words of the Lord's Prayer are sufficient to show us that the Supreme Being should not be represented as a God of vengeance. He is emphatically "our *Father* in heaven." The punishment of the wicked, in a future life, will be the necessary consequence of their sins. They will be miserable, because they are wicked. And it will be sufficient to convince children, by their own experience, that sin and misery are inseparably connected. You can remind them, upon proper occasions, that they have always been unhappy, when they have committed a fault ; and they can then be gradually impressed with one of the most important lessons they can learn,—but one which we are all constantly liable to forget,—that the commands and restraints of religion are only directions and cautions to us, to pursue our own happiness. If you have been successful in associating the idea of God with goodness, and love, and fatherly care, there will be but little occasion to talk with children of the punishments of the wicked in a future life ; and in this, as in every thing else, we should look to the example of Jesus Christ. While he denounced, in the most appalling language, the vengeance of Heaven against the hardened oppressor, the shameless hypocrite, the degraded sensualist,—“he took little children in his arms and blessed them.” Such be our deportment towards those who are intrusted to our care.

But in conversing upon the rewards of the good in another life,—upon the happiness of that heaven to which

we are all aspiring,—a most important practical lesson may be communicated to children. We have no reason to believe, that our happiness in a future state will be some strange and inexpressible delight, miraculously communicated to us, independent of our character and situation. We are nowhere instructed, that God will *make* us happy, merely because we are removed to another world. The whole analogy of God's government is opposed to this supposition. God works by means; and he works progressively. Nothing springs at once into its full perfection. Both reason and Scripture concur in the doctrine, that man is made for progressive improvement and happiness; and that this world is a preparation for the next. If, then, we are now *preparing* for another world, and if in that other world we shall *advance* in happiness and improvement, it follows, that our happiness will be the same in *kind* (though infinitely greater in degree) with what we now enjoy. In other words, the happiness of heaven will have its foundation in our present character; and will consist, like our present happiness, in the knowledge of God and of his works; in the exercises of piety; in the indulgence of the kindly affections; in the consciousness of increasing virtue and holiness; and in the full conviction of the unalterable favor of God. Nor let any one suppose that this is a low view of the happiness of heaven; that it is degrading its joys to the standard of mere human bliss. Consider for a moment, what would be your emotions, if you were now, in this place, weak and mortal as you are, assured by a voice from heaven that the contest was over; that the vic-

tory was yours ; that you were now secure from sorrow and sin ; that you were the chosen of God ; and that from this moment, in company with kindred beings, you were to continue your upward flight with an unflagging wing, still brightening in glory, as you advanced towards the throne of the Most High ? Would not the bare *certainty* of such a state be as much happiness as your nature could endure ? Consider further, the amount of knowledge we are able to acquire, in a few short years ; in this frail and sickly body ; amidst all the avocations of life ; distracted by numerous cares ; interrupted by necessary sleep : consider the progress we are able to make in moral virtue, amidst the sins and sorrows, the trials and temptations of this agitated state ; and then carry your views forward to what you will be, after the lapse of ages, in a state of constant and uninterrupted advancement ? If we speak now with admiration of those great and pure spirits, who for a few years have enlightened and instructed the world, how shall we find words to express what we ourselves may be “when time shall be no longer.” Surely, “eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.”

But the practical lesson I would derive from such a view of future happiness is this,—that no exertion, however feeble, is ineffectual ; that no acquisition, however small, in knowledge or virtue is lost. If I am right in the belief, that we are to *advance* from our present state, and that our happiness will result rather from our character, than our situation, then every truth which we impress upon the mind of a



child, every good principle, which we communicate to his heart, is rendering him more fit for the happiness of heaven; is making him capable of higher happiness; and of course every hour that we spend here, we are doing something to increase the happiness of heaven. Let me not be understood as asserting, that we can do any thing to *merit* heaven. It is all a free gift; an undeserved gift; but like all the other blessings of God, it is a gift upon condition; and we can perform the condition, and can teach others to perform it. It is therefore strictly true, that the happiness of heaven may be increased by our exertions. The little spark that we are attempting to kindle here, and which we can scarcely cherish into life, may glow with inextinguishable and increasing brightness, when the sun which enlightens our world, and the stars, which now twinkle above us, will be quenched in everlasting night.

Do we need a stonger motive? Is it not enough that we are doing something for human improveinent; that we are promoting the grand cause of virtue and knowledge in the world; that we are preparing immortal minds for everlasting happiness? Then remember, that we are laboring for *ourselves*. Not one good thought, not one kind feeling, not one generous purpose has ever been excited in this place, without its reward; its reward in present happiness, in present improvement, and in capacity for future happiness. While we impress religious truth upon the minds of others,—if we do it warmly, affectionately, sincerely,—we receive an equal impression ourselves.



It may be, that hereafter, when separated from all that now engrosses our attention, when removed at once from the cares and hopes of life, we shall feel, that we have indeed entered upon a course which is to continue for ever ; it may be, that we shall advance together, to receive our doom from him in whose name this school has been conducted. Then, when nothing earthly will yield us support, it may be, that our hope of acceptance will be founded upon the progress we have here made. It may be, that we shall be welcomed to that better world by some of those happy spirits, whom we have here taught to love their God and their Saviour, and who, in their upward progress, will bear with increasing brightness the image we have here impressed ! Do we need more ?

“ Whosoever shall give to drink, unto one of these little ones, a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward.”

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## APPENDIX.

THE South Parish Sunday School was established in May, 1818. A society was formed by several members of the parish for that purpose, and a subscription was opened to defray the necessary expenses of the school. As it was considered, at first, as a mere experiment, no pains were taken to procure the attendance of children. It was merely announced from the pulpit, that a school was opened for

such children as chose to resort there for instruction, and those who attended were requested to mention it to their companions. On the second sabbath, one hundred and forty children repaired to the school, a large number of whom were precisely of that class and character which most required religious instruction and the discipline of a school. This success was entirely unexpected; but it has continued without interruption to the present time. At the close of the last year, two hundred and twenty children belonged to the school, namely, one hundred and twenty-six girls and ninety-four boys; and *one hundred and forty-one* had attended through the year. The present attendance is still greater, there being frequently from one hundred and seventy to one hundred and eighty children at school. The school is under the care of seventeen ladies and thirteen gentlemen, besides several of the older children, who are employed as assistant teachers, or are intrusted with a small class, under the inspection and control of a regular teacher.

The attention of the teachers was first directed to the forming of habits of order and decorum among the children at school, and in places of public worship. It was considered that religious instruction would have small chance of success amidst rudeness and insubordination. At school, they have been entirely successful; and, at meeting, it is found that a larger number of children are present than formerly, and that much less exertion is necessary, to preserve order and attention among them, during the time of public worship.

No precise course of instruction is prescribed in the school, as it is well understood, that the improvement of the child depends very much upon the personal communications of the teacher, which must of course be continually varied. A few general rules, however, have been adopted,

which have been framed with the advice and consent of a majority of the teachers.

When a new scholar enters the school, he is examined by the superintendent, and placed in such a class as is best adapted to his acquirements and wants. It is the first endeavour of the instructor, to impress upon the mind of his pupil, a sense of dependence upon God, and of accountability to him, and a deep reverence for his character and name. The first lessons, therefore, relate to the duty of *prayer*. Every child is taught some appropriate form of address to the Deity, and is instructed to pray habitually and reverently. He is then taught the Commandments, Watts's shorter Catechism, and the "Hymns for Infant Minds." These are followed by Watts's Historical Catechism, and lessons from the New Testament. In selections from the Testament, the lessons are always short, and the plainest and most practical parts are preferred. A considerable number of the children are exercised in Cummings's "Scripture Questions"; and two classes have been instructed from Porteus's "Evidences" and Watts's "Improvement of the Mind." Mason on "Self-Knowledge" and Paley's "Natural Theology" have been occasionally used.

At the end of a quarter, some small reward is given to every child who has been punctual in his attendance, and who has not forfeited his title to it by misbehaviour; and a certificate of good conduct, or a larger reward, is given to those who have distinguished themselves. Nothing more has been found necessary, to preserve the discipline of the school. No corporal punishment has ever been inflicted or threatened.

The success of the school—and with gratitude to the Supreme Being it must be acknowledged, that its success has been greater than common—is to be ascribed to the perse-

vering use of judicious means. No sudden changes, or flashes of brilliant success, were expected or desired. Whatever is most permanent and valuable is of slow growth. And in the quiet progress of moral and intellectual improvement, the friends of the school have seen enough to gladden their hearts, and to excite their gratitude to Him, from whom cometh down every good and perfect gift.

## MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.





## CHARACTER OF A LAWYER IN THE UNITED STATES.

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Existat talis orator, qualem quærimus.

CICERO.

To enumerate the qualities necessary to form a great and successful Lawyer, it will be proper to consider him in the several relations in which he may be placed in society, and the effect which the character of that society ought to have upon all his pursuits. In this country, where utility, actual or imaginary, is the chief standard of excellence and the chief measure by which public favor is granted, a practical knowledge of his profession is the first requisite in a lawyer. It is not sufficient, that he should be acquainted with the theory of the science, or have a profound knowledge of its general principles ; he must be dexterous in their application, and be thoroughly versed in all the subtilties of practice. For this purpose, his first object should be to perform in the best manner all the business intrusted to him, however small the amount, or unimportant the nature. The talents of a general may often be displayed in the arrange-

ment of a single troop. The quickness and facility of practice is perhaps one of the qualities most obvious to the multitude, and next to a captivating eloquence, most allures their regard.

He should next endeavour to obtain an extensive and distinct view of the law as a science ; as the application of the principles of moral virtue to the various and jarring interests of society. This can scarcely be effected without a familiar acquaintance with the rules of ethical philosophy, and a knowledge of the principles of government, as they affect the municipal regulations of states. Of this last I shall speak hereafter. But I will venture to say, that no man can ever be an accomplished advocate, whose mind has not been enriched by the principles and arguments of moral philosophy.

In considering the employment of an advocate, whose ultimate object is to convince and persuade, we are impressed at once with the necessity of order and logical arrangement. Without method, the most weighty arguments are vain and inefficient ; and the most brilliant eloquence, idle and powerless. The advocate therefore must study and profoundly meditate the best writers on logic and the philosophy of the human mind. From the study of the mathematics he will acquire the habit of abstraction, and the power of concentrating his attention upon a single proposition. But he will not pursue them too far, because the power of weighing probabilities and of deciding upon moral evidence, is rather inconsistent with the habit of rigid demonstration.

But even the best arguments are repulsive, when clothed in harsh or ungrammatical expressions ; and the most learned dissertation will be heard with neglect, if delivered without grace or dignity. The advocate therefore should express his thoughts with elegance and correctness.

The habit of speaking correctly should be commenced in childhood, and preserved by the most minute and continual attention. The advocate should never, even in sport, indulge in vulgar or ungrammatical expressions. He should preserve the purity of his language, as of his mind, by repelling at once, every thing which is incorrect or doubtful. The theory of language, as the instrument of thought, he will have derived from his philosophical studies ; but it may be necessary for him to pursue it in its consequences as the means of communicating thought, and of affecting the minds of others. He will therefore extend his researches to the origin, progress, and changes of his native language ; to its improvements and corruptions, to its fulness and poverty. But he will not be satisfied with speaking correctly ; he will aim at elegance, and for this purpose he will read, with unwearied attention, the best writers of his own country, especially the poets and historians. He will engraft their finest expressions into his own habitual style.

He will not suffer a happy phrase to escape him. He will collect, combine, and imitate. He will stimulate his imagination by poetry and works of fiction. He will cultivate his taste by contemplating the beauties of nature, and by indulging in the enthusiasm of generous sentiments.

But these qualities, however admirable, are not themselves sufficient to make a successful lawyer. A knowledge of the world, or of mankind, as experience has found them, must be superadded to the knowledge of books. This must be acquired by a liberal and familiar intercourse with different classes in society, and by a profound attention to the lessons of history and biography. There are few talents in which a greater difference is found among mankind, than in that of observation. To cherish and improve this talent, should be an important object in the education of an advocate. He should frequently revolve in his mind the character, habits, and situation of those with whom he is acquainted, comparing their improvement with their advantages, their present situation with their former hopes and future prospects. He must reflect deeply upon the character of the society in which he lives ; must discover the objects of their preference and aversion ; must analyze their passions, and be able to point out their predominant motives. This knowledge will be of infinite importance to him at the bar ; both in his examination of witnesses, and in his addresses to the jury. It will give him the key to their passions and affections, and enable him to mould their conduct at his will.

After a few years of successful practice at the bar, the influence he has acquired in society, and the esteem which his integrity has conciliated, will entitle him to a share in the public councils of his country. As a statesman, a new field of exertion and usefulness will be opened to him, which may well inflame the most honorable ambition. To

have the power of conferring benefits upon millions, to have a part in measures which may affect the most remote posterity, and to associate his name with the history of his country, is indeed the noblest reward of an upright and intelligent citizen. But he, who aspires to distinction in public life, must lay the foundations of his ambition broad and deep. He must be minutely acquainted with the history of his own country, and well versed in that of the civilized world. The knowledge of agriculture, commerce, and manufactures must be added to that of law and history, to complete the qualifications of a statesman, "thoroughly furnished to every good work."

But there are still more acquirements to be obtained, without which all this knowledge and talent would be instruments of error or corruption. The lawyer must have his moral principles strengthened and confirmed by religious belief; not an attachment to particular phrases and terms, or a belief in the infallibility of a party or a sect, but a steadfast persuasion of the duties which man owes to his Creator, and a deep conviction of their continual importance. This faith, as inculcated, confirmed, and explained by the Founder of Christianity, should receive his most serious attention, and his most implicit submission. He should examine the tenets of the various sects of religionists, and carefully consider the influence of their several opinions upon their practice. From this examination, he will learn a mild and catholic spirit; and will perceive that many, who in profession are bitterly opposed to each other, are in fact united in principle and in practice.

I have hitherto avoided speaking of one principle, which is to give life and animation to the whole. I mean that ardent love of excellence, which, untired by exertion, and undismayed by opposition, pursues learning for its own sake, and in silence and neglect, is content with personal improvement. He who possesses this spirit is sure of distinction. In the profession of law, more than in any other pursuit in life, his reward is certain. But if by any fatality his merit should be overlooked, his very studies have prepared him for happiness in obscurity.

Possessing an active and well regulated mind, he will never become the victim of discontent or weariness. As his studies have been liberally extended over the whole circle of science, he can never be at a loss for agreeable and elevated employment; and as his passions have been purified and his hopes enlarged by Christian faith, he can look without emotion upon the changes of the world, and calmly await his removal to another scene.

1816.



## ECONOMY IN PUBLIC SERVICE.

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No word in the language has been so often misunderstood and perverted as *economy*. It is generally confounded with parsimony, or mere saving of money, a quality from which it is entirely distinct. Economy is a wise regulation of expense, and not a forbearance of expense. It consists in judiciously adapting the means to the end ; in applying to a given purpose all the power necessary to effect it, and no more. It is therefore as much removed from parsimony as from extravagance.

A few examples will render the distinction plain. A young mechanic, who should refuse to furnish himself with the tools of his trade, that he might save the money they cost, would be parsimonious, but not economical. A merchant, who should neglect to provide his ship with proper sails and equipments, might hoard his money, but would have no pretensions to economy. If we should see a father employing in trade the money necessary for the education of his children, and suffering them to grow up in ignorance, though we might speak of his parsimony, we should hardly venture to ascribe to him the merit of economy.

Parsimony, in its consequences, generally tends to loss. In the examples we have just given, the mechanic and merchant would ultimately lose money, by the the present saving ; and in the third case, the loss would be still greater, though of a different kind,—a loss not to be repaired by any subsequent gain.

As men are generally more inclined to spend than to save, it is more frequently the office of economy to curtail, than to enlarge expenses. But it is not always so ; and great evil arises from not making the necessary discrimination. Every man thinks he has the capacity of being economical, when in fact he may have only the capacity of being parsimonious. Parsimony demands nothing but a knowledge of subtraction ; economy requires talents of a high order. A man to be economical must proceed like the inventor of a machine. He must place distinctly in his view the object to be effected, and the power under his control ; and must then apply the power to the object in a manner to waste as little of it as possible. Economy would reduce the expense of a steam engine, by diminishing the friction and increasing the velocity ; parsimony would leave the machine as it was, and take away half the fuel.

We have been led to these remarks by the cry of *economy*, which has recently been raised in several parts of the Union. If economy were really meant by the cry, we should be glad to hear it ; for we would not have a cent unnecessarily expended. But if the mere saving of money be intended, without regard to consequences,—if economical reform mean the sacrifice of any thing necessary

to the honor, or safety, or prosperity of the nation, we must be pardoned, if we hesitate to give it our support. There are many things in life more valuable than money ; and a nation, like an individual, may suffer irremediable losses by an ill-timed parsimony. If the salaries or perquisites of any public offices are too high,—that is, if the highest qualifications can be commanded for a less sum,—reduce them. If any office be unnecessary, abolish it. If any expenditure be wasteful, diminish it. But do not let us degrade the government, or endanger the safety of the people, for any paltry consideration of present gain. It is very easy to reduce salaries, and diminish expenses, but it is not so easy to govern well a great and powerful people. We might get a governor of New-Hampshire for one hundred dollars,—nay, our almshouse would furnish a president for fifty ; we might save ninety thousand dollars a year, by repealing our school tax ; but we trust no one, at present, would contend, that we should be either better taught, or better governed, after this radical reform.

Dec. 14, 1822.

## CAUCUSES.

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THERE are two principles which must be admitted by the friends of a caucus nomination. The first is, that the nomination by a caucus ought to influence the subsequent election ; and the second is, that a small number of persons, self-appointed, can decide better, who is worthy of public office, than the people themselves.

If the nomination by a caucus be the mere naming of a candidate, and is not designed, of itself, to affect the election, why so much anxiety to have a caucus assembled, and why are the people told that they must, at all events, acquiesce in such a nomination ? The "National Advocate" has repeatedly asserted, that the people must and will abide by the decision of a caucus ; and that all who will not promise to submit to such decision do not belong to the Republican party. The same doctrine is supported by the "Richmond Enquirer," and receives some countenance from the "New-Hampshire Patriot."

If the people are to abide by the decision of a caucus, then the President of the United States is in fact to be *elected* by a caucus. It is then the doctrine of a party

among us, that *the people* ought not to elect their chief magistrate, but that a ruler should be set over them by a privileged few.

The reasons assigned for a caucus nomination are, that without such a nomination, the votes of the electors would be scattered ; and that if the votes were scattered, there might be no choice by the electors. This is the apprehended evil. If there were no choice by the electors, a choice must be made by the members of the House of Representatives, voting by states. This is the constitutional remedy. But if a previous nomination were made by a caucus, and if the electors were bound to vote for the person designated by the caucus, the votes would *not* be scattered, and there would be a choice, in the first instance, by the electors. This is the proposed remedy.

Now who are the privileged few, who are to dictate to the electors ? The members of the House of Representatives ? And why not the officers of the army and navy ? Why not the Secretary of the Treasury, or the Secretary of State, with their respective clerks ? A writer in the "Savannah Republican" proposes, that the *Ex-Presidents* should call a council of a few distinguished men, and "by and with their advice and consent," select a President for the people. This, in Europe, would be called aristocracy ; in the opinion of the "National Advocate," a plan perfectly similar is to be the only test of republicanism.

We have heard, that in a distant state, some years ago, an important cause was pending in court, in which the facts were so doubtful, that it was apprehended, that on the trial

the jury would not be able to agree in a verdict. On the morning of the day in which the court was to sit, the friends of one of the parties, who had been summoned to court as his witnesses, finding themselves together near the court-house, very naturally fell into conversation respecting his cause. Upon comparing together and talking over the testimony which they were severally prepared to give, the case seemed a very clear one, and they were surprised, that any question should be made about it. They regretted that so much time should be lost, as would be necessary to try it before the jury. They at last concluded in the simplicity of their hearts, that the ends of justice would be promoted, by preparing a verdict, at once, for their friend the plaintiff. The verdict was accordingly drawn up; by which it was decided, that the plaintiff should recover the whole estate demanded in his writ. As soon as the jury was empannelled and the cause called on for trial, one of the witnesses rose and respectfully addressing the court, informed them that he had the pleasure to state, that the cause was already decided; that although it was a necessary formality,—a very absurd and antiquated one, to be sure,—that the jury should pass upon the cause, in compliance with the letter of the law, yet that the plaintiff's witnesses had drawn up a verdict for *him*; and they were, at the same time, unanimously of opinion, that if the jury hesitated a moment in confirming that verdict, or the court in rendering judgment upon it, that they should be turned neck and heels out of the court-house, according to law.



This was a *Caucus*, and ought to have been submitted to without reluctance. But it is said, that the presiding judge, who was a vile aristocrat, committed the witnesses to prison for a contempt of court ; and that, on the final trial, the jury, who had strange notions of equal and exact justice, found a verdict for the *defendant*.

Portsmouth Journal,  
August 16, 1823.

## PRINCIPLE OF SPECULATION.

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THE sudden rise of merchandise during the last ten days, and the speculations (as they are called) which have been made in consequence of it, have been the subject of much conversation, and the question has more than once been asked—how far such speculations are justifiable. The doubt may perhaps be lessened by stating one or two cases.

If, in consequence of tidings from Europe, there should be a sudden advance in the price of cotton at New York, which it is certainly known, will produce a correspondent advance in Boston, is it fair in a merchant of New York to send an express to Boston in anticipation of the mail, and purchase cotton in that city before the news of the increase of price could possibly be received? A large portion of the merchantile world would probably answer this question in the affirmative. It would be called a fair *speculation*.

If a man, passing an office in which a lottery had just been drawn, should be told that a certain ticket had come up the highest prize, would it be fair in him to send an express to the owner of that ticket and purchase it, at the market value of tickets, before the owner could possibly be in-

formed of his good fortune? This question would probably be answered in the negative. It would be called overreaching, or some worse name.

It is possible, that a distinction may be taken between the two cases; but at the first view, they certainly appear to rest on the same principle. The owner of the cotton and the owner of the ticket have each an article of commerce, which has at the present moment a definite market value. The cases thus far are alike. But in consequence of events unknown at the time to the respective owners, both the cotton and the lottery ticket have acquired a new value; and the owners, ignorant of this increased value, make the sale in the belief that they are receiving the fair equivalent for what they part with. The analogy appears to hold, throughout.

The broad and safe principle appears to be that laid down by the virtuous Pothier.

“Any deviation from the most exact and scrupulous sincerity is repugnant to the good faith that ought to prevail in contracts. Any dissimulation concerning the subject matter of the contract, and *what the opposite party has an interest in knowing*, is contrary to that good faith.”

This principle does not at all affect the fair profits of trade. It is a vulgar prejudice to suppose, that what is a good bargain on one side, must necessarily be a bad bargain on the other. Commerce is an exchange of equal values for the purpose of bringing the products of industry to the hand of the ultimate consumer, and when conducted with skill, may be profitable on both sides. A shoemaker, who

exchanges a pair of boots for a hat,—or for five dollars, which will buy a hat,—parts with that which he does not want, in exchange for that which he does. This, which is the simplest form of trade, brings the article at once to the hands of the consumer. The articles exchanged are of equal value : but both parties are rewarded for their industry ; the shoemaker by a hat, and the latter by a pair of boots, which they respectively need.

The operations of foreign commerce, though more circuitous, are precisely the same in principle. Equal values are every where supposed to be exchanged. A merchant, for example, ships a cargo of boards to the West Indies, which have cost him twelve dollars a thousand ; but by carrying them across the ocean he adds eight dollars a thousand to their value. And when on his arrival he sells them for twenty dollars and purchases coffee, he still exchanges only equal values ; and what he calls *profit* is only the increased value, which his industry has given to the materials of his commerce. On the other side, the West India planter, who has more coffee than he can consume, but has no boards to repair his house, gains by exchanging the one for the other ; and the result is the same, whether at his own expense he send coffee to America to buy boards, or whether he exchange his coffee in the West Indies for boards at the advanced price. The products of industry have been brought to the hands of the consumer, and both parties have gained by the exchange.

Nor does the rule of Pothier exclude the advantages which may be derived from the exercise of diligence and

skill. A man, in making a purchase, is not obliged to proclaim all that he knows respecting the fluctuations of the market, or of the profitable uses to which a commodity may be applied. The ordinary state of the market and the value of commodities are supposed to be in the knowledge of every person engaged in trade ; and if the vender of goods neglect to use the ordinary means of intelligence, he must suffer the consequences of his indolence.

It has been intimated in the New York papers, that the southern mail was detained at Powles' Hook nearly two hours, to enable certain speculators to reach Philadelphia and make their purchases before the arrival of the mail. This has called forth every where strong expressions of indignation. The merchants of Philadelphia were deprived of the ordinary source of intelligence, upon which they relied. They were taken unawares ; for no human prudence could have foreseen and guarded against a failure of the mail on that particular day. But where is the difference between stopping the mail to effect a particular object, and sending an express in anticipation of the mail ? In both cases the seller is deceived by trusting to the ordinary means of intelligence.

But the subject grows upon us, and we must quit it for the present with the single remark, that having no merchandise to buy or sell, we are at least disinterested spectators of what is passing around us.

Portsmouth Journal,  
April 16, 1825.





## **POETRY.**



## ORPHEUS.

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THERE is a strange mixture of Paganism and Christianity in the spurious fragments which pass under the name of Orpheus. They contain many sublime conceptions, which could have been derived only from the sacred Scriptures. The unity and spirituality of the Deity, and his superiority to fate, are directly opposed to every system of Pagan mythology. In the first of the fragments here translated, the use of *ἄγγελοι*, in the sense of *heavenly messengers*, fixes its date within the Christian era.

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### FROM A FRAGMENT ASCRIBED TO ORPHEUS.

EARTH, air, and ocean own thy sway, O God,  
 And high Olympus trembles at thy nod !  
 In realms of night, the dead thy laws fulfil ;  
 The Fates obedient execute thy will :  
 Thine anger shakes the spheres. In cloud and storm,  
 Mingled with fire, thou veil'st thine awful form.

But high in heaven, beyond where planets roll,  
 In life, and light, and joy beyond control,  
 Where circling angels hymn thy holy praise,  
 And dwell in light too strong for mortal gaze,  
 Thy throne, O God, is fixed.

## FROM A FRAGMENT ASCRIBED TO ORPHEUS.

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'T is God alone, to whom belong  
The tributes of the poet's song :  
On him corruption has no power,  
For him awaits no fatal hour.

Terrible God, who dwell'st alone,  
Thick clouds and dark surround thy throne ;  
Yet come, in mercy's mildest form,  
Come, and my breast with rapture warm !

I sing thy power, which first ordained  
The world, from chaos late regained.

1808.

## DEITY.

TRANSLATION OF A HYMN ASCRIBED TO ORPHEUS.

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I SPEAK to ears initiate. Far removed  
 Be every vulgar eye. Thou only, moon,  
 Rolling full-orbed in silent majesty,  
 Witness my song. I utter truths sublime ;  
 Truths which the soul exalt. In mute attention  
 Listen ; for I proclaim a Deity.

The Almighty One, self-born, all-glorious,  
 Exists ; Creator blest, wide nature's Sovereign,  
 Invisible to mortal eye ; but he,  
 Watchful, for ever guards his boundless works.  
 He, of his goodness, chastens man. He sends  
 War, famine, pestilence. He, he alone,  
 Uncounselled, governs and directs the whole.

O come with me, my friend, adoring trace  
 In all his works the footsteps of a God.  
 His hand sustains, his powerful arm upholds  
 Creation ; he himself invisible,

For clouds and darkness shroud him. He, removed  
High in the heaven of heavens, dwells not with man.  
No eye can see him, save the Son beloved,  
Of wondrous origin, Chaldea's hope.

God in the heavens resides. The rolling world,  
The star-bespangled firmament, the sun,  
Evening's mild lamp, creation's utmost bounds  
Extended lie before him. He directs  
The ceaseless flow of ocean. He, in storms,  
Rides on the whirlwind, hurls the fire of Heaven.

God in the heavens resides. He spreads his arms  
To ocean's utmost bounds. At his approach  
The mountains tremble ; from their bases leap  
The everlasting hills. To his high power  
Earth bows submissive ; He, the first and last.

No more. I tremble to proclaim his power.  
God, from on high, the universe sustains.  
My friend, restrain thy lips. In silent awe  
Bow, and adore the wonder-working God.



HYMN FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1813.

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FATHER, again before thy throne,  
Thy suppliant children humbly pray ;  
With grateful hearts thy mercy own,  
That crowns once more their natal day.

Though War our fertile valleys stain,  
Though Slaughter bare his gory hand,  
Though Famine lead her ghastly train,  
We glory in our native land.

Yes, 'tis our own, our fathers' home—  
Their ashes rest beneath the sod ;  
The fields that now our children roam,  
Their footsteps once as gladly trod.

Our hardy sons, who till the earth,  
Undaunted still will danger face ;  
The land that gave our fathers birth  
Will never bear a coward race.

The gallant few, who plough the deep,  
Can sternly meet the raging storm ;  
And o'er the swelling ocean sweep  
Unmoved at Danger's giant form.

But braver hearts have shrunk from fight  
When kindred blood must dye the steel ;—  
The boldest to contend for right,  
The ties of nature strongest feel.

Father, once more “ good will ” proclaim,  
And bid conflicting passions cease ;  
Repress each proud, ambitious aim,  
And give thy suppliant children “ peace.”

## FICTION.

A POEM PREPARED AS AN EXERCISE FOR COMMENCEMENT,  
1807.

---

BLEST be that power, whose cheering smile bestows  
On sorrow joy, on weariness repose :  
Blest be that power, whose influence can impart  
A transient pleasure to the wounded heart.  
While o'er the rugged paths of life we stray,  
Heaven gave thee, Fancy, to illume our way.  
Waked by thy breath, the poet's warbling tongue  
Pours the full tide of rapture and of song.  
When musing Memory dwells on sorrows near,  
And fond Affection drops a plaintive tear ;  
When sickening Conscience shrinks aghast from thought ;  
When Honor drops the wreath his blood has bought ;  
Then Hope, by Fancy led, dispels the sigh,  
Fills the warm heart, and fires the sparkling eye.

Thus when the shades of night invest the pole,  
And deepening clouds in awful grandeur roll ;  
Fairest of stars, what joy attends thy ray,  
The gem of morn, the harbinger of day.

But chief to Fiction, Fancy's darling child,  
Breathing in varied strains her visions wild,  
When Care's stern glance has checked the flight of time,  
We owe the song of joy, the strain sublime.  
In orient colors drest, with wild flowers crowned,  
She bids her lyre to every lay resound.  
Now when the morning splendor gilds the scene,  
Or evening sheds her mellow tints serene,  
She melts the heart with some wild tale of woe,  
And bids the silent tear of pity flow.  
Anon, when darkness broods o'er all the ground,  
And Danger's giant form stalks hideous round,  
Of caves, and rocks, and forests drear she sings,  
And with a hurried hand sweeps wildly o'er the strings.

In Gothic halls with ancient trophies drest,  
When love and war alternate swayed the breast,  
Romance arose ; amid the din of arms,  
The trump of war, the battle's loud alarms,  
Her youth was spent ; and oft at midnight hour  
She traced the moss-grown walls, the ruined tower,  
Where once Ambition held his bloody reign,  
Or moody Madness clanked the hopeless chain ;  
But now stern Ruin shakes its mouldering pride,  
And columns sink beneath its whelming tide.  
Then rising slowly from the marble tomb,  
What haggard forms stalk threatening through the gloom !  
What shrieks of woe assail the startled ear,  
Lo ! Murder's blasted front, and frantic Fear !

When first Religion roused the warrior band,  
To drive the oppressor from the Holy Land,  
Like ocean's billows rolled the hardy train,  
And soon o'erwhelmed the pomp of Asia's reign.  
When peace, wealth, glory crowned at length their toils,  
At Beauty's feet they laid their hard-earned spoils.  
Then Woman reigned supreme, her care refined,  
And Love, Devotion, Glory ruled the mind.  
Though from that time her lasting sway began,  
She was the goddess, not the friend of man.  
The haughty chieftain at her shrine adored,  
But once possessed, the slave became the lord.

Yet, day of chivalry forever fled,  
What tears for thee shall Love and Nature shed ?  
Who now in passion pure, in taste refined,  
To fancy's visions gives the glowing mind,  
Since sordid Avarice calls on Hymen's name,  
And dull Convenience lights the nuptial flame ?

Hail bard of Fancy, thou whose works sublime  
Still roll in triumph down the stream of time,  
Hail Ariosto ! still the trump of fame,  
To distant ages will thy song proclaim ;  
Though wildly great, thy daring Muse presumed  
To search the deep where rebel sprites are doomed,  
Though, raised to ecstasy, she rode sublime,  
And boldly passed the bounds of place and time ;

Yet most she loved along the mead to stray,  
When smiling beauty marked the close of day,  
And softly touching each responsive string,  
Domestic joys, and virtuous love to sing.  
Soothed with thy lay the lordly chieftain stood,  
And dropt his lance no longer dyed in blood ;  
In each fair form a Bradamant confessed,  
And war's dire joys resigned for peaceful rest.  
Thus Fiction conquered learning's barbarous foes,  
Romantic legends gave the world repose.

Cervantes then, true nature to advance,  
Began in knightly pride to wield his lance ;  
He censured manners with a courtly smile,  
And Folly stung to death—but laughed the while.  
Fiction then driven from Gothic towers and courts,  
From gallant tournaments and warlike sports,  
From desolating feuds and regal strife,  
Fled to the humbler scenes of common life.

No more the daring chief, with eyes of fire,  
Bids the quick flame consume the lofty spire ;  
No castles sink, no towering arches fail,  
No ruined columns murmur in the gale ;  
But in some bower with smiling roses spread,  
Where incense-breathing flowers their odors shed,  
Lulled with the blandishment of tender strains,  
The gentle youth bewails his amorous pains.



The novel thus displayed her charming page,  
And while she chastened humanized the age ;  
She led her votaries through some conscious grove,  
Where zephyrs sighed, and fountains murmured love.  
To each strange tale she challenged their belief,  
The bliss of poverty, the joy of grief.  
Then fell the hapless child the prey of art,  
The parent's feelings left the parent's heart ;  
The cruel father then the slave of gold,  
His daughter's happiness for lucre sold.  
No pity soothes his unrelenting rage,  
No sigh can move him, and no tears engage.  
Delusive hope no longer cheers her soul,  
In wild despair, she drains the fatal bowl ;  
Or if, in poverty, life still has charms,  
She flies for safety to her lover's arms ;  
With him she speeds to some deserted cot,  
And dwells in perfect bliss—the world forgot.

Are these the themes which now engage the mind,  
Are these the works which prove our taste refined ?  
What parent would unfold the flattering page,  
To form the morals of the rising age ?  
Where Virtue dwells along with palsied years,  
And Vice in every winning form appears ;  
Where home-bred happiness is made to cloy,  
While bolder pleasure rides the streams of joy.

Ye who in females prize refined sense,  
The charms of wit with infant innocence,  
The blush of modesty, the joys of truth,  
The native beauties of ingenuous youth,  
Oh, banish from their eyes the fatal page ;  
The tales of Love too soon their thoughts engage.  
In life's bright morn, what snares their paths beset !  
The heart's warm wishes see not Pleasure's net ;  
Oh, spare the flower ; nor let the worm concealed  
To dust its opening beauteous blossoms yield !

Yet there are some who lead to Virtue's shrine,  
Who raise the feelings, and the taste refine ;  
Who mark the varying manners of the age,  
Devote to Virtue's cause their deathless page,  
Mark Heaven's kind hand protecting the forlorn,  
And doom the prosperous knave to endless scorn.  
Mackenzie such thy tales, and Goldsmith thine,  
Where taste and nature stamp each well-drawn line ;  
Your fancy, learning, worth shall stand confessed,  
While Nature charms, and Virtue fires the breast.

One theme remains, whose rapture-breathing page  
Charms artless youth, and soothes declining age.  
Child of the morn, from care and sorrow free,  
How shall I speak thy praise, sweet Poesy ?  
For me, alas ! no streams inspiring flow,  
No fancy kindles, and no raptures glow ;

With sacred awe, I view the poet's fane,  
And pant for honors I can ne'er attain ;  
Yet still with trembling steps I love to stray,  
And muse, in silence, on the heaven-taught lay.

What joys can pleasure, grandeur, wealth afford,  
Or all the gewgaws by the world adored,  
To lure the poet from his rapturous dream,  
His airy visions, and his heavenly theme ?  
Is there a man so vile, whose sordid soul  
Would spurn the joys of Fancy's high control,  
And plunge at once in pleasure's headlong stream,  
Bought with the loss of virtuous self-esteem ?  
Or still more vile, renounce the heaven-spiced hour,  
To toil for lucre, or to cringe for power ?

No—we will live unstained by venal praise,  
We court not Folly for her proffered lays ;  
Grant us, just Heaven, whatever else denied,  
That self-esteem, that noble, generous pride,  
That scorns the incense that from fools arise,  
And looks to God alone for virtue's prize.

But yet too oft our early prospects fly,  
And all our hopes of lasting glory die ;  
When lost to fame, we court the myrtle shade,  
And pluck the laurel, but to see it fade.  
Oh ! may no Syren lure us from our way,  
Nor fancied pleasure lead our steps astray ;

But while the high reward of toil we claim,  
Pursue the path of virtue and of fame ;  
Then will our hearts forever glow with joy,  
No pleasure satiate, no fruition cloy.

1807.

## A FRAGMENT.

---

SLOW sweeps the northern blast  
Along the dreary way ;  
While, from the ice-bound streams,  
The chilling moon-beams play ;  
    Yet still I love to linger here,  
    While sad remembrance claims a tear  
    For joys, which youthful fancy brought,  
    When pleasure stamped each glowing thought.

Ah ! then what scenes arose !  
What pleasures thrilled the breast !  
How beamed the distant world,  
In dazzling splendor drest !  
    Ambition waked each dormant power,  
    While Fancy lured me to her bower ;  
    Hope's day-star beamed ; the flattering ray  
    Presaged a bright, a prosperous day.

But *now* the scene how changed !

What clouds of darkness roll !

Cold each aspiring thought ;

The winter of the soul !

No more my bosom swells with joy,

No flattering scenes my thoughts employ ;

But hopes, once fondly cherished, seem

The phantoms of a feverish dream.

Thou God of all, whose power

The elements obey ;

Save me from Passion's rage,

From Pleasure's maddening sway !

Thou seest my heart with rapture glow,

Thou seest my life-blood swiftly flow,

When Fancy, Pleasure, Passion, fire,

Reason too weak to rule desire.

Ah ! when, from all illusion free,

Shall every hope be placed in Thee !



—“Après ma mort, quand toutes mes parties  
Par la corruption sont anéanties,  
Par un même destin il ne pensera plus !”

*Frédéric le Grand.*

---

ARE these the dictates of eternal truth ?

These the glad news your boasted reason brings ?  
Can these control the restless fire of youth,  
The craft of statesmen, or the pride of kings ?

Whence is the throb that swells my rising breast,  
What lofty hopes my beating heart inspire ?  
Why do I proudly spurn inglorious rest,  
The pomp of wealth, the tumult of desire ?

Is it to swell the brazen trump of fame,  
To bind the laurel round an aching head,  
To hear for once a people's loud acclaim,  
Then lie for ever with the nameless dead ?

Oh no ! far nobler hopes my life control,  
Presenting scenes of splendor, yet to be ;—  
Great God, thy word directs the lofty soul,  
To live for glory, not from man, but thee.

THE PURSE OF CHARITY.

---

THIS little purse, of silver thread  
And silken cord entwined,  
Was given, to ease the painful bed,  
And soothe the anxious mind.

*The maker's* secret bounty flows,  
To bid the poor rejoice,  
And many a child of sorrow knows  
The music of *her* voice.

The little purse her hands have wrought,  
Should bear her image still ;  
And with her generous feelings fraught,  
Her liberal plans fulfil.

Its glittering thread should never daunt  
The humble child of woe ;  
But well the asking eye of want  
Its silver spring should know.

While age or youth with misery dwell,  
To cold neglect consigned,  
No useless treasures e'er should swell  
The purse with silver twined.

1813.

GREAT God, at midnight's solemn hour,  
I own thy goodness and thy power ;  
But bending low before thy throne,  
I pray not for myself alone.

I pray for *her*, my dearest friend,  
For her, my fervent prayers ascend ;  
And while to thee my vows I bring,  
For her my warmest wishes spring.

While dark and silent rolls the night,  
Protect her with thy heavenly might ;  
Thy curtain round her pillow spread,  
And circling angels guard her bed.

Let peaceful slumbers press her eyes,  
Till morning beams in splendor rise ;  
And pure and radiant as that beam,  
Be the light vision of her dream.

Let each succeeding morn impart  
New pleasures to her tranquil heart ;  
And richer blessings crown the night,  
Than met the view at morning light.

Whate'er my swelling heart desires,  
When fervent prayer to Heaven aspires,  
Whate'er has warmed my fancy's glow,  
May she, with tenfold richness, know.

O God, may she thy laws fulfil,  
And live, and die, thy favorite still ;  
Live, to enjoy thy bounteous hand,  
And die, to join the seraph band.

1814.

FAREWELL to the year that is passing away,  
 Farewell to its hopes and its fears ;  
 It matters not now whether sober or gay,  
 For alike are its smiles and its tears.

Ere Spring's early blush had the blossom unclosed,  
 From the home of my father I strayed ;  
 On ocean's wild billows I safely reposed,  
 For stronger than man was my aid.

I wandered from cities of wealth and repose,  
 To Glory's all-desolate scene ;  
 Where Carnage sits bloated, and Havock still glows,  
 Where Murder and Rapine had been.

From garden to castle, from dungeon to bower,  
 My eyes were delighted to roam ;  
 But stray where I would, through palace or tower,  
 My heart was still beating for home.

Then hail to the home which receives me again,  
 And hail to the friends who endear it !  
 And hail the New Year ! with its pleasure and pain  
 And blessings on her who's to cheer it !

December 31, 1815.



## AUTUMN.

I LOVE the dews of night,  
I love the howling wind ;  
I love to hear the tempests sweep  
O'er the billows of the deep !  
For nature's saddest scenes delight  
The melancholy mind.

Autumn ! I love thy bower  
With faded garlands drest ;  
How sweet, alone to linger there,  
When tempests ride the midnight air !  
To snatch from mirth a fleeting hour,  
The sabbath of the breast !

Autumn ! I love thee well ;  
Though bleak thy breezes blow,  
I love to see the vapors rise,  
And clouds roll wildly round the skies,  
Where from the plain, the mountains swell,  
And foaming torrents flow.

Autumn ! thy fading flowers  
Droop but to bloom again ;  
So man, though doomed to grief awhile,  
To hang on Fortune's fickle smile,  
Shall glow in heaven with nobler powers,  
Nor sigh for peace in vain.

## CONFIRMATION.

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WHILE, lowly bending round the sacred shrine,  
 The pious throng their common faith declare,  
 Lady, a friend whose warmest wish is thine,  
 Breathed to his God, for thee, this fervent prayer :

“Soft may the dews of heavenly grace descend,  
 Fill her warm heart,—wherever doomed to roam,  
 From every latent snare her path defend ;  
 God and good angels guide her to his home.

“And when the morn unfolds her purple wings,  
 Till sober evening spreads her mantling shade,  
 May heart-felt peace, from faith and hope that springs,  
 Through life’s still varying scenes her breast pervade.

“And at the last and closing scene of life,  
 May hope exulting, faith resigned be given ;  
 O spare her parting soul a painful strife,  
 And short and easy be her path to heaven.”

'T was thus he prayed. Nor blame the fervent strain ;  
Cold were his heart, if silent and unmoved,  
In God's own house, it could an hour remain,  
Nor breathe its wishes for the friends he loved.

THE NEW YEAR.

---

THE weary traveller, destined long to roam,  
Far from his early friends and cheerful home,  
If chance, some mountain swells before his sight,  
Strains every nerve, and scales its towering height.  
One moment stops, his wanderings past to view,  
His dangers, errors, hopes, and comforts too ;  
Dwells on the spot, which Pleasure strewed with flowers,  
And shudders still at Peril's darker hours ;  
Surveys the past with sad or thoughtful mind,  
And hopes the future,—anxious, but resigned.

Thus on the day which marks the opening year,  
Though pure our joys, and bright our hopes appear ;  
Though for our friends our warmest wishes rise,  
And earnest prayers and vows salute the skies ;  
Though gay Festivity will oft beguile,  
From Sorrow's settled gloom, a passing smile ;  
Still on the former, pensive looks we cast,  
And wish each year more happy than the last.

More than the last ! Yes : Conscience knows too well  
The pains she suffers, but can never tell ;  
The hours of sloth, which passed unheeded by,  
Now rise and swell before the unwilling eye.  
The hours of passion—why should Memory turn  
To hours like these, which still excite and burn ?—  
The hours of passion, be they joy or pain,  
Leave on the heart some sad or sinful stain.

More than the last ! Ah, where was manly pride,  
By labor cherished, and to fame allied ?  
Where was the firm resolve, the noble aim,  
The vigorous effort, and the rising name ?

In happier days, when health and sight were mine ;  
When youthful Ardor sketched the bold design ;  
When strong Ambition urged the daily toil,  
And Hope unflagging spent the midnight oil ;  
How revelled Thought, in Fancy's glowing reign !  
—Visions of glory, rise no more in vain !

But, “ 'T is thy will,” meek Resignation cries ;  
“The shaft flies low, which aims beneath the skies ;  
There raise thy hopes, let bold Ambition tower,  
And spurn the summits of imperial power.  
Thine be the cares which dignify the good,  
Submissive passions, and a will subdued ;  
Thine be the hope which, raised to joys sublime,  
Springs from the earth, and triumphs over time.”



But has not earthly hope some favorite theme,  
Some glowing vision, some delightful dream?  
Yes, dear ——, thanks to thee, one ray  
Now beams, and brightens into broader day;  
A day of ceaseless sunshine, which no storm  
Shall e'er obscure, no passing cloud deform.

When laughing Pleasure shrinks from palsied Age,  
And mirth and song no more his ear engage;  
When tired Ambition dares his pangs avow,  
And laureled Pride unbinds his aching brow;  
Still pure Affection lives,—her winning art  
Can warm, and fill, and animate the heart.

Come then, Improvement, greet the opening year  
With tempered ardor, but with vows sincere;  
Leave vain regrets, and onward urge thy course,  
With strong Decision's persevering force.  
Pursue the steep ascent by sages trod,  
And learn, from social love, the love of God;  
With mild Affection dwell, and blessing, blest,  
Receive, and give, the sunshine of the breast.

Dec. 31, 1814.



## **CORRESPONDENCE.**



## CORRESPONDENCE.

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EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

Portsmouth, March 16, 1809.

\* \* \* I HAVE always been partial to the grand and solemn scenery of a mountainous country. Like most other persons of dull perception, I have been more affected with the sublime, than the beautiful. The roaring of a torrent has given me more pleasure than the music of birds ; and I have often stopped to view the gathering of a storm, till I have been overtaken by its fury. There is nothing, I am firmly convinced, so favorable to genius, or taste, or virtue, as the contemplation of nature, either in her grand or beautiful appearances. Above all, it is favorable to piety. There is no one, deserving the name of man, who can view “ the stars in their courses,” without adoring their Creator. It inspires a feeling equally removed from arrogance and fear. “ When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers ; the moon and stars, which thou hast ordained ; what is man, that thou art mindful of him ? ” and yet to be assured that He is mindful of him, conveys a happiness, that the world cannot give.

A few evenings ago, I took a solitary ramble out of town. The stars were more brilliant than usual; and they soon fixed my attention. I thought of the hour which awaits us all; when I should be as little interested in the business of the world, as in the most distant star that glimmered in the heavens. I thought of the friends who had gone before me, and of those, more dear, whom I should leave behind; but I blessed God for the hope of meeting them in another world. I can never believe that the eye, which has watched over us here, will ever be indifferent to our fate; or that the heart, which has once glowed with friendship, will ever lose its tenderness. The mind cannot embrace a more pleasing thought, than that our affections are ripening for eternity. Perhaps our friends are permitted to watch our conduct, to direct our feelings, to guide us to Heaven. Perhaps, when we have grasped a hand stiffened in death, that hand will soon be extended over us, to protect us from danger. I love to indulge such thoughts. They may be illusory; but they destroy many of the evils of life, without diminishing its pleasures. \* \* \*

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Portsmouth, September, 1809.

You must not be frightened, dear ——, at the appearance of large paper and close writing. I am accustomed to write long letters to every body; but as you have the largest share of my affections, you must even take the most of



my thoughts. Have you had no time to write me any thing of your journey? You have travelled through the pleasantest part of New England, and though your imagination may be captivated by the description of European landscapes, rest assured that the banks of the Connecticut are equal to any thing in the world. Travellers are apt to give the reins to fancy, and many a dull and barren heath has "lived in description, and looked green in song." You have seen Bellows Falls in Vermont. It is really a sublime object, and to the eye of an Englishman a wonderful one. But compare your own perceptions with the account given of it in Morse's Geography, and learn from thence to distrust the accounts of travellers. The romantic scenery of Stafford, were it in England, would employ the pen of a thousand poets, and the pencil of as many painters. In America it is scarcely known, or if noticed, is soon forgotten. I mention this, that you may avoid a very common error; one which I entertained for many years. We are so much accustomed to seek perfection in Europe, that when we read the works of an European, we are charmed with his descriptions, and think that nothing can surpass them; forgetting that our chamber windows discover a prospect quite as beautiful and sublime. This subject deserves more attention. It is confessed by the most prejudiced Europeans, that, in America, the works of nature are on a grander scale than in the old world. An English lake with us would be a pond; an English mountain would scarcely be called a hill; and the Tweed, the Severn, and the Dee, (rivers immortalized by the English poets) in America would be brooks without a

name. The consequence is, that we become so familiar with the sublime, as to overlook the beautiful. We see no charms in a field of waving corn, a grove of oaks, or a sparkling brook, which would fill an Englishman with delight. One great evil results from this error ; we lose all relish for the works of nature, while we imagine that something infinitely superior to what we see is to be found in foreign countries. The poets, indeed, with a natural partiality, have celebrated their native country. The question is not whether English scenes are beautiful, but whether American ones are not more so. Those who have seen the Lake of Constance, and the Bay of Naples, (confessedly the most beautiful scenes in Europe) say, that there are views in New England, at least, quite as beautiful. You will probably think that I have said enough upon this subject, but I am anxious to convince you. The love of Nature never can exist, when we believe that we are indulging a false taste in admiring her. I wish you to love your country, and to impress her scenes deeply upon your memory. And such a country too ! such an admirable union of beautiful and sublime, of hills and valleys, of mountains and floods ! The heart must be cold indeed that would not love it.

I scarcely know a more beautiful scene than the banks of Connecticut river at sunrise ; when the mist is rolling in clouds down the stream, their edges just skirted with gold, and amusing the fancy with the thousand fantastic appearances they assume. Last summer, when returning from Vermont, I often recalled the fine description of Dr. Beattie, and applied it to the scenery round me.

“And oft the craggy cliff he loved to climb,  
When all in mist the world below was lost.  
What dreadful pleasure! there to stand sublime,  
Like shipwrecked mariner on desert coast,  
And view th’ enormous waste of vapor, tossed  
In billows, lengthening to th’ horizon round,  
Now scooped in gulfs, with mountains now embossed!  
And hear the voice of mirth and song rebound,  
Flocks, herds, and waterfalls, along the hoar profound!”

I am anxious, my dear ——, and even importunate, upon this subject. The imagination must be cultivated, as well as corrected. It is susceptible of as much improvement as the memory or judgment. A warm imagination and a correct taste are the best preservatives of a good heart and a Christian temper. Think you that the country girls, whom you met, enjoyed the beauties of nature with half the delight that you did? If, then, your imagination is already so superior, think what it might be. Think what an unfailing source of pleasure you may make it; and above all, think how much more susceptible of the best feelings of the heart, of feelings of devotion, an habitual exercise of the imagination will make you. If you ask how this is to be done, I answer: When you are reading poetry, place the images before you, close the book, and imagine yourself looking upon a picture. If the description be really a good one, the image will be distinct, the landscape will glow before you. If you find yourself unable to form a distinct picture, it is a proof that the poetry is bad. Again, when you are enjoying a fine prospect, accustom yourself to *discriminate* its beauties; “I am delighted with the gentle swell of that hill, with the waving of that tree, with the fleecy

whiteness of that cloud, which is sailing across the sky." You will be surprised to find how much your pleasure will be increased and your taste improved by this attention, which at the same time requires little or no mental effort.

Let me advise you to recollect frequently every incident of your journey, and, if possible, every person whom you have seen. It is a kind of knowledge, not very brilliant indeed, but very useful. Conversation cannot be always either entertaining or instructive. You will frequently meet with persons too old, or too sober, for innocent gaiety, and too ignorant for improving conversation. With such persons you may pass an hour in talking upon subjects in which they can be interested. No kind of knowledge is beneath your notice. You must read "Cœlebs," if it falls in your way. But do not get into a habit of various and desultory reading. When you have begun to read a book, finish it, although it should not be worth the perusal. The habit of reading a little in a book, and then throwing it aside, is very destructive to literary taste and mental improvement. It were better to read nothing. \* \* \*

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Conway, N. H. September 12, 1811.

DEAR —,

WE have just returned from an excursion to the summit of the White Hills. We left this house on Tuesday morning early, accompanied by three guides, and rode

twelve miles over the plains of Pickwacket to the last settlement in the town of Adams. We then dismounted, stripped ourselves of every thing superfluous, and exchanged our coats for flannel jackets. Proceeding through the woods on foot, we crossed East River and Ellis River with several of their branches, and, at the distance of eight miles, came to New River, the principal branch of the Saco. We forded it at the foot of the most noble cascade in New England. The stream is about thirty feet wide, and falls three hundred feet nearly perpendicular. The hill over which it rolls is so steep, that I had great difficulty in climbing a short distance on my hands and knees. At this time we began to ascend the mountain. We travelled in a southwesterly direction about three miles, continually ascending. About five o'clock we prepared to encamp for the night. A spot was chosen by the side of a brook, where there was a sufficient quantity of wood. By laying some poles against a tree, and covering them with branches of spruce, we formed a lodge, large enough to shelter our heads from the dew. A large fire was then kindled in front, and several trees set on fire around us, to frighten away the bears and moose, which are said to inhabit these mountains. We hung a brass kettle over the fire, and, when the water boiled, made some tea in it, which was handed round in a tin quart. Our guides supped heartily on salt pork broiled on the coals. As soon as it was dark, we wrapped ourselves each in a blanket, and lay down with our feet toward the fire, and our heads under the lodge. We passed a tolerably comfortable night, though it



was very cold, and our bed rather hard. At day-break the next morning, we took a hasty meal, and again ascended about two miles, to what is called "the end of growth." From New River upwards, the trees, which were generally spruce and white birch, continually decreased in size, until they terminated in shrub spruce about a foot high. From this place you ascend about half a mile, over the mountain cranberry and bunch-berry vines, to a sort of plain, which is the base of Mount Washington. This summit is a huge mass of rocks, five thousand five hundred feet high, thrown loosely together, without an ounce of earth or a single plant to cheer the barrenness of the prospect. The stones are not larger than those usually employed in stone walls. After two hours of intense labor we reached the summit. Very fortunately the day was clear, though a good deal of smoke rested on the mountains around us. My first sensation, on looking around me, was that of vastness,—a feeling too indistinct to be described, though too strong to be forgotten. On the north, our prospect was bounded by a lofty range of mountains in Canada, on the west, by the Green Mountains of Vermont, on the south, by Monadnock and the mountains of Massachusetts; on the east and northeast, the chain of mountains upon which we stood was continued as far as the eye could trace them. We could not discern the ocean, though on very clear days it is visible. We saw at a distance Lake Winnipisiogee, over which a cloud of vapors was rolling; and we traced the course of the Connecticut, Ameriscoggin, and Saco by the fogs which rested upon them. Of these rivers, the Ameris-



coggin, though most distant, appeared the largest. The summit of Mount Washington is supposed to be above ten thousand feet above the level of the ocean. It is so continually surrounded with clouds, that our principal guide, who had been up eight times, never but once before was able to discern any object more than ten rods distant. It was perfectly fair while we remained upon it, and not very cold. We saw the vapors rise from the rivers below us in distinct masses; they quickly attracted each other, formed clouds, and rolled up the sides of the mountain with astonishing rapidity. We spent about an hour upon the summit, when our extreme thirst obliged us to descend. This was a perilous attempt; for a single false step would have hurried us to the foot of the mountain. Where we met any moss, we slid over it, and crept over the rocks on our hands and knees. We arrived at the region of dwarf spruce about one o'clock, without accident. Snatching a short meal, we continued our descent through the woods, which we effected so rapidly, that we arrived at New River by three o'clock. Finding ourselves not much fatigued, we hastened through the forest, mounted our horses, and rode home before eight o'clock, having travelled fifty-two miles, twenty-six of them on foot, over the loftiest mountain in New England.† \* \* \*

† Mr. Haven twice made an excursion to the White Mountains; the first time in 1811, with a party of gentlemen, when he ascended Mount Washington; the second time in 1814, when he travelled with ladies and gentlemen.

WRITTEN IN EXPECTATION OF VISITING EUROPE, IN APRIL,  
1812.

MY DEAR —,

TILL the hour of separation approached so near, I was hardly aware how much I loved you. Though I may have sometimes been impatient, it has always been my warmest wish to see you happy, and happy too from your own resources, independent of external circumstances. I cannot give you a stronger proof of affection, than by pointing out freely and explicitly what I think your faults and your dangers, which appear to me to arise from the same source. \* \* \* You have a heart formed for friendship and affection; and I pray most fervently, that your best feelings may never be chilled by indifference or unkindness. But, at present, your sensibility is too acute for your happiness. You must be content to live with your companions, in the habitual exercise of kindness and civility, without expecting very strong affection in return, and you must never suffer yourself to sink into gloom or despondency. When you find that your mind dwells upon melancholy images, and that the efforts you make to change the current of your thoughts are unsuccessful, it is time to resort to other remedies,—to exercise, to social intercourse, but, above all, to prayer. To cultivate cheerfulness and tranquillity of mind is as much a religious duty, as to preserve moral honesty.

In your literary pursuits, read but few works of imagination. Your imagination, at present, needs no excitement ; but if you read poetry (as you doubtless will), beware of the fashionable sing-song of the day. Good poetry is a rare article, and good taste almost as uncommon. If you read much of what daily issues from the press, which has scarcely any pretensions even to rhyme, you will lose all power of discrimination. *Rhyme is not poetry.* Think of this when you take up a volume of poems, and you will soon find how small the number is of those, who deserve that title. Milton and Pope are the two great masters of English verse. If you can read and relish these, you are safe. You may then read Wordsworth and Southey and Robinson,—if you can. I am particularly earnest in this. A good taste is the guardian of good morals. If you love to read Milton, you will love all that is great and sublime in nature and art. Milton's imagination is always full ; and whatever may be his subject, he never fails to fill the imagination of his readers. But I would not conceal from you his faults. In reading the "Paradise Lost," you will frequently lose your interest in the poem. The ostentation of learning will disgust you, and the long metaphysical disquisitions will fatigue your patience. But these are spots on the sun. I do not know a greater pleasure than that of reading over, for the thousandth time, some exquisite passage of poetry. But read and judge for yourself.

Pope is the poet of common sense, and, in my opinion, the prince of harmony. Succeeding poets attempted to improve upon his versification ; but they lost his strength,

and substituted a kind of drawling monotony, about as musical as a tune with one note. Goldsmith and Rogers have made their verses exceedingly smooth, but Darwin and his whole tribe of imitators are absolutely insufferable. \* \* \*

I do not intend always to write to you in this style of instruction. But I wish my letters to be of some advantage to you. I have thrown together these few remarks without any premeditation, and without reading what I have written. Place your happiness in possessing a well regulated mind and imagination, and in cultivating the affections of your family. While you are resigned under inevitable evils, endeavour to be cheerful even amid the trials of life, and I am confident you will be both virtuous and happy.

Farewell, and may God bless you.

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1812.

You have often complained of the treachery of your memory. Though I do not give entire credit to your assertions, for I believe that your humility has misled your judgment, I offer for your use a few remarks, which my own experience has suggested. A moment's reflection will convince you that memory depends upon attention. Every thing connected with the passions is long remembered, because deeply felt. For the same reason, whatever is new or uncommon will be remembered, as novelty creates a

temporary interest, which rouses the attention. The great difficulty is to excite, and fix it, at our pleasure. It is not always in our own power, I confess, to attend to any particular object ; but repeated exertions will certainly succeed. Lord Bacon has remarked, that we commit a poem to memory sooner, by reading it three or four times with an attempt to repeat it after each, than by reading it a dozen times without such exertion. Attention, too, depends much upon habit. The great mischief of novel-reading, beside the misimprovement of time, is, that it accustoms our minds to receive ideas without exertion. In reading a novel, we attend to little beside the narrative ; and we are generally satisfied, if we keep up the thread of the story to the end of the volume. This pernicious habit we carry with us to our serious studies ; and we frequently close a volume of history, as ignorant of its contents, as if it were the lightest novel that ever issued from the press.

You must not be discouraged, if, on commencing a new study, you find your memory apparently dull and treacherous. The mind does not easily accommodate itself to a new class of objects ; but if you continue your exertions, you will find its reluctance to be every day diminished. If there is any thing which you are peculiarly apt to forget, determine to remember it by every possible means. Connect it with something which you will certainly remember, and endeavour not to think of the one without recalling the other.

I cannot urge upon you too strongly the importance of cultivating general habits of attention. Give your whole mind to whatever is the business of the hour. Read noth-

ing that you are not determined to remember, and therefore read nothing that is not worth remembering. I am not certain that absolute idleness is not better, for every intellectual purpose, than indolent reading. "Nothing," says Stewart, "has such a tendency to weaken, not only the powers of invention, but the intellectual powers in general, as a habit of extensive and various reading without reflection." The divided attention we often give to discourses at church, is a habit very injurious to the memory. We suffer our imagination to make a short excursion, and then recall it to the sermon, without seriously determining to follow one or the other. In this irresolute state, we neither attend to our own thoughts nor to the preacher; and we return home with our ideas confused, and our impressions too indistinct to be remembered.

— has often asked me, "What shall I attempt to remember? In reading a book, what principle of selection shall I adopt?" In reply I have told her, that the end of study was not so much to treasure up particular facts, as to obtain an active and vigorous mind. It is of little consequence to you, as a daughter or a friend, to know that Alexander conquered, and that Cæsar died; but it is of importance, that you should have an elegant taste, a correct judgment, and an active, inquisitive mind. You learn to dance, not to figure in a ball-room, but to acquire graceful habits. You read, not to have an opportunity of talking about books and displaying your learning, but to have a well disciplined mind for the ordinary business of life. For this reason I have thought, that well written biography



was of more practical benefit than history. From the lives of eminent men, you can collect many hints for your own conduct, and many rules which may be reduced to daily practice.

But history, which relates the political lives of men, is chiefly designed to form the statesman. It has its use, however, to all. It affords an agreeable entertainment, exercises the passions, forms the judgment, furnishes sentiments of virtue, and impresses upon the mind maxims of morality. You will therefore make the best use of history, when you consider it as a picture of the living world ; when you reflect upon the conduct of men of other times, and other countries, as you discuss the characters of your acquaintance.

In reading a volume of history, it is not all-important to remember the series of kings nor the dates of battles. It is best not to neglect these entirely ; but your attention should be chiefly directed to the changes of manners and opinions, to the progress of knowledge, of toleration, and refinement, and to the effect which these have severally produced upon the morals and happiness of mankind. \* \* \*

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Vale of Llangollen, North Wales, May 19, 1815.

THIS day has been so rich in enjoyment, my dear —, that I cannot go to bed, without attempting to make you acquainted with it, while the impression is still fresh upon my

mind. I pass over, for the present, every thing which has taken place from our arrival at Liverpool, on the twelfth, to last evening. About five o'clock, yesterday afternoon, Mr. and Mrs. ——— and myself set out in two post-chaises, from Chester, the most ancient city in England. At dusk we reached Holywell, where we passed the night. Early this morning, ——— and myself visited the Well of St. Winifred, which gives the name to the town. It is the most beautiful spring I ever saw, and wells out with astonishing rapidity. The printed account (believe it who will) says, it throws out one hundred tons of water in a minute. The legend is very ridiculous ; but I will endeavour to abbreviate it. The valley was formerly very dry and sandy ; so much so, that it was called by a Welsh name, which signifies "the dry vale." It was inhabited by a pious Bishop, named Beuno, who built a church at the bottom of the hill. His niece Winifred consecrated herself to the service of God, and vowed never to marry. She was however addressed by a Pagan prince, named Cradoc, who, finding her obstinate in her refusal, was so enraged, that he pursued her to the top of the hill, and then severed her head from her body, with one blow of his sword. The head rolled down into the valley, and when it stopped, this beautiful spring gushed out and washed away the blood. Bishop Beuno, being a man of great sanctity, took up the head and carried it to the body, to which it was immediately united. The impious Cradoc was swallowed up by an earthquake ; while the body of St. Winifred survived the catastrophe five years. All this, you will say, is but fiction.

What follows is real. Over the well is erected a beautiful gothic building of red stone, which was built by the Countess of Richmond, the mother of Henry the Seventh. The roof is most exquisitely carved. The building is about thirty or forty feet in diameter, and about twenty feet high. The water is the most pellucid I ever saw, and is celebrated for the cure of various diseases ; but it is most remarkable for giving uncontrolled authority in married life. Whatsoever man or woman, says the legend, shall first drink of this water, immediately acquires unlimited sway at home. Unfortunately its efficacy is confined to married people ; I drank freely, however, by way of prevention.

After breakfast we left Holywell and proceeded to Denbigh. The modern town stands at the foot of a steep and precipitous hill, on the top of which are the ruins of Denbigh Castle, which are visible for several miles on every side. The outer wall of the castle, which inclosed the old town, is nearly two miles in circumference. Large masses of it remain in four or five different places. The front gate of the castle is still entire, and is from nine to twelve feet thick. Three or four towers also remain, and one of the gate-ways of the old town. It is a most magnificent ruin. The castle was built by Edward the First, in 1280, and overlooks the whole Vale of Clwyd, which extends twenty-six miles in length, and lies far, very far, below the castle. We next proceeded through this paradise, which is more exquisitely beautiful than any language of mine can describe, to Ruthin. Here we found the ruins of another magnificent castle, covering perhaps twenty acres, which was built by Roger

Gray, in the reign of Edward the Fourth. From Ruthin we ascended the mountains about seven miles, till we had left grass and cultivation far behind us, and found only quarries of slate-stone and mountain heather. As soon as we began to descend, we saw the splendid remains of the Abbey Crucis, which was formerly a spacious monastery. One window remains, a most exquisite monument of Gothic taste and skill. We spent an hour in examining it. I saw a small hole in the wall, and entering it discovered a winding stair-case, which led up into a small tower; forty-seven steps were perfectly entire, and I was able to spring from them upon the ruins of the wall. A part of the ruins are covered with a roof, and occupied as stables, by a farmer who lives in an adjoining cottage. A new portion of the ruins has lately been discovered and cleared from the rubbish which covered them. The ride from Ruthin to Llangollen was admirable, alternately sublime and beautiful,—barren mountains, naked rocks, and cultivated valleys.

I have just been interrupted by a Welsh harper, who came with his instrument and begged permission to play a few airs to us. It was indeed delightful, and soon melted Mrs. ——— to tears. I wish you could have heard him, and still more ———. The place, the time (a moonlight night), the instrument, would have raised her even beyond her natural enthusiasm. Our musician is said to be the best harper in Wales.

Shrewsbury, May 20.

I THOUGHT, dear —, that nothing could exceed my enjoyment yesterday, but this day has surpassed it. This morning we proceeded through the Vale of Llangollen a few miles, till we reached the Ellesmere canal, which joins the Severn and the Dee. It crosses the Vale of Llangollen on an aqueduct or bridge of cast iron, one thousand and eight feet in length, and elevated one hundred and thirty-two feet above the valley below; through which the river Dee flows immediately under the aqueduct, where it forms a small cascade. The aqueduct is supported by nineteen stone pillars of a light color. The landscape, as seen from the centre of this aqueduct, is beautiful beyond description. On one side, on a lofty and apparently inaccessible crag, stands Castle Dinas Bran; on the opposite side, two beautiful villages.

The richness and cultivation of the vale is finely contrasted with the darkness and barrenness of the mountains, five of which show their bald summits in the horizon. Upon leaving the vale we visited Chirk Castle, the ancient seat of the Middletons. Here all our early dreams of romance were realized. The castle is above five hundred years old, and is in perfect repair; though part of it is of comparatively modern date, having been battered by Oliver Cromwell, but repaired after the restoration. The drawing-room and dining-room are more to my taste than the splendid apartments of Lord Grosvenor, of which I must tell you when I come home. The old banqueting room is full of portraits;

among others James the Second and Charles the Second, by Sir Godfrey Kneller ; Mary, Queen of Scots, and the old family portraits. Our attention was arrested by a very demure countenance, with a staid cap. "What nun is that?" "Nun!" exclaimed our guide, a very intelligent old lady. "No nun she! She had seven husbands, and one of them was a Middleton. She was a sister of Owen Tudor, and when she rode to the funeral of one of her husbands, a friend, who sat with her, determined to be in season, and ventured to propose himself. She regretted exceedingly that she was already engaged; but told him, if such a melancholy occasion again occurred, she would think of him."

We spent some time in the chamber in which Charles the First slept the evening before the battle of Chester. The bedstead, the curtain, and the tapestry remain as they then were. There were doors concealed behind the arras, staircases in the wall, and all the apparatus of an ancient castle. The story we heard of the family was melancholy. The male line is now extinct; and this castle, as well as Ruthin Castle, and Denbigh Castle, and forty thousand pounds per annum, belongs to three sisters, who are quarrelling with each other; and, to vent their malice upon each other, are cutting down their oaks and dilapidating their castles. There is a splendid gate at the entrance of wrought iron, made by a single man at Chester, which cost him seven years of labor. It is wonderfully fine.



Birmingham, May 20.

WE have just arrived at this toy-shop of Europe, but, in our passage here, we have passed through a region of barrenness, of fire and smoke, which fully justifies Espriella's account. "If you were to ride here by night," said a coachman to Professor Silliman, "you would fancy yourself going to hell." At Bilston, about ten miles back, we had a little foretaste of Pandemonium. I shall write again as soon as I reach London, which will be in a week or ten days. \* \* \*

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London, June 6, 1815.

THIS is a miserable life, my dear —, paying and receiving visits, gazing at strange sights, and feeling, in a crowd, all the loneliness of a desert, without any of its charms. Our little tour in Wales was delightful beyond description; but even beautiful prospects become familiar to the eye, and before we reached London, I began to long for quiet hours and regular employment. In London I hoped to get a few books about me, and to divide my time, as I had been accustomed, between books and society; but I am disappointed, and instead of literary leisure, I am obliged, at this moment, to gain time to write to you by giving up a visit to Westminster Abbey. — has gone

with —— and Mr. and Mrs. ——, and I have very gladly made a cold excuse for not accompanying them. Do not suppose that I intend to leave the country without seeing it ; though I must confess, my enthusiasm for fine buildings is very much abated. If one could visit these splendid monuments of ancient times, alone, or in company with an intelligent friend, one might indulge all the solemn recollections connected with the buildings. But you are hurried through them, by some paltry shilling-guide, who repeats, in a tone of recitation, some ridiculous legend, to which you are obliged to listen, and which effectually destroys the solemnity of the scene. These guides are accustomed to repeat these tales perhaps twenty times a day, to successive visitors, for as many years, and they will neither stop nor answer any questions, till the story is ended. At the Tower I attempted to check the current of the fellow's narrative, by asking him questions, till he became angry. " Sir, if you will have patience I will tell you all that I know. Gentlemen who visit the Tower do not generally disbelieve what I say." I stopped a moment to attempt to recall what I had read about the Tower. " Sir, I see there is more company below, waiting to come up ; we must make haste." And so we were hurried on.

London has, in general, fallen much below my expectations ;—indeed, they were so indefinite, that I hardly knew what to expect. The private buildings are very ordinary, even at the West end of the town. I have seen no house in London, which, in its external appearance, is equal to Governor ——'s, Mr. ——'s, or even ——'s, in Boston.

Mr. ——'s house would be remarked for its beauty in any square of the city. The bricks are of a brown dirty color, approaching nearer to yellow than red ; and in their general appearance the streets of Westminster are much inferior to those of Philadelphia. At the West end, the streets are broad and straight ; but in the "City," as it is technically called, they are generally as narrow, dark, and dirty, as —— street. The multitudes in the streets, too, are not so great as I expected. I have seen State-street in Boston as crowded as Ludgate Hill or the Strand. Many of the public buildings, considered separately, are very beautiful ; but I have seen not one, whose whole effect was powerful. Even St. Paul's is by no means so striking as —— ——. It is so surrounded by other buildings, is so blackened with dirt, and is seen through such a smoky atmosphere, that nothing but its immense size prevents its being passed without observation. Of the theatres,—the front of Covent Garden is very handsome ; but Drury Lane is a shapeless pile of bricks, as blank and as destitute of ornament as a distillery. So much for the unfavorable side. There are some things in which London is *better* than hope. The squares, which are scattered through the West end of the town, are very beautiful, either planted with trees or laid out as ornamental gardens. They are surrounded with an iron railing, and access to them is permitted only to certain inhabitants in the neighbourhood, who are furnished with private keys. We live in the immediate vicinity of two of these squares, and I am not unfrequently awaked in the morning by the singing of the birds.

Another thing worthy of praise in London, is the tranquillity of the streets. Every man seems to pursue his own business in quiet. There are no brawls and no swearing in the streets. I have been in many different parts of the city as late as eleven o'clock, and I have never yet heard any profaneness or witnessed any riot. Mr. P——, a friend to whom —— introduced me, told me, that drinking and swearing were almost banished from respectable company; and fortunately the mob is disposed to follow the fashion. The equipages of the great people are by no means so splendid as I expected. I have rarely seen more than two horses even in the ducal chariots. The well-dressed people in public places are not much better clothed, than the higher classes in our own country. They seem to waste their wealth in the luxury of servants, more than in any other channel. The coachmen and footmen are frequently dressed in the most fantastic and gaudy colors imaginable; and at the doors of the houses of fashionable people, you see two or three young men, lounging upon the steps, with powdered hair, white stockings, epaulettes, plush small-clothes of scarlet or yellow, and frequently embroidered waistcoats, with no employment for hours, but that of displaying their own pretty persons and their master's wealth.

But, with all this disappointment, I have seen one object which very unexpectedly excited my highest admiration and astonishment. It is the tobacco warehouse in the London dock. This is a building about fifteen feet high, but covering upwards of five acres of ground. The roof is supported by cast-iron pillars, and is covered with shingles

of cast-iron, instead of slate. Under the whole of this immense building is a cellar, in which several hundred rows of arches, intersecting one another every twenty or thirty feet, support a stone roof, forming the floor of the warehouse above. We provided ourselves with torches, and our whole party walked through it. We almost imagined ourselves in the catacombs of Egypt; and if sixteen thousand pipes of wine, which lay around us, could have been converted into so many mummies, the illusion would have been complete. It is said that the Emperor Alexander expressed more admiration at this and at the warehouse than at any thing else he had seen in England.

I have visited most of the great book-stores, but have in every instance been disappointed in their appearance. They are generally not larger than that of ——! The books are kept in warehouses, and only specimens placed in shops. I have ventured to purchase even more than I intended when I left home. In doing this, I believe I was consulting your taste as well as my own, and that you would be willing to retrench a few luxuries in furniture, &c. to have at command a valuable domestic library.

Wednesday, June 7.

I have just had a proof of the fallacy of human judgment. This has been a clear morning, with a fine pure air; and in passing by St. Paul's I was struck with the injustice of my former remarks. It is indeed a wonderful building,—worthy of the nation which erected it, and of the city in which it stands. It was intended that Sir Christo-

pher Wren, the architect, should be buried under the centre of the dome. I have seen in some magazine the following epitaph proposed for him. "Hic jacet, &c.—Si monumentum quæritis, circumspiciatis." "Here lies Sir Christopher Wren, &c.—Do you ask for his monument? Look around you."

There are no new books of any peculiar merit here, except a journal of travels through England, by a Frenchman.

I have just received a letter from ——, announcing his arrival at Liverpool, after a passage of twenty-six days. He has not yet determined whether Liverpool or Manchester is to be his place of residence. Whichever it be, I shall spend some time with him this summer, for I am heartily tired of London; and if Edinburgh does not afford more pleasure, I shall wish myself on the ocean before September.

You must set down most of the dulness and incoherence of this letter to a stupid headach, which has fastened upon me these three days.

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London, June 21, 1815.

MY DEAR ——,

It seems —— has anticipated me in the most interesting subjects for a letter, St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, and Lord Byron, and has left me nothing but pictures,



wild beasts, and Lady Banks ; but I will see what I can do without them. Soon after I came to town, — and I wandered down to St. Paul's to attend a general meeting of the Charity children of the city, where a sermon was to be preached for their benefit. We expected nothing, but, as all the world appeared to be going, we joined the multitude, and by the assistance of a guinea secured a place almost immediately under the dome. We found a temporary pulpit erected in the centre, and nearly eight thousand children seated on circular benches round it, rising one above another like an amphitheatre. They were all dressed in uniform, varying in color and shape in the different parishes, but agreeing in some general points. The little girls had mob caps of linen, linen handkerchiefs pinned over the bosom, and linen aprons,—coarse, indeed, but perfectly white and clean. Their gowns were of coarse gingham, like our country manufacture, of blue, yellow, drab, red (one class of girls belonged to the *Lobster* school, so named from the color of their clothes). The boys were dressed in long coats, single-breasted, breeches, and shoes, with what we call a clergyman's band round the neck. Both boys and girls constantly wear a pewter medal sewed to the clothes, designating the parish and class to which they respectively belong. In the parish in which our lodgings are situated (St. George's Bloomsbury), I counted one hundred and ninety-seven of these children, all under twelve years of age. The services commenced with an anthem sung by the children. Their voices not only filled the dome, but were echoed back with a loudness and shrill-

ness that was painful to the ear. To our great surprise, when a hymn was afterwards sung by the whole choir of the church, accompanied by the organ, only a few faint and imperfect sounds reached us. The voice of the preacher was entirely lost ; it ascended perhaps to the good angels above, but, though we could see him open his mouth with great energy, there was not a sound to convince us that he was not gasping the while. We stayed till the children had sung the coronation anthem. The words " O Lord, bless the King,—may the King live for ever, for ever, for ever," were sung in different parts, and taken up by the children successively, so that the song echoed round the dome like the different notes of a musical instrument.

Pleasing as the sight was (and it affected us both powerfully), I could not help entertaining some doubts of its moral effect. The poor, who are always improvident, are shown, at once, the extent of the public charity ; they see an immense number of children taken from the lowest abodes of wretchedness and guilt, better clothed, as well fed, as healthy and as happy, as the children of the middling class of manufacturers. They know that when they die the parish must support their children, and the horror of leaving them dependent upon public charity is much abated by their appearance on these gala days. They naturally enough remember more of the holiday suits of the children than of their every-day dress ; and they think, that if they do spend their daily earnings in intemperance and prodigality, instead of accumulating something for the education and maintenance of their children, its only effect will be, to

add two or three more to the happy thousands who are annually assembled at St. Paul's.

We went this morning to a meeting of the West London Lancasterian Association, in the expectation of seeing Sir James Mackintosh, who was to preside ; but, to our great disappointment, he was too sick to attend. His place was supplied by a Mr. Edward Wakefield, who delivered a short and tolerably good address on the advantages of a general diffusion of knowledge ; but he complained much of want of patronage and a want of personal exertion in the members of the Association. He told us it was his first attempt at public speaking, and, considering that he was very much frightened, it was well enough. He was followed by Dr. Lindsay, the Unitarian, who, as well as Mr. Wakefield, interlarded his discourse with political allusions, that were received with great applause by the audience. A resolution offered by Dr. Lindsay was seconded by a young man, whose name we did not hear, but who appeared to be well read in the poets. He delivered a discourse in a very animated style upon love, marriage, domestic happiness, universal philanthropy, and the children in Ireland. He told us, that if the children of the poor were educated, every thorn would be removed from the rose of domestic bliss, and the couch of connubial affection would be strewn with flowers,—and so forth, to the end of the chapter. He too could not deliver his poetry without a slight touch at His Majesty's ministers. It is this propensity, to make every meeting an occasion of political discussion, that alienates the good will of many, and effectually prevents the patronage of government, if it had otherwise a disposition to bestow it.

We left the house without hearing any more. I learned from some documents, which I saw there, a few facts which may interest you. A clergyman at Manchester, examining the registers of the collegiate church at that place for six years, namely, from January 1, 1807, to December 31, 1812, found from the signatures, that so many as nine thousand seven hundred and fifty-six persons had been married within that period, who were not able to write their own names ! In one city ! And England is the land of knowledge and refinement ! In Scotland one person in every twenty thousand two hundred and seventy-nine is committed to prison yearly for trial ; in England, one person in every one thousand nine hundred and eighty-eight. The whole number committed yearly for trial in England, according to the statement of Colquhoun (whose accuracy has never been questioned), is twelve thousand one hundred and seventy-two, in a population of little more than ten millions ! The average number of persons sentenced to death yearly in England, for seven years, ending in 1811, was three hundred and seventy-five. From the reports of various committees connected with the Lancastrian Society, and the British and Foreign School Society, it appears, that in England not more than one person in eight can read and write ! And yet England is the land of taste and cultivation, the seat of the arts, and the chosen residence of all that is great and excellent in genius and learning ! So we think ; but believe me, dear ——, England is like one of those sunny spots which we sometimes see on the side of a mountain, fresh, verdant, and blooming, as if covered with

flowers ; we admire it at a distance, but when we approach, we find it cold, desolate, and barren. With England, as I fear with every thing else, “ ’T is distance lends enchantment to the view.” One fact more, and I have done. It has been ascertained, that, in Great Britain and Ireland, one million seven hundred and fifty thousand children every year arrive at an age capable of instruction, without receiving the least, and grow up in total ignorance. Do you not thank God that you are not daily a witness of so much ignorance and guilt ?

When I have attended places of public amusement, I have mingled, as much as possible, with the multitude, both the gentry and the mob, to ascertain, as much as possible, the state of moral feeling among them. It is such as you would expect from the statement I have made above. We witnessed last night at Drury Lane a comedy of Beaumont and Fletcher’s, which was received with extravagant applause, but which I do think, for the honor of my native country, would not have been tolerated on the Boston stage. Even the ladies joined in the plaudits, and clapped their hands outrageously, when Kean, their favorite actor, uttered expressions for which a gentleman would have been driven from all decent society. This they call taste and refinement ! Thank Heaven, we have none of it.



London, June 22, 1815.

\* \* \* YESTERDAY morning we went to visit Lord Elgin's marbles,—the collection of plunder which he brought from Athens. It was not without indignation and regret that I saw it. He has brought away detached ornaments, pieces of sculpture, broken statues, capitals of pillars, parts of fluted columns, fragments of tomb-stones and votive inscriptions, which were all beautiful in their places, and, connected with the spot in which they were found, must have excited the deepest interest and the highest enthusiasm; but brought away in broken masses, and deposited in the centre of London, they affect you no more than so many casks of lime made in Athens. To complete your disgust, you are shown a drawing of the Parthenon, and the Temple of Jupiter, and are told, that this horse's head was taken from the front, that that capital was torn from the portico, that the high relief which you admire formed the architrave, that the fragment of a foot, so delicately formed, was wrested from that groupe,—in one word, that all you see was plundered and carried away, lest the Turks should do the same! You will better understand Lord Elgin's motives, when I tell you, that he was the British Ambassador to Turkey; that he employed all the means, which his official situation gave him, to complete this work of plunder; and that he now offers his collection to Parliament, for the modest sum of fifty thousand pounds! It is true, that it cost him a large sum to transport them to England; and



one cannot but lament, that so much money should have been so unprofitably employed. It was his folly, and he ought to suffer for it. But, after all, I cannot discover the great value of these marbles. Not a single piece is perfect. You see the body of a man, without a face or an arm; the mouth and lips of a female figure, without the upper part of the head; and the piece which has been most admired here, is the head of a horse, without any under jaw, with no nostrils or ears, but one eye, and half the crest of the mane broken off. If they were wanted as models of sculpture, casts could easily have been taken of them, at Athens; and architects would better improve their taste by seeing a drawing of a whole temple, than by examining an unwieldy block of marble, which once formed part of a column. I should suspect myself of want of taste, if I were not supported in my opinion by — and —, who have sufficient enthusiasm for every thing Grecian; by —, who has no moderate feelings upon any subject; and by —, who has a high relish for all the pleasures of taste. Yet Mr. West speaks with admiration of these marbles, and Mrs. Siddons fainted, or affected to faint, with emotion, at the sight of them. They reminded me of a story in Hierocles;—a man had a palace to sell, and by way of recommending it, carried about with him a brick as a specimen.

I left the building wearied and displeased; and gladly threw myself into the carriage, and drove to Stoke Newington to visit Mrs. Barbauld. I found her an agreeable, sensible woman, with infinite good nature in her countenance and

manner ; but nothing that denoted a very powerful mind, or even marked the rank which she really holds among literary females. A volume of Mr. Buckminster's sermons lay upon the table. She told me it had been her constant companion ever since she received it ; that the sermons were the best in the world, uniting the good sense of the English, with the fervor of the French divines. We talked of the comparative state of learning in England and America ; and she confirmed all the accounts, which I heard before, of the deplorable ignorance of the lower classes in this country. Numerous as the learned and well informed persons undoubtedly are, seven persons in eight are unable to read and write. We spoke of the late wonderful victory of the Duke of Wellington at Waterloo, and of the terrible slaughter by which it was gained ; but I could not ascertain her opinion of the present war. She says it will be time enough for America to write books in the next century,—she ought now to be cultivating her soil, and laying in a stock of learning and taste, to be employed, when the glories of England have passed away. She deprecated the introduction of large manufactories among us, and especially the employment of young children in them. An attempt, she added, was making to procure an act of Parliament, prohibiting the employment of children, under ten years of age, for more than ten hours a day. How great must be the evil, when such is the remedy ! She did not appear to have a very accurate notion of the geography of America, and I have found no one who had. They seem to think here, that Boston, Philadelphia, and Washington, lie close together, like Liverpool, Man-

chester, and Bristol. It was with difficulty I could escape from her hospitality, for, after I had declined her invitation to dinner, she insisted upon my partaking her beef-steak as a *lunch*. I did not see Miss Aikin, whom I had hoped to find with her.

This morning we went to see West, and were politely shown into his picture rooms. There is nothing to be seen in England more wonderful than these. It seems impossible for an individual to have painted over so much canvass in a century, as the pictures which he still retains in his own possession. In about eighteen months he is going to collect together, in one gallery, all that he has ever painted, and make one grand exhibition. He says they will fill a room four hundred feet long, fifty wide, and forty-two feet high! The Louvre in Paris, which contains the accumulated treasures of six centuries, and of fifty artists, is only one third larger. I had much conversation with him; the substance of which I will endeavour to abbreviate. He does not know how soon he began to paint,—it was as soon as he began to speak. At seven years his inclination was fixed, though he had never heard of painting or painters. At twenty, he went from Philadelphia to Rome. There his mind was so much excited, he was so constantly in the clouds, that he was unable to stay more than three months at a time. This state of extreme agitation continued till after he was twenty-five, when it gradually settled into a placid enjoyment of his art. After three years spent in Italy, he returned through France to England on his way to America, and arrived in London about the time of the first

exhibition of paintings. Nothing was painted at that time but portraits,—portraits of men, women, and children, horses, and dogs, and cats. He put in two small pictures, and, not knowing that he possessed any remarkable talents for painting, was surprised at the attention they received. Since that time, he has constantly resided in England. The king has been his great patron and friend ; and some time (about the American war) employed him for fourteen years together at Windsor. It was the king who first turned his attention to Scripture subjects, in which he so much excels. The second picture which he has painted for the Philadelphia Hospital is much better than the first. The British Institution are so well convinced of this, that they have given him several hints, that if his countrymen are not satisfied, they are perfectly willing to exchange. His picture of Christ Rejected, he says, has not its fellow in the world,—not in execution, he added with a smile, but in subject. It has every passion, of which the human countenance is susceptible ; and all the intermediate characters are there delineated, from the robber Barabbas to the Saviour of the world. I have purchased, and shall bring home with me, a few sketches, taken from this picture, which will give you some idea of the great original. Some of Mr. West's pictures are, he says, thirty-six feet in height. Christ Rejected, which is twenty-four feet long and sixteen feet high, he calls, pleasantly enough, a *half-size*.

Rotterdam, July 4, 1815.

Who would have thought last year, dear ——, that I should now be writing to you from Holland? Next July, perhaps, we may be taking the air together on Mount Caucasus, or enjoying a moonlight walk on the banks of the Danube. —— may be settled in Paris, and —— be gathering flowers in the Netherlands. Two years ago we were living quietly in P——, neither wishing, nor dreaming of a change; now two of us are wandering through England, like Noah's dove, seeking a resting-place; and two more are journeying they know not where, in search of they know not what. What will be the change of the next year?

We left London last Thursday afternoon, spent the night at Ingatestone, and reached Harwich on Friday noon. Our passage had been previously engaged in one of the Government Packets; but as the wind was contrary, we did not sail till Sunday morning. We had a very uncomfortable passage of about thirty hours to Helvoetsluys, in a little vessel of sixty tons; and about forty persons on board. We all suffered more from sea-sickness, than in our whole voyage from America; and our sufferings were not alleviated by the consideration, that we had been most grossly defrauded. At Helvoetsluys we hired two carriages for Rotterdam. One was *een postwagen met twee paerden*—(I can talk Dutch with the best of them)—a long narrow cart, without any top, mounted upon four wheels.



We piled up most of our baggage upon this, and surmounted the whole with a large wicker basket, containing divers cold chickens, salt tongues, bottles of porter, &c., the remains of the sea-stores from England. On a narrow seat in front, tastefully adorned with a yellow plush cushion, sat Mr. — and —. I placed myself forward on a bench with the driver. The machine was drawn by one black horse and one white one, whose heads were tied together by a rope. Each horse was proudly caparisoned with a leathern bridle; round his breast was bound a strip of woollen, apparently torn from some tattered blanket; over this was passed a rope, which tied him to the carriage behind, while another rope was tied to his nose, to enable the coachman to hold him in, if by some strange impulse he should be induced to move. No saddle, buckle, band, or rein, impaired the simplicity of his appearance. Two ropes and a piece of blanket are sufficient for the harness of a royal coach. The other carriage, *een koetz met twee paerden*, had a roof and was lined within, but was much harder than our machine. The horses, too, had something like saddles, but were harnessed with ropes like the others. When all was ready, our coachman lighted his pipe, mounted his seat, placed his foot on the back of the horse immediately before him, cracked his whip, and away we drove full speed, at the rate of one mile and three quarters an hour.

Our way, for some time, lay along the sea-shore, on the first dike which guards this strange country. We were struck with the propriety of Goldsmith's expression in de-



scribing Holland,—“Where the broad ocean *leans* against the land.” It was apparent to the eye, that the greater part of the country was below the level of the sea. We soon afterwards left the shore, and crossed the country to the second range of dikes. These dikes are barriers or ridges of earth, thown up about twelve or fifteen feet high, and broad enough to have a road on the top. The country is every where a morass, and the houses are built in situations which we should think absolutely uninhabitable. They are surrounded by moats or ditches, where the water remains stagnant only an inch or two below the surface of the ground. Round the door, there is generally a neat brick pavement, and a small bridge across the ditch;—the pavement is usually continued as far as to the road on the dike. The houses are built of very small red bricks, with either red tiles or thatch on the roofs; and are always very neat. We passed through several villages which were very neat, but very ugly. The streets are well paved with small bricks, for you know there is not a stone in the country. There are no enclosures, for the fields are separated by ditches instead of fences. Frequently, however, these ditches are planted with willows, which add much to the pleasantness of the scene. You cannot have a better idea of the country, than by imagining Hampton marsh extended as far as the eye can reach, covered with a delightful verdure, and studded here and there with a village, instead of the haycocks, which are now scattered over it. The villages are surrounded with trees, planted as thick as they can grow, which give them the appearance of islands in this ex-

tensive level. It was painful to observe the people every where ragged and poor ; but the Orange flag was waving on every church, and the Orange cockade mounted on every hat and bonnet,—the pledge of happier times.

At sunset, which was about half past eight, we arrived opposite Rotterdam, and soon bargained for a boat to carry us across the Maese. We directed the boatman to land as near the Bath Hotel as possible. Upon entering the city, we were a little surprised at finding him *row* up one street and down another, till we stopped at the very door of our house. Upon landing here, to our no small disappointment, we found it full. — followed us in the boat with the baggage, while the rest of us walked to another hotel. As we went, I remarked to — the strangeness of the event, that she and I should be wandering about Rotterdam, after nine o'clock at night, in search of a lodging ! We are now at a large hotel, where the mistress speaks English and the bar-keeper stutters it,—the waiters, attached to our apartments, speak French,—the boot-cleaner and porter speak in German,—and the chambermaids know nothing but Dutch. This confusion of languages produces some perplexity, but infinite amusement. —, —, and I have applied ourselves assiduously to the Dutch for two days past, and already know some dozen phrases, which we are proud of uttering. Rotterdam exactly corresponds to my notion of Venice. The principal streets are canals, filled with boats and vessels of every description. On each side of the canal is a path, paved with brick, wide enough for carriages. The walls of many of the houses on the

back, are also washed by canals, which intersect the large ones at right angles. I have walked round and through the city, and look where you will, you see masts of vessels towering above the houses, mingled with the trees with which the banks of the canals are every where lined. Mr. —, a respectable merchant, whom I have visited, says, that the hatred against the French is inconceivably great. To-morrow is a national thanksgiving for Wellington's victory at Waterloo. The communication with France is not yet open, though it is believed, at present, that the Allies are in Paris.

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Leyden, July 9, 1815.

MY DEAR —,

THOUGH it is Sunday, I think it more edifying to write a letter to you, than to listen to a Dutch Sermon, of which I could not understand a word—to say nothing of the fact, that the Dutch ministers usually preach three hours—in a tone, that nothing but Dutch patience could tolerate. If — has received a letter, which I wrote to her from Rotterdam, you will have learned how we came to Holland, and in what style we entered the magnificent city of Erasmus. After spending three days at Rotterdam, we set out for the Hague on Thursday morning, to hear Madame Catalani, who was to give an Oratorio for the benefit of the

widows and children of those soldiers who had fallen at the battle of Waterloo. The performance was fixed at one o'clock, to accommodate the king, who was going to Amsterdam in the afternoon. We hired two splendid carriages, one lined with crimson velvet, and the other with orange plush garnished with green,—each with a broken bellows-top over the back seat, and a canopy of tattered tow cloth, tied in festoons over the front seat. Two fiery chargers were harnessed to each, with a brace of bed-cord,—their long sweeping tails being first twisted and tied into a knot, like the hair of the American ladies. The coachman, grasping his cod-line rein in one hand, brandished his eel-skin whip in the other, and we soon made the pavement quake under us, as if it were trod by one of their own Burgomasters. As we approached Delft, we were met by a great crowd of women and children, running out of town with every mark of terror and consternation. As soon as they saw us, they lifted up their arms and poured forth a torrent of Dutch gutturals, which sounded like the winding up of a smoke-jack. The coachmen immediately stopped. “What is the matter?” “Turn back, turn back,” was all the answer we received. At length one woman stopped and talked with us. Our coachman, understanding a little English and a little French, acted as interpreter; and after a parley of three or four minutes, we were able to *guess* that one of the dikes had broken loose, and all the country was under water. “Drive on, then, and let us see it,” was our order. The coachman, with evident reluctance, turned his horses and proceeded a few steps,—then stopped

again to inquire. "The town is on fire!" "Then drive on, and let us put it out." Again he went forward, and was again stopped. "The powder magazine is on fire! in five minutes the country will be blown up!" It was in vain we urged that there was no danger; and that their stories were so contradictory, that it was evidently a false alarm. We were obliged to lose half an hour in turning and returning, and debating the matter with the coachmen, and in listening to exclamations in Dutch. At length a gentleman, who appeared to be intelligent, passed by; and from him we learned, that the fire was out, and that the powder magazine had been in no danger.

It was now twelve o'clock, and we were six miles from Madame Catalani. As the coachmen appeared still to be frightened, we wrought upon their fears, to make them increase their speed; and therefore besought them earnestly to drive through the town with all possible speed before the magazine exploded. Our horses were whipped into unusual speed, and we had just past the gates of the town, when the coachmen suddenly wheeled about and shot out again like an arrow, and actually made the circuit of the whole town, rather than pass through it. We were fortunate enough, after all our troubles, to arrive in good season at the Hague, and, having previously procured tickets, we repaired immediately to the great church. We had scarcely entered, before a flourish of trumpets announced the approach of the king. As I had never before been so near to royalty, I was curious to examine His Majesty's person. He is rather an ordinary looking man,—dull, and indolent.



He was dressed in a military uniform, with a little red *scratch* upon his head. The singing of Catalani surpassed my expectations. She is a very lovely woman,—intelligent, dignified, and modest; and the sweetness and power of her voice truly wonderful. She is now making the tour of the continent, satisfied with having received in England about fifty thousand dollars a year. She had with her some four or five musicians, who took parts in the Oratorio, to relieve her from the fatigue of singing all the time. One of these was an Italian (Signor Celli), who, in singing, literally swallowed his lips, and continually excited our apprehension for the safety of his nose. When the music was over, the Royal family rose to depart, and passed within a few feet of the place where I stood. Her Majesty went up and shook hands with Catalani, bobbing two courtesies between every word. She is a very decorous and comely old lady, and if she ever wears spectacles, you have a very accurate portrait of her in ——'s little book, where the good lady is threading her needle by the candle, with the motto, "A miss is as bad as a mile." The popularity of the family rests with the young Prince, who was wounded at Waterloo.

Since I have been in Holland, I have done nothing but laugh at the Dutch, though an excellent people; and almost every thing in the country is truly admirable,—worthy of praise, even in comparison with England; but there are many things, which appear to me infinitely ridiculous. The women are very fair, and have generally good features, and fine, broad, red, fat cheeks; but they all wear



(old and young) a hideous mob-cap, that gives them the appearance of sixty years. Take any little fat girl that you know, roll her hair to the top of her head, and then put over it a linen mob nightcap, pin a large square linen handkerchief over her bosom, dress her in a short calico jacket ; accumulate sixteen short petticoats, one over the other, of any thick stuff (blankets for instance), till she looks like a half-hogshead tub upon stilts ; bind her stockings very tight, give her a pair of leather slippers with wooden soles,—and you have a Dutch girl in her walking-dress.

But I must not write any more (on Sunday), and so with all seriousness, dear ——, I subscribe myself

Yours most affectionately.

I saw yesterday some beautiful thimbles of ivory, and others of pearl. I wished to buy one for you, but upon examination I found them all large enough for a Dutchman's thumb. I am afraid, if I send you one, you will mistake it for a nightcap or a wash-bowl.

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Colebrook Dale (Shropshire), September 8, 1815.

HERE we are, dear ——, among the infernals again,—in the midst of blackness and darkness and smoke,—one of the most romantic spots in the kingdom,—covered with a dun and sulphurous smoke, issuing from coal-pits and

iron-furnaces, and every twenty steps presenting you with a chasm, that yawns like the jaws of Acheron. In the night, the numerous towers and chimnies scattered through the valley, which are continually sending out columns of flame and cinders, and which shed a thick and yellow light upon the surrounding hills, remind you of no heavenly objects. Yet this is the spot where the finest China is made, and the most wonderful castings of iron are executed. Directly in front of my window, as I am now sitting, is the celebrated iron bridge over the Severn, which gives its name to this village. Beautiful as it is, I prefer the simple wooden bridges of our country, accompanied, as they are with us, with the appearance of health and happiness in the neighbouring inhabitants. We admire the results of the manufacturing industry of England ; but admiration is soon changed into pity, when we are admitted behind the scenes and witness the process. Emaciated bodies, pale, sallow complexions, hollow voices, and premature decay, are the marks of a manufacturing town,—to say nothing of ruinous buildings, and dirty, ragged children. Long may it be before our country becomes, like England, the work-shop of the world !

Our journey from London to this place has been remarkably pleasant. We have visited Hampton-Court, the favorite residence of Queen Anne, Windsor, Oxford, Blenheim, Stow, Banbury (where we bought a *two-penny cake*), Stratford upon Avon, the Vale of Evesham, Tewksbury, the Malvern Hills, Worcester, Kidderminster, and Bridgenorth. This latter place is one of the most remarkable in the king-

dom. It stands upon the side of a steep and precipitous hill (Miss Owenson would say *perpendicular* and *sloping*), in which the inhabitants have excavated, not only stables and shops, but even dwellinghouses. Half way up the hill you will see a window and a door in the side of the rock, with a few rude steps cut in the stone leading to it, and a precipice, of perhaps fifty or sixty feet, rising perpendicularly above it. On the summit are the ruins of a tower, which was blown up by Oliver Cromwell. The whole mass was lifted up, thrown upon one side, and exactly poised on the edge, as if you were to balance a chair upon one leg. The mass is forty or fifty feet in height, and, though built of small stones, is so well cemented, that it will probably resist the attacks of time, for two or three centuries to come. \* \* \*

Stow, the seat of the Marquis of Buckingham, is a perfect paradise. It not only surpasses all that I have yet seen, but equals my wildest imaginations. It was laid out, in a situation naturally beautiful, by *Capability* Brown; a man, who, like Brindley, banished the word *impossibility* from his vocabulary. What think you of building a large stone church, to terminate an avenue; and of having a castle erected on a distant hill, to add to the general beauty of the landscape? Yet these constitute but a small part of the "improvements," as they are called. The pleasure grounds extend through four hundred acres. The walks are laid out with exquisite taste, and, at every turn, present you with some beautiful object,—the church or castle, which I have mentioned above; a column, seventy feet

high, to the memory of Lord Cobham ; a Grecian temple ; a naval pillar, fifty feet in height, to the memory of Captain Grenville ; a beautiful building dedicated to Friendship, and containing the busts of Chatham, Grenville, Temple, Chesterfield, and others, in marble ; one or two beautiful bridges ;—but descriptions are always tiresome. I have only one thing to add,—the family very rarely reside here ! they are too rich for enjoyment ; and thirty or forty servants are left, to take care of the seat, and show it to strangers.

At Stratford, we visited the house in which Shakspeare was born ; seated ourselves in an old chair in the chimney corner, which tradition says was his, and enrolled our names among the fifty thousand which adorn his bedchamber. We next visited the church, where his tomb and monument are in perfect preservation, though trodden by the feet of so many pilgrims. I could not view it without emotion, though there have been such constant demands upon my admiration and sympathy, that my feelings have become almost callous. I send you the inscription from his tomb, copied with its ancient orthography.

On the monument ;

Stay passenger, why goest thou by so fast,  
Read, if thou canst, whom envious death hath plast  
Within this monument, Shakspeare ; with whome  
Quick nature dide, whose name doth deck ys. tombe  
Far more than cost ; sich all yt. he hath writt,  
Leaves living art, but page to serve his witt.

On the stone, covering his grave ;

Good friend, for Jesus sake forbear  
To digg the dust enclosed heare ;  
Blest be ye. man yt. spares these stones,  
And curst be he yt. moves my bones.

Though the pleasures of travelling, my dear —, are apt to kindle the fancy, be assured it is a continual sacrifice of happiness. Nothing but the prospect of home, however distant, could render this wandering life even tolerable. In a land of wonders, your stock of enthusiasm is soon exhausted ; you become tired of gazing and admiring ; you sicken at the heartlessness of a tavern life ; and you long for home and regular employment. We are now bending our course by a circuitous route to Liverpool, and in two months we hope to be with you. I do not regret our separation, but I begin to count the moments which are to pass before I shall spend a Saturday evening with you and —, with the children around me, and feel once more, that happiness is found only at home. May God bless you.

Affectionately yours.

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Liverpool, September 20, 1815.

\* \* \* THE more I see of England, the more I am persuaded, that the middle ranks are the only happy ones. The nobility are too rich ;—they are tempted to deprive



themselves of real enjoyment, for the sake of spending their wealth. They have country houses, which, better than any thing that I have seen, deserve the name of palaces, and their grounds would remind you of the groves of Eden. Yet they never go there but in November, to hunt. The season of flowers they spend in town; and, when it becomes too warm to continue there with comfort, they hurry from one watering-place to another, and submit to be cooped up in a little apartment in a crowded and noisy inn, rather than live retired for a single week. We spent one day at Matlock, in the midst of these fashionables; but we broke from it the next morning, as prisoners would from a dungeon.

In the situation of the poor, I have been entirely disappointed. They are kept out of sight; and, excepting a few street beggars, you see nothing of them in town or country. You see no wretched hovels, like those of many of our farmers; no decayed buildings just tottering over the heads of the occupants; but every thing is plain, substantial, and in good repair. The passion for flowers, too, which is universal, throws an air of elegance over the meanest habitations. There is hardly a cottage in the country, which has not a pot of geraniums or roses at the windows, or a vine or fruit-tree trained against its walls. I confess, I cannot understand it; for it is certain, that one person in nine receives parochial aid, in England. I have been struck, too, with the superior industry of the inhabitants. No occupation is considered too degrading. Three well-dressed children were yesterday employed, under my



window, in collecting the fresh manure from the streets. They gathered it in their hands, and stowed it away in baskets filled with straw. I took notice of the same thing frequently on the road; and not only children were so employed, but frequently women. The manufacturing towns are so many blots in the face of this beautiful country. The smoke, and darkness, and dirt are beyond the conception of any one, who has never seen a steam-engine set in motion by sea-coal. You have taken notice of the thick smoke, which rises from a foul chimney just before it begins to blaze. In Birmingham, Sheffield, and Leeds, you have the same smoke pouring from a thousand chimneys, and rolling lazily through the streets. In merely riding through Manchester, my neck and bosom were filled with fire cinders, and blackened with soot. Of course the laborers are always dirty and often unhealthy. In entering Sheffield we saw a large number of men playing cricket in a neighbouring field. I asked if it was a fair. "Oh, no, it is only Monday, and the manufacturers never go to work till Tuesday." And why not? "Because the wages are so high, it is not necessary." It seems, that when there is a great demand for goods, you cannot get them to work till Wednesday. \* \* \*

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November, 1816.

MY DEAR ———,

I HAVE been intending, these two or three weeks, to visit you ; but, as I can do nothing by candle-light, my hours of activity are compressed within a very narrow compass, and I have little leisure for any thing beyond my professional employment. I suppose you are now settled down in your studies, and begin to form some notion of the work before you. It is an arduous work, but more than repaid by the pleasure which attends it. Believe me, I would gladly go back and engage in the race with you. I consider the months in which I studied diligently at college (for I did not always study) as the happiest of my life. There is no situation, in which success so immediately attends exertion,—in which merit is so certainly followed by reward. After all the clamor which you will hear about the prejudices and partiality of the Government, it will be your sober opinion (when you have left college), that, in every instance, they have acted wisely and faithfully. In the distribution of the college honors, every member of the Immediate Government has an equal vote ; and it is, in the nature of things, impossible, that they should all write in favor of an individual, unless his merit had conciliated their regard. For prejudice and partiality are always capricious. The conclusion, which I wish you to draw from this, is, *that success is in your own power*,—that, if you leave college with more than one superior in your class, your friends will have just

cause to be mortified, and to regret the disappointment of their hopes. Do not be startled at this, and complain that I am laying upon you too heavy a burden of responsibility.

Let us examine the subject more particularly, and I will venture to say we shall arrive at the same conclusion. I will take for granted, what perhaps is not the fact, that five or six of your classmates have been better prepared than yourself, and that three or four are superior in natural talents. You have then, at most, but ten competitors. Of these, the first class have been better fitted than yourself,—either by the accuracy or extent of their studies. But how easily may accuracy be acquired, by devoting an hour or two every day to a revision of your grammars. Do not think this labor beneath your attention;—it is more important than you imagine. Within ten years, Chief Justice — has studied critically his Latin and Greek grammars; and Rufus King, while Ambassador at London, gladly went back to his grammar and dictionary, to qualify himself for the classical conversation of the scholars of England. By devoting one hour a day to your grammar, reading attentively all the remarks, exceptions, and examples, you will, by the end of the next term, find yourself more than repaid in the ease and rapidity of your progress. After that time, this additional hour of labor bestowed upon classical studies, auxiliary to your general pursuits,—upon the rhetorical works of Cicero, for example, or Juvenal, or the Iliad,—will soon carry you beyond those who were previously your superiors, both in accuracy and extent of learning. As to the other class, those who are more richly endued with the

bounties of nature than yourself, if they study as perseveringly and as judiciously as you, there is no help for it—they will make more rapid progress. I have, therefore, allowed you to have *one* superior, and *only one*, because an union of splendid talents and intense application is rarely found. I do not mean, that persons of remarkable intelligence are generally idle; the contrary is the fact; for the quickness of their perceptions only stimulates their curiosity and consequently rouses them to greater exertions; but, in nine cases out of ten, it is *industry*, mere human industry, that gains the prizes of life. But I will not trouble you with any more prosing. Write to me, that you have a good class, and that you are determined to be at the head of it, and I will be satisfied. \* \* \*

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July, 1818.

——'s letter yesterday, my dear ——, relieved us of a part of our anxiety,—I wish I could say the greater part. But, though I have never been apprehensive, that our friend would sink under his present attack, I have foreseen, that he must prepare himself for many months—perhaps years—of languor and disease. I have never thought it a kindness, to conceal from a patient, or his friends, the real extent of danger. Whatever it may be, the mind may be brought to meet it with fortitude and tranquillity. To the individual himself, it may be of infinite consequence, to know in season, that his hold upon life is precarious.

It is a dangerous habit—because it leads to superstition—to be continually inquiring, why a particular event happened at a particular time ; or why it came at all. But believing as we do, in the overruling providence of God, we cannot doubt that every event, proceeding from him, was designed by infinite goodness, and directed by infinite wisdom. I have no reason to think, that my life has been marked by any peculiar circumstances ; yet in looking back upon it, I think I can perceive some good purpose intended or produced by every disappointment or trouble which has befallen me. My first serious impressions were received in sickness ; and if they have been preserved or deepened, it has been by repeated attacks of disease. I am certain, that, if I had enjoyed a life of uninterrupted health, I should have been far less deserving of the esteem or affection of my friends. I wish to bring myself, and you, and all my friends, to such a perfect confidence in the goodness of God, as to submit with patience and even cheerfulness, to the discipline of life. I am sure, that we are never nearer to happiness, than when we can speak of the afflictions of life, and, from trust in God, can add, that “none of these things move me.”

We spend many hours in talking about you, and you need not be told, that our feelings are deeply interested. We would give much to see you for half an hour, to hear and tell the thousand little things, which can never be written. If I were to be indulged in wishing, I do not know that I should desire any thing sooner, than the power of impressing my thoughts upon the mind of another, without the

intervention of language. May not this be a privilege of disembodied spirits? \* \* \*

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November, 1819.

WELL, my dear ——, four weeks have passed since you left us; and, though I determined from the first to write to you immediately, I am but just sitting down to perform my resolution. When the habit of writing is once lost, it requires very strenuous exertions to regain it; and in writing letters to a friend, there is a peculiar difficulty,—so many interesting recollections and affectionate wishes crowd at once on the mind, that one knows not how to begin or what to say first. You must accept this as a general apology, first, for not writing soon, and lastly, for not writing well.

I have very constantly inquired about you; and am pleased to find, that you are enjoying so much of the good society of ——. Next to the comfort of a happy family at home, I place the enjoyment of intelligent society abroad. Besides the knowledge of life which it affords, it opens to us new views of happiness, corrects our prejudices, and makes our kindly feelings spring out and flow more fresh and constant. When we see always the same faces, in the same room, and hear the same opinions from day to day expressed in the same words, we either acquire a contempt for the littleness and uniformity of things about us, or we imagine, that every thing worth knowing or loving in the



world, is within the verge of our own little circle. Half of the selfishness and prejudice of the world would be removed, if people would take a little pains to know the good qualities of one another. In every large family, there should be one or two *vedettes* constantly out, exploring the enemy's country about them. I consider you, at present, as engaged in this employment; and as you seem to have penetrated into the camp, we shall expect from you a minute report of every thing worth noticing in the arms, accoutrements, and discipline of the enemy. In particular, we wish to be informed, whether the ladies are actually clad in armour, or whether, like the Amazons of old, they combat with the right arm and neck uncovered. We are anxious, too, to learn something of the nature of a dandy breast-plate; and we are entirely at a loss to conjecture, whether the operation of lacing is performed by the labor of men's hands, or by the assistance of a windlass or some other powerful machine. But these are high matters, and not rashly to be trusted to paper. We look with impatience for your return, to have all our doubts resolved. In the mean while, you can tell us of every thing, in the habits and employments of society, which deserves to be imitated. How do people talk, and what do they talk about? What books do they read? Whose opinions are most correct, and who are the arbiters of taste and elegance? You know there is a fashion in conversation, almost as prevalent as that in dress; and it is necessary to have a certain degree of conformity to the one, as well as to the other. I could tell you in return of \* \* \*

Portsmouth, June 28, 1821.

MY DEAR —,

IF you were unacquainted with affliction, or were now for the first time to look around you for the sources of consolation, I should not venture so soon to write to you. I should leave you to the workings of your own mind, and only offer my prayers for you in silence. But I thank God, that the light of Heaven is not now for the first time to beam upon you; that you are not a stranger either to the language or the feelings of piety; and that, much as you must suffer, your sorrow is mingled with hopes which you would not exchange for the happiness of the world.

When I saw the death of your good father announced in the papers yesterday, I was penetrated with the liveliest sorrow. The remembrance of all the kind feelings, and good actions, which I had witnessed in him, came fresh upon me, and I placed myself for a moment in your situation, and felt what it would be to lose a father. Yet why should we mourn? He has descended to the grave in the midst of his strength and usefulness. We know that "it is well with him," and we may be equally confident, under the government of infinite wisdom and goodness, that it is well for us. Apart from every consideration of a higher nature, there are comforts attending the event, to which you ought not, and cannot be insensible. You are spared the pain of witnessing the decays of old age; of having your last associations connected with weakness and imbecility;

of being obliged to direct, where you were accustomed to obey; and of having your respect and veneration for a parent weakened by pity, and even by the necessary exertions of filial piety. He has descended to the grave with a spotless name, and followed by the regrets of the many, whom he was benefiting by his exertions and his example. We could not wish him to have lived till he had ceased to be useful, and was forgotten even by his former friends. He has lived to see you returned in safety, to see your course in life distinctly marked out, and to witness your entrance upon an honorable career of usefulness and improvement. And though all his wishes respecting you were not yet accomplished, yet when could he have left you with less anxiety, or with higher hopes?

But it is not for us to limit our views to our comforts, or to our prosperity. It is our happiness to know, that every thing here has relation to something hereafter. Your father has been taken away, that you may feel more entirely your dependence upon God alone. He has discharged his duties to you, and to society, and has now left you to supply his place. My dear friend, if that place is well supplied, if those new duties are rightly performed, are you not taking a higher station as a moral agent; are you not earning for yourself a brighter reward? Is it not the *goodness* of God, which is placing you in a situation of greater responsibility, and giving you an opportunity of greater moral improvement? Is it not the *goodness* of God which is adding one more attraction to the invisible world? and is giving you a new motive for devoting yourself to his service? Can you

ever think of "the spirits of the just made perfect," of "the church of the first-born," without thinking of both your parents, and without feeling that you, too, must be there? And is it not the *goodness* of God, which is giving you, in early manhood, such strong ties to Heaven? To have had parents whom we can look back upon with unmingled respect and veneration, is no common privilege, and is one not lightly to be valued. I am sure you feel it, as I do; and you will feel happy, too, that yours are now removed from sin, and danger, and temptation,—that their trials are ended, and that they have "finished their course with joy." I pray God to make you worthy of them. \* \* \*

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January 1, 1823.

MY DEAR —,

It is not merely in compliance with custom, or as an expression of unmeaning civility, that I sit down, to wish you "a happy new year." I wish you, indeed, a happy, very happy year, a year of exertion and improvement, a year of contentment and hope, a year of blessings received, and of gratitude returned. I wish you health and domestic enjoyment, the society and affection of your friends, and the happiness of knowing that they are worthy of your love. I wish you the highest blessings of Christian friendship, the the unshaken hope of meeting in heaven those whom you

have loved upon earth. I wish you, in all the trials of life, constancy and prudence, an active zeal, and an unwearied spirit; usefulness and diligence in health, in sickness patience, comfort, and cheerfulness; and in the last hour, an unwavering faith, and a hope full of immortality.

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June, 1823.

\* \* \* THERE is much animation and some pleasure in this situation. I long, however, to be with you. There is no danger, as you apprehend, of my learning to love this sort of life. There is too much bustle and excitement, and I may add, there is too much perfidy and folly to be witnessed, to render it agreeable. My personal friends, however, are men, of whom one might easily be proud. I am receiving, too, from all around me, acts of kindness wholly unexpected and undeserved. One has just occurred worth mentioning. \* \* \* What can I say to all this? What can I do to deserve it? When I think of all the happiness I have enjoyed, my heart overflows, I hope with gratitude to God, who has given me such distinguished blessings. I am sure not one repining or discontented thought ought to be indulged for the rest of my life. I have every thing that is usually desired as the means of happiness; and I feel that greater exertions and higher improvement are required of me, than of any one with whom I am acquainted. For who has been so blessed?

I have been twice at church, and heard Mr. —, a young man, who has a very intelligent countenance, and preaches very well. I *think*, perhaps I may say I am *sure*, that I am willing to accept any system of doctrines which I can be convinced, or can have probable reason to think, are a revelation from God. I endeavour to keep my mind open to conviction, and therefore do not dwell so much upon the progress of party, as I should otherwise do.

I procured from the bookstore, yesterday, a copy of Dr. Osgood's Sermons, but I have had but little time to look into it. I have read, however, the greater part of a sermon on "the Sabbath," which I think the finest disquisition upon the subject that I have ever met with. I believe — has the volume; if so, I wish you would borrow it, and read that sermon.

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June, 1824.

MY DEAR —,

THE first employment to which I resort on Sunday evening is, almost necessarily, a letter to you. I could not, under any circumstances, pass a day without thinking of you; but on Sunday, spending most of the time in my chamber, almost every thing I think or read is associated with *home*. The day has been one of uncommon beauty; the sun has not been a moment obscured, and the brilliant



blue sky has scarcely been marked with a cloud. The winds have been hushed; and though the air was cool, there was something in it of a spring-like feeling, which almost every one remarked.

I have heard a very sensible young man to-day, Mr. ———. He preached this afternoon on the duty and importance of religious conversation among Christians. I was much struck with one passage in his sermon. “Christians,” said he, “what do you suppose will be your future employment in heaven? or what is now the employment of the angels who surround the throne of God, or of those happy spirits, who are already received in heaven, and are described as ‘the just made perfect.’ Is it not the praising of God, and dwelling upon his infinite perfections? Is it not remembering and communicating the instances of his boundless love to his creatures? Is it not recounting the wise, though mysterious plans of his providence, by which *they* have been brought to virtue and happiness? Is it not striving to *increase* in themselves and those around them, the feelings of reverence and love to God, which already possess their whole souls; of confidence in his wisdom, which every new fact in his providence impresses more deeply upon them; of gratitude, humility, and joy for the redemption of the world through Jesus Christ? Such ought to be, such are, the employments of heaven. But if you were admitted to that happy place, what would be your emotions on finding a dull, blank silence!—silence in heaven!—silence among the spirits of the just!—silence among the angels of God! Christians! you are silent when you meet on earth;

or you talk of trifles, still worse than silence ! and yet you hope and pray for the employments and happiness of heaven !” I have not preserved his language ; but you will easily imagine that such thoughts, uttered with an air of simplicity and sincerity, were very impressive. You know we have often talked together upon the same subject ; but I do not know that I ever felt before so strongly, either the propriety or the duty of making the introduction of religious conversation a distinct object,—an object to be always had in mind, and to be carried into effect, on every suitable occasion.

I never feel more strongly attached to you, dear —, than when I have been for a short time separated. My dear —, let us pray earnestly for each other, that we may not be separated for ever. We are apt to think that because every thing goes on happily with us *now*, it will always be so. But our lot has been one of almost unexampled prosperity. How little have we done, compared with what we might have done ! how little have we done, compared with what others less advantageously situated have done, and still do ! I do not mean that we have lived altogether idle or useless lives ; but how little have we done for ourselves or others, that has involved any self-denial ! “ Doth Job fear God for nought ? ” said the tempter. “ Hast thou not made an hedge about him, and about all that he hath, on every side ? ” If we have been in any measure distinguished from those of our own age and rank in life, by our regularity and domestic habits, we have been abundantly rewarded for it in our domestic happiness. It is small merit in us that we remain

at home, when we merely follow our *inclinations* in doing so ; or that we continue a respect for religion which was inculcated on us from infancy ; or that we give to the poor, what we do not want for ourselves ; or that we preserve contentment and cheerfulness in the possession of almost every earthly comfort. Our danger is, in considering our situation *safe*, because we are guilty of no flagrant sins, or because we respect religion, and talk about it. My dear ——, I make these reflections more on my own account than on yours. I am under no unusual excitement ; but when I feel serious and reflecting, I am dissatisfied, I wish I could say, I tremble for myself,—but I cannot bring myself to so adequate a feeling of the importance of the subject. My dear ——, may God bless you, and make you every thing good and happy. Let us save ourselves and our children, even at the cost of every thing else which life can bestow. \* \* \*

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Portsmouth, March 18, 1826.

MY DEAR ——,

So far from wondering or being displeased at your anxiety, I am glad to find your attention excited. I am far more solicitous, that you should be a Christian, than that your name should be enrolled in this or that particular sect. The only caution, which I wish to give you at present, is, *to avoid all metaphysical theology.*

The Gospel was first preached to the poor ; it must be, therefore, in its essentials, such as the poor can understand, without the refined reasonings of scholastic logic. Go then to the Bible, and place yourself, in imagination, at the feet of Jesus Christ. Listen to his instructions, and endeavour to understand them in the sense in which he gave them. Whatever he states as *fact*, receive as *fact*, without addition or limitation. Whatever directions he gives are to be implicitly followed ; but still without increasing or diminishing them. Half of the errors and bitter animosities of religious sects, have arisen from the attempts of vain or subtile men to engraft their own system of philosophy upon the religion of Jesus Christ. At the same time pray to God fervently, constantly, to be led into the truth ; and while you endeavour seriously, calmly, and in the exercise of your best faculties, to examine the question, you may feel a happy conviction, that whatever your ultimate opinions may be, you will be preserved from any *fatal* error. \* \* \*

The christian religion may be said to commence with the baptism of John. In Acts xviii. 25. Apollos is said to be “instructed in the way of the Lord, and, being fervent in the spirit, he spake and taught diligently the things of the Lord, knowing only the baptism of John.” And in the next chapter, certain persons are spoken of as “disciples,” who were baptized only “unto John’s baptism.” In Mark i. 1. the preaching of John is called “the beginning of the gospel of Jesus,” &c. Now what was this preaching?—“*Repent* ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.”

“Bring forth fruits meet for repentance.” “John did baptize in the wilderness, and preach the baptism of *repentance for the remission of sins*.” When those who heard him, inquired, “What shall we do then?” he prescribes kindness and charity, to the common people; justice, to the tax-gatherers; a peaceful deportment and habits of contentment and subordination, to the soldiers. That is, he directs each class to practise particularly those virtues, which they were most frequently disposed to violate or neglect.

I infer from these passages, first, that all men *need* repentance; secondly, that they are able to repent; thirdly, that repentance for sin can be proved only by the practice of the opposite virtues; fourthly, that before the manifestation of Jesus Christ, repentance, thus proved, was sufficient to obtain *the remission of sins*. I do not say, that repentance ever *deserves* the remission of sins; but that by the mercy of God it was so appointed.

Let us see if our Saviour made any alteration in these doctrines. “Jesus began to preach, and to say, *Repent; for the kingdom of heaven is at hand*.” Matt. iv. 17. He uses, you perceive, the very words of John, and gives the same reason for repentance, namely, that *the reign of the heavens* (as it is literally) had drawn near. There was to be a revolution in the moral character and condition of men; a revolution that had not then commenced, but was only at hand; and a necessary preparation for this, was *repentance*. As John directed his followers to bring forth fruits meet for repentance, our Saviour, immediately after preaching repentance, delivered the Sermon on the Mount,

in which he describes the character of those who are truly happy, and enjoins the practice of piety and of a pure and exalted morality. In other words, like John, he commands his followers to "bring forth fruits meet for repentance." But he says nothing of that doctrine, which, according to modern opinions, lies at the foundation of all religion,—the total corruption of man's nature. He treats them as actually sinners, but as sinners by their own fault, and of their own will, and as morally capable of performing the conditions upon which the favor of God depended. "Ask, and it shall be given you." The gift, then, depends upon the asking. "If ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father *will* also forgive you ;" "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again ;" and twenty other passages in the discourse, of the same purport. I do not know how these passages may strike your mind, but to me they seem conclusive as to this fact, that men have morally the *power* of doing the will of God. When the Saviour of men commands me to "ask" and, as an encouragement to perform the duty, promises, that if I ask, I shall receive, I cannot for a moment doubt, that I have the power to ask, and that my reception of the gift *depends* upon my first asking. It concerns me as little to know whether the spirit of God first induces me to ask, or coöperates with me in asking, as to know whether the power of God is immediately exerted, or coöperates with something else, in giving physical ability to raise my arm. It is enough for me, that I can raise my arm, without inquiring into the precise connexion between matter and mind ; and it is enough



for me, that I *can* ask, and that *when* I ask, I *shall* receive, without knowing the precise mode in which the effect is produced.

In process of time, after our Saviour had openly manifested himself to the world, one other condition of salvation was added to the two former, of repentance and good works ; namely, a belief in Jesus Christ as the Son of God. The tenor of the Scriptures, which I have carefully examined for this purpose, leads me to believe, that the true meaning of this proposition is the following,—that Jesus Christ was the chosen messenger of God, and a person of exalted dignity ; that God so spake by him, that the commands he gave, the promises he made, and the threatenings he denounced, are to be received implicitly as the commands, threatenings, and promises of God. Here, then, we have the whole of christian duty resolved into *repentance, faith, and obedience*. I find nothing in the Scriptures required beyond these, and the question now is, What is *necessary* for repentance, faith, and obedience ?

When John the Baptist, and our Saviour, exhorted men to “repent,” what did they consider necessary previous to repentance ? Nothing. They appealed to that sense of guilt which each of their hearers carried in his own bosom ; and they merely called attention to it. The substance of their preaching was,—“There is a great moral change about to take place in the world, the kingdom of heaven is at hand ; repent, and take your part in this change ; form a new plan of life, practise virtues of the most sublime character, and thus bring forth fruits meet for repentance.” As

to faith, it is simply belief upon testimony. It is the natural consequence of evidence, when examined, and duly considered. But, as a man may refuse to hear testimony, or to weigh it when heard, faith is in some measure voluntary, and therefore has a moral quality. Hence the *command* to *believe*, and the *merit* (I use the word for want of a better) ascribed to faith, in the Scriptures. When the Apostles went forth to preach, they asserted certain facts, and produced the proof of them. For example, "This Jesus hath God raised up, whereof *we all are witnesses*." And a man, who believes the facts stated in the Scriptures upon the testimony there given, and dwells upon those facts until he feels their infinite importance, *does* believe, that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, in the scriptural meaning of the terms. To prevent misunderstanding, it should be added, that faith is often used for the whole of christian duty, as both repentance and obedience will be the natural consequences of belief in the instructions of Jesus Christ. As to obedience, we have already seen what was commanded in the Sermon on the Mount ; every sentence of which implies a moral ability to perform the command. And not a word is said of any thing being necessary previous thereto, or of any particular manner in which obedience is to be paid.

I come now, after this long introduction, to answer the particular subject of your letter—What is *regeneration* ? I answer, A *change of character or situation*, considered either with respect to the past character or situation of the individual himself, or with respect to the character and situation of others. The word was one of familiar use among

the Jews and Greeks, to express a change of external situation or fortune. When a Gentile embraced the Jewish religion and submitted to the rite of circumcision, he was said to be born again. And in the same sense, the church of England, in the baptism of *infants*, says, "Seeing now, dearly beloved brethren, that this child is *regenerate*, and grafted into the body of Christ's church," &c.

Cicero, in one of his letters to Atticus (vi. 6.), has the following passage; "Amicorum literæ me ad triumphum vocant, rem a nobis, ut ego arbitror, propter hanc *παλιγγενεσίαν* nostram, non negligendam." "The letters of my friends invite me to a triumph; a ceremony, in my opinion, not improper on account of this my *regeneration*,"—alluding to the honors which he had received on his return from exile.

Probably Matthew xix. 28, "Ye which have followed me in the regeneration," is to be explained of external situation, in somewhat the same manner. But generally, in the Scriptures, "regeneration," "being born again," "being a new creature," &c. mean a change of *character*, and are nearly synonymous with *conversion*. It may help us, therefore, to inquire, What is the meaning of conversion? converted *from* what? *to* what? "He that converteth a sinner *from the error of his ways*," &c. "Except ye be converted," says our Saviour, "and *become as little children*, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." They were not to be converted from a corrupt nature, but from the *error of their ways*; and they were to become as humble, docile, and free from actual sin (that is, as pure), as little children; "for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Most of the difficulties and perplexities of this subject have arisen from the various interpretations of our Saviour's conversation with Nicodemus,—a passage of acknowledged obscurity, and concerning which scarcely two commentators are agreed. I wish, however, to call your attention to two or three circumstances, which may help us to understand it. "Art thou a master of Israel," says our Saviour, "and knowest not these things?" The subject of the conversation, therefore, was such as a Jewish teacher might be expected to know. "If I have told you earthly things, and ye believe not, how shall ye believe if I tell you of heavenly things?" The conversation, therefore, was not of the higher mysteries of the christian faith; the subject of it was such, as might be called *earthly* things, when compared with other topics of a higher nature.

Nicodemus was a *Pharisee*, and therefore beyond doubt a *formalist*, laying great stress on the *external* acts of religion, proud of his privileges as a Jew, and his distinction as a Pharisee; he was a *ruler of the Jews*, and therefore unquestionably believed (as did even the Apostles until after the resurrection) in a temporal Messiah,—in a conqueror, who should deliver them from the Roman yoke; he came to Jesus *by night*, probably because he was afraid or ashamed to come by day. Yet he acknowledged Jesus to be "a teacher come from God." Now, for what purpose did he come to Jesus? It might be, first, either to satisfy himself whether Jesus were *the* Messiah or not; or, secondly, admitting him to be the Messiah, to ascertain what he should do to secure his favor.

Whichever his motive might be, our Saviour perfectly understood it, and addressing himself to the precise character of Nicodemus, he says, "Verily, verily, I say unto *thee*, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." That Nicodemus should not understand this personal remark, is not surprising. That *he*, a *Jew*, must become a proselyte to a new religion, or that *he*, a *Pharisee*, must be totally changed, or advanced in his situation and fortune (for you may take it either way), was absolutely incredible to him. Conceiving, therefore, that the words could not be used in their common figurative sense, he resorts to the literal meaning as the more probable of the two. Our Saviour then repeats the assertion in the same emphatical words, "Verily, verily, I say unto *thee*," but alters the doubtful phrase, of being born again,—"*Except a man be born of water, and of the spirit,*" &c. As if he had said, "You, Nicodemus, Jew, Pharisee, as you are, you must become a proselyte to a new religion, and that openly (not secretly, by night, as you now come to me, but by performing a public act) by being baptized, and what is more, you must be changed in character; you must become spiritual instead of formal; you must not rest your hopes in external ordinances; you must be born of the spirit, as well as of water. 'That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the spirit is spirit.' That is, when you make a proselyte to Judaism, and cause him to be born again, by submitting to the external ordinances of Judaism, he is still only a Jew outwardly; being born of the flesh, he is flesh; but when his character is changed, when



he has imbibed the spirit of your religion, then he is ‘a Jew inwardly,’ ‘his circumcision is that of the heart, in the spirit, and not in the letter.’ You addressed me as a ‘teacher come from God,’ because I *worked miracles*, and you spoke just now of being born again, in the literal sense of the words, as if you expected something miraculous in the change. But there is no room for wonder; I am not speaking of any miraculous or sensible agency, but of the operation of natural causes. ‘*Marvel* not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again. The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the spirit.’ You see in the one case, as well as in the other, the *effect* of natural (that is, not miraculous) causes.”

Your next question is, Whether regeneration does not sometimes take place suddenly, instantaneously. I answer, Yes, *sometimes*,—but probably not often. The operations of the human mind are directed by certain established laws, and, as far as these have been investigated, they act *uniformly* in *similar* cases. The conversion of St. Paul was sudden, instantaneous. He was a young man of ardent feelings, pure morals, and warm piety, zealously devoted to what he believed to be the cause of true religion. He verily believed that he was doing God service in persecuting the Christians, because he verily believed Jesus to be an impostor. But when Jesus, in the brightness of his celestial glory, presented himself to him in the way, and spoke to him, he could no longer doubt. There was not room



for a moment's hesitation. He became a Christian. And so would any one, who, with the same character, had entertained the same doubts. When a gay and thoughtless young man sees one of his companions suddenly drop down and expire, in the midst of his sport, he feels for the time a deep sense of the uncertainty and frailty of human life. If he cherishes this feeling, and dwells upon it, until he has made it habitual, and of course, acts upon this habitual feeling, making it the great business of his life to prepare for death, he is converted, regenerated, he is become a new creature,—and suddenly, if you please. But if the same effect is produced upon another young man, not by any one striking event, but by the concurrence of a thousand small events, no one of which has been of sufficient importance to leave a trace on the memory—(a serious thought, excited in a solitary walk, renewed on hearing a sermon, recurring again on reading the Bible, and deepened by some disappointment or affliction, again and again in a course of years), this last is converted, regenerated, as well as the former. For it is to the *effect* we look, and not to the particular manner or time of its production.

It is not usual, in the course of God's providence, for great effects to be produced at once; you cannot go back to the beginning of a plant, so as to say, that at one moment it was not, and at the next, it is. You cannot trace back the progress of your own character, so as to find the beginning of your knowledge, your virtues, or even of your habits. You have grown up to be what you are in body, and in mind, by the same gradual process. It is in the

*power* of God to create men full grown, in the possession of all their faculties and strength, as he did Adam. It is in the *power* of God to communicate knowledge at once, as he did to the Apostles, who were enabled to speak in languages which they had never learned. And it is in the *power* of God to call men at once from the love of vice to the practice of virtue. But this is not his ordinary mode. He acts by means, and by gradual means; by parental instruction, by education, by the example of others, by the events of providence, and the teaching of his spirit. One of the old Puritans used to say, that if parents every where did their duty, domestic education, and not preaching, would be the ordinary means of regeneration.

You ask, further, if regeneration be brought about by the special agency of the spirit of God, or by our own exertions and means. I answer, in the first place, that we know nothing about the mode of operation of the spirit of God, and therefore the scholastic distinction of a general and special agency is vain and presumptuous, receiving no countenance from the Scriptures, the only source of knowledge on this subject. I believe most devoutly in the constant operation of God's spirit upon the human mind; but then I believe, as firmly, that this operation is perfectly consistent with free agency, and that it cannot be discerned by us. It is probably the same sort of influence which the minds of our fellow-beings exercise over us, and consists in the suggestion of trains of thought. When you read this, I shall be operating upon your mind by the suggestion of certain arguments and opinions; the next train

of thought into which you fall, may seem to you to arise naturally from what you are now reading, and yet it may, in fact, be suggested by the spirit of God. I believe, most firmly and habitually, in the superintending providence of God, and yet I do not believe in a succession of miraculous (or special) interferences. A very slight change in the order of succession of my thoughts may lead me to some place, or to do some thing, which, bringing me within the operation of other existing causes, may change the whole course of my life. But enough of this. I answer, secondly, in the language of our Saviour, "If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father *give the holy spirit to them that ask him.*" "For *every one* that asketh, receiveth, and he that seeketh, findeth; and to him that knocketh, it *shall* be opened." Language cannot be plainer. Whether regeneration be brought about by our means and exertions or not, it is certain that our exertions and means are necessary for this purpose. We must *ask, seek, knock.* The very passage which declares, that "it is God who worketh in us, both to will and to do, of his good pleasure," commands us to "*work out our own salvation.*"

Your last question is, If regeneration depend upon our own exertions, how and when are we to commence, and be assured we have attained to it? The first part of the question is already answered. We are to *repent*, and to bring forth fruits meet for repentance. "Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you." "I will arise and go to my Father, and say to him, Father, I have sinned."

The first step is to be made on our part,—God is ever ready to receive us.

As to the second part of the question, we are to judge of our religious state by the unerring rule of our Saviour,—by the fruits it produces. “Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ, is born of God.” “Who is he that overcometh the world, but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God?” “The fruit of the spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance.” “And they that are Christ’s have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts.” Read also the Sermon on the Mount. Whoever can find in himself, in any prevailing degree, these characteristics, may safely conclude that he is born of God. He hath the witness in himself. All other assurances of safety are fallacious. A man knows himself to be religious, as he knows himself to be honest, just, or temperate,—that is, by his habitual intentions and actions.

A large number of religious sects believe in the immediate, sensible operations of God’s spirit, which many of them conscientiously associate with the holding of their peculiar doctrines. This is the case with the Quakers (who are Arminians, and about half of them Unitarians); with the Methodists, both Calvinistic and Arminian; with the Moravians; the Smith Baptists (who are generally Unitarians), &c. Now, as many of these sects are good men, and true Christians, and as it cannot be that the “one spirit” should teach contradictory doctrines, it must be that they mistake the operations of their own minds for divine impulses.

The authority of Jesus Christ should settle this question. "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven."

I have thus endeavoured to give a particular answer to your questions. I do not present my views to you as the *truth*, but as my *opinion* of the truth. I wish you to take nothing on my authority, but search the Scriptures and examine for yourself. Pray to God, who is the Father of lights, to enlighten your understanding and lead you into the knowledge of all necessary truth. Let your prayers be frequent and fervent, and join to them a careful reading of God's word, especially the teachings of Jesus Christ, and you cannot fall into any dangerous error. \* \* \*

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March 26, 1826.

MY DEAR —,

I THINK you are perplexing yourself with a mere scholastic subtilty, when you doubt the genuineness of your repentance, because you are restrained from sin, only by fear of its consequences to yourself.

You say, "Did I not see, that it places me in a very critical situation, I know not that I should feel any desire to change my motives and feelings."

Now I would ask, *why* you are placed in that critical situation; *why* the wrath of God is denounced against sin-



ners ; and *why* they are “warned to flee from the wrath to come ?” Are not men addressed as moral agents ? as susceptible of the influence of motives, as influenced in their conduct by their hopes and fears ? Were not these threatenings intended to produce some effect ? If so, what effect but fear of the anger of God ? If a man acts upon this motive, is it not then a *good* motive ? A motive, which God himself presents to us ? Surely, when our Saviour told the Jews, “Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish,” he meant, that they *should repent*, and for *that reason too*.

I think I cannot mistake, in calling a fear of future punishment a christian motive. It is not, to be sure, the highest christian motive, “for perfect love casteth out fear ;” but it is a motive, upon which Christians are again and again called to act, by Jesus Christ and his Apostles. The christian character is one of gradual growth. This is sufficiently proved by the example and precepts of the Apostles ; and surely none of us, uninspired men, have reason to complain, that we have not at once “come unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.”

It is easy to make refined metaphysical distinctions, and to show by plausible arguments, that we ought to love virtue in the abstract,—“the supremely good and fair,” as the Stoics called it,—for its own sake, and without any reference to ourselves. But such opinions, I think, have no foundation in human nature, and they are certainly at war with the language of Scripture.

If we are commanded to love God, it is because “he first loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our



sins." If we are to bear our "light affliction," it is because "it worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." If we are to rejoice at reviling and persecution, it is because "great is our reward in heaven." I can feel no doubt of the purity of motives, which are thus sanctioned by the words of Jesus Christ.

I must again warn you against the danger of making mere *feeling* the test of character, or of spiritual condition. The very night, in which Peter denied his master, he professed with vehemence (and doubtless, at the same time, felt that he was sincere), "If I should die with thee, I will not deny thee." In the parable of the Pharisee and the Publican, who went up together to the temple to pray, the Pharisee had no doubt of his acceptance with God; while the Publican had not sufficient confidence even to lift up his eyes to heaven.

A still higher example is furnished by our Saviour. When he exclaimed in his agony on the cross, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me!" it cannot be doubted that he enjoyed the favor of God, as fully as when at the grave of Lazarus, he said to his Father, "I knew that thou hearest me always."

There may be much sensibility on religious subjects; and much talking, and profession, and preaching, where there is no change of character; because the whole may arise from mere *feeling*,—sincere feeling, no doubt, at the time, but unsupported by religious principles. This strong feeling may be a very good *introduction* to a religious life, but it is not itself religion. "Not every one, that saith

unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that *doeth the will* of my Father which is in heaven." And we are told further, that in the day of judgment many shall be rejected, who have even "prophesied" and "cast out dæmons," and done "many wonderful works."

The case which you mention of —, is doubtless a very striking one; and so far as it terminates in a real change of character, in a course of christian conduct, I shall rejoice in it with all my heart. I think, however, that a more advanced Christian would have been less forward to speak of his willingness—not to say his wish—to die. St. Paul had labored in his manifold perils thirty-one years before he ventured to express his "desire to depart," and a still longer period, before he was able to say, that he was "now ready to be offered." The first converts of the Apostles, on the day of Pentecost, were endued with the power of working miracles and of speaking in foreign languages to qualify them for preaching the Gospel; but all I find recorded of their feelings is, that they "did eat their meat with gladness and singleness of heart, praising God."

It is unsafe to place any confidence in this willingness to die; for if it prove any thing, it proves too much. When a votary of Juggernaut throws himself before the car of the idol, to be crushed to pieces by its wheels, what does it prove?—that he is a good man? a new creature? regenerated by the power of Juggernaut? When a deluded Hindoo widow mounts the funeral pile of her husband, and deliberately suffers herself to be burned to death, do you

infer, that she is peculiarly a favorite of God,—that she will certainly attain that felicity, which she believes herself sure of possessing? Certainly not; you merely say, that these several persons are acting under the influence of a very highly excited state of feeling. The truth is, there is no safe rule, but that of our Saviour—“By their fruits ye shall know them;” and *time* is necessary to bring these fruits to maturity. You can judge but little from the first swelling of the buds. It is not uncommon for those who are most impetuous in their zeal, and the loudest in their religious professions in seasons of general excitement, to relapse afterwards into the grossest sins.

With regard to yourself, if the present excitement be the means of awakening you to a deeper sense of the importance of your situation, as a moral and accountable being; of impressing you more strongly with a feeling of your actual guilt; of animating your prayers, and quickening your zeal, I shall rejoice, that you are at —, and shall acknowledge the goodness of God, which, in his providence, led you there.

From the tenor of your letter, I apprehend, that you entertain an opinion (perhaps unperceived by yourself), that something is necessary *previous* to repentance; that some change must be wrought in you before you *can* repent. But is this the doctrine of the Scriptures? Does Jesus Christ, when he calls upon men to repent, say one word of their inability to repent? It is true, that Jesus Christ is said to be exalted by God, to give repentance and remission of sins; yet it is also said, that “if ye, being evil,

know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the holy spirit to them that ask him." "Ask, and ye *shall* receive." Ask repentance, and it shall be given you. Seek the favor of God, and you will certainly find it.

While I attach so much importance to character, to conduct, to doing the will of God, you must not understand me as intimating, that the good works of any man can *deserve* eternal life. On the contrary, I am well assured, that all our hopes of acceptance must be founded upon the mercy of God,—upon the undeserved mercy of God. But, then, it has pleased God to reveal to us, that his mercy is not arbitrarily bestowed, but is given upon condition (in the same manner as Adam's continuance in Paradise depended upon condition), and the performance of that condition is the only firm ground for our hopes, and the only sure evidence of our acceptance with God.

I see nothing in your situation to encourage the despondency with which you seem to be oppressed. On the contrary, the Scriptures hold out every thing to animate you. "Him that cometh unto me," says our Saviour, "I will in no wise cast out." "Behold I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me." There is sophistry enough in the world, to obscure these plain declarations of our Saviour; but make the Bible, and the Bible *only*,—in its plain, simple import, such as the poor, the blind, and the maimed in the streets of Jerusalem understood it;—make the Bible only your guide, and you

will learn to look upon God, as your *Father* in heaven, who has graciously put your happiness in your own power, and is holding out the most glorious rewards to invite you to virtue and happiness. “Wait on the Lord ; be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thy heart.”

I do not wish you to adopt my views of religion, if they are not supported by the Scriptures. I appeal fearlessly to the Bible. Read it daily, especially the Gospels, the Acts of the Apostles, and the Psalms ; read it with fervent prayer, that your mind may be enlightened, and I can safely promise you, that, in a very little time, you will have “joy and peace in believing.” \* \* \*

THE END.











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